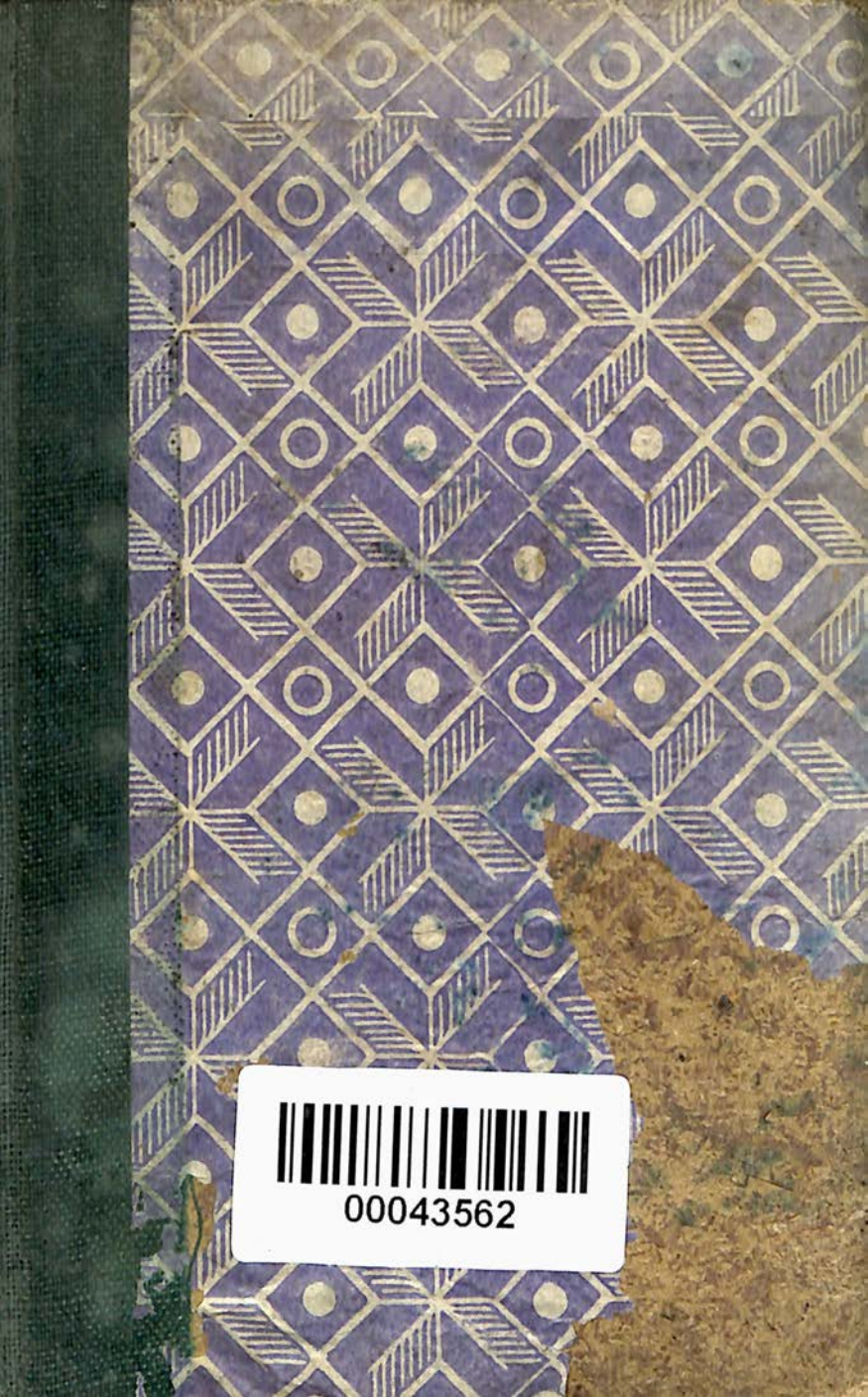
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OLD BALLADS,

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WITH SOME OF MODERN DATE;

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WITH NOTES.

By THOMAS EVANS.

VOL. III.

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With rough Majestic Force he mov'd the Heart,
And Strength & Nature made Amends for Art.
Rowe.

Printed for T. EVANS, in the Strand.

M DCC LXXXIV.

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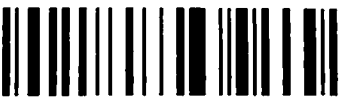
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"[illegible] tranſlation now before us, we "[illegible] merit is ſuperior to any praiſe we "can bestow."

MONTHLY REVIEW.

THE

HERMIT OF WARKWORTH,

A NORTHUMBERLAND BALLAD.

IN THREE FITS OR CANTOS.

TO HER GRACE

ELIZABETH

DUCHESS AND COUNTESS OF

NORTHUMBERLAND,

IN HER OWN RIGHT

BARONESS PERCY, &c. &c. &c.

DOWN in a northern vale wild flowrets grew,
And lent new ſweetneſs to the ſummer gale;
The Muſe there found them all remote from view,
Obſcur'd with weeds, and ſcatter'd o'er the dale.

O Lady, may ſo ſlight a gift prevail,
And at your gracious hands acceptance find?
Say, may an ancient legendary tale
Amuſe, delight, or move the poliſh'd mind?

Surely the cares and woes of human kind,
Tho' ſimply told, will gain each gentler ear;
But all for you the Muſe her lay deſign'd,
And bade your noble Anceſtors appear;

She ſeeks no other praiſe, if you commend,
Her great protectreſs, patroneſs, and friend

M.DCC.LXX.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WARKWORTH CASTLE, in Northumberland, ſtands very boldly on a neck of land near the ſea-ſhore, almoſt ſurrounded by the river COQUET, (called by our old Latin Hiſtorians, COQUEDA) which runs with a clear rapid ſtream, but when ſwoln with rains becomes violent and dangerous.

About a mile from the Caſtle, in a deep romantic valley, are the remains of a HERMITAGE; of which the Chapel is ſtill intire. This is hollowed with great elegance in a cliff near the river; as are alſo two adjoining apartments, which probably ſerved for the Sacriſty and Veſtry, or were appropriated to ſome other ſacred uſes; for the former of theſe, which runs parallel with the Chapel, appears to have had an altar in it, at which maſs was occaſionally celebrated, as well as in the Chapel itſelf.

Each of theſe apartments is extremely ſmall; for that which was the principal Chapel does not in length exceed eighteen feet; nor is more than ſeven feet and a half in breadth and height: It is, however, very beautifully deſigned and executed in the ſolid rock; and has all the decorations of a compleat Gothic Church or Cathedral in miniature.

But what principally diſtinguiſhes the Chapel, is a ſmall Tomb or Monument, on the South ſide of the altar; on the top of which lies a Female Figure extended in the manner that effigies are uſually exhibited praying on ancient tombs. This figure, which is very delicately deſigned, ſome have ignorantly called an image of the Virgin Mary; though it has not the leaſt reſemblance to the manner in which ſhe is repreſented in the Romiſh churches; who is uſually erect, as the object of adoration, and never in a proſtrate or recumbent poſture. Indeed the real image of the Bleſſed Virgin probably ſtood in a ſmall nich, ſtill viſible behind the altar: Whereas the figure of a Bull's Head, which is rudely carved at this Lady's feet, the uſual place for the Creſt in old monuments, plainly proves her to have been a very different perſonage.

About this tomb are ſeveral other Figures: which, as well as the principal one above mentioned, are cut in the natural rock, in the ſame manner as the little Chapel itſelf, with all its Ornaments, and the two adjoining Apartments. What ſlight traditions are ſcattered through the country concerning the origin and foundation of this Hermitage, Tomb, &c. are delivered to the reader in the following rhimes.

It is univerſally believed, that the Founder was one of the BERTRAM family, which had once conſiderable poſſeſſions in Northumberland, and were anciently Lords of Bothal Caſtle, ſituate about ten miles from Wark-

worth. He has been thought to be the ſame BERTRAM that endowed BRINKBURN Priory, and built BRENKSHAUGH Chapel; which both ſtand in the ſame winding valley, higher up the river.

But BRINKBURN Priory was founded in the reign of King Henry I. * whereas the form of the Gothic Windows in this Chapel, eſpecially of thoſe near the altar, are found rather to reſemble the ſtyle of architecture that prevailed about the reign of King Edward III. And indeed that the ſculpture in this Chapel cannot be much older, appears from the Creſt which is placed at the Lady's feet on the tomb; for Camden † informs us, that armorial creſts did not become hereditary till about the reign of King Edward II.

Theſe appearances ſtill extant, ſtrongly confirm the account given in the following poem, and plainly prove that the HERMIT of WARKWORTH was not the ſame perſon that founded BRINKBURN Priory in the twelfth century, but rather one of the BERTRAM family, who lived at a later period.

* Tanner's Notitia Monaſtica. † See his Remains.

THE

HERMIT OF WARKWORTH,

A NORTHUMBERLAND BALLAD:

By the REVEREND DOCTOR PERCY,

EDITOR OF THE RELIQUES OF ANCIENT POETRY.

I.

FIT THE FIRST.

FIT was the word used by the old minstrels to signify a Part or Division of their Historical Songs, and was peculiarly appropriated to this Kind of Compositions. See Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, Vol. II. p. 166 *and* 397, *Second Edition.*

DARK was the night, and wild the storm,
And loud the torrent's roar;
And loud the sea was heard to dash
Against the distant shore.

Musing on man's weak hapless state,
The lonely Hermit lay;
When, lo! he heard a female voice
Lament in sore dismay.

With hoſpitable haſte he roſe,
And wak'd his ſleeping fire;
And, ſnatching up a lighted brand,
Forth hied the rev'rend ſire.

All ſad beneath a neighbouring tree
A beauteous maid he found,
Who beat her breaſt, and with her tears
Bedew'd the moſſy ground.

O! weep not, lady, weep not ſo;
Nor let vain fears alarm;
My little cell ſhall ſhelter thee,
And keep thee ſafe from harm.

It is not for myſelf I weep,
Nor for myſelf I fear;
But for my dear and only friend,
Who lately left me here:

And while ſome ſheltering bower he ſought,
Within this lonely wood,
Ah! ſore I fear his wandering feet
Have ſlipt in yonder flood.

O! truſt in heaven, the Hermit ſaid,
And to my cell repair;
Doubt not but I ſhall find thy friend,
And eaſe thee of thy care.

Then climbing up his rocky ſtairs,
He ſcales the cliff ſo high;
And calls aloud, and waves his light
To guide the ſtranger's eye.

Among the thickets long he winds
With careful ſteps and ſlow:
At length a voice return'd his call,
Quick anſwering from below:

O! tell me, father, tell me true,
If you have chanc'd to ſee
A gentle maid, I lately left
Beneath ſome neighbouring tree:

But either I have loſt the place,
Or ſhe hath gone aſtray:
And much I fear this fatal ſtream
Hath ſnatch'd her hence away.

Praiſe heaven, my ſon, the Hermit ſaid;
The lady's ſafe and well:
And ſoon he join'd the wandering youth,
And brought him to his cell.

Then well was ſeen, theſe gentle friends
They lov'd each other dear:
The youth he preſs'd her to his heart;
The maid let fall a tear.

Ah! ſeldom had their hoſt, I ween,
Beneld ſo ſweet a pair:
The youth was tall, with manly bloom;
She ſlender, ſoft, and fair.

The youth was clad in foreſt green,
With bugle-horn ſo bright:
She in a ſilken robe and ſcarf
Snatch'd up in haſty flight.

Sit down, my children, ſays the Sage;
Sweet reſt your limbs require:
Then heaps freſh fewel on he hearth,
And mends his little fire.

Partake, he ſaid, my ſimple fore,
Dried fruits, and milk, and curds;
And ſpreading all upon the board,
Invites with kindly words.

Thanks, father, for thy bounteous fare,
The youthful couple ſay:
Then freely ate, and made good cheer,
And talk'd their cares away.

Now ſay, my children, (for perchance
My counsel may avail)
What ſtrange adventure brought you here
Within this lonely dale?

First tell me, father, said the youth,
(Nor blame mine eager tongue)
What town is here? What lands are these?
And to what lord belong?

Alas! my son, the Hermit said,
Why do I live to say,
The rightful lord of these domains
Is banish'd far away?

Ten winters now have shed their snows,
On this my lowly hall,
Since valiant HOTSPUR (so the North
Our youthful lord did call)

Against Fourth HENRY BOLINGBROKE
Led up his northern powers,
And stoutly fighting, lost his life
Near proud Salopia's towers.

One son he left, a lovely boy,
His country's hope and heir;
And, oh! to save him from his foes
It was his grandsire's care.

In Scotland safe he plac'd the child
Beyond the reach of strife,
Nor long before the brave old Earl
At Bramham lost his life.

And now the PERCY name, ſo long
Our northern pride and boaſt,
Lies hid, alas! beneath a cloud;
Their honours reft and loſt.

No chieftain of that noble houſe
Now leads our youth to arms;
The bordering Scots deſpoil our fields,
And ravage all our farms.

Their halls and caſtles, once ſo fair,
Now moulder in decay;
Proud ſtrangers now uſurp their lands,
And bear their wealth away.

Nor far from hence, where yon full ſtream
Runs winding down the lea,
Fair WARKWORTH lifts her lofty towers,
And overlooks the ſea.

Thoſe towers, alas! now ſtand forlorn,
With noiſome weeds o'erſpread,
Where feaſted lords, and courtly dames,
And where the poor were fed.

Meantime far off, mid Scottiſh hills,
The PERCY lives unknown:
On ſtrangers' bounty he depends,
And may not claim his own.

O might

O might I with theſe aged eyes
But live to ſee him here,
Then ſhould my ſoul depart in bliſs!
He ſaid, and dropt a tear.

And is the PERCY ſtill ſo lov'd
Of all his friends and thee?
Then bleſs me, father, ſaid the youth,
For I thy gueſt am HE.

Silent he gaz'd, then turn'd aſide
To wipe the tears he ſhed;
And lifting up his hands and eyes,
Pour'd bleſſings on his head.

Welcome, our dear and much-lov'd lord,
Thy country's hope and care:
But who may this young lady be,
That is ſo wondrous fair?

Now, father, liſten to my tale,
And thou ſhalt know the truth;
And let thy ſage advice direct
My unexperienc'd youth.

In Scotland I've been nobly bred
Beneath the Regent's * hand,
In feats of arms, and every lore,
To fit me for command.

* ROBERT STUART, duke of Albany. See the continuator of FORDUN's Scoti-Chronicon, cap. 18, cap. 23, &c.

With

With fond impatience long I burn'd,
My native land to ſee:
At length I won my guardian friend,
To yield that boon to me.

Then up and down in hunter's garb
I wandered as in chace,
Till in the noble NEVILLE's † houſe
I gain'd a hunter's place.

Sometime with him I liv'd unknown,
Till I'd the hap ſo rare,
To pleaſe this young and gentle dame,
That baron's daughter fair.

Now, PERCY, ſaid the bluſhing maid,
The truth I muſt reveal;
Souls great and generous, like to thine,
Their noble deeds conceal.

It happened on a ſummer's day,
Led by the fragrant breeze,
I wandered forth to take the air
Among the green-wood trees.

Sudden a band of rugged Scots,
That near in ambuſh lay,
Moſs-troopers from the border-ſide,
There ſeiz'd me for their prey.

† RALPH NEVILLE, firſt Earl of Weſtmoreland, who chiefly reſided at his two Caſtles of BRANCEPETH, and RABY, both in the biſhoprick of Durham.

My ſhrieks had all been ſpent in vain,
  But heaven, that ſaw my grief,
Brought this brave youth within my call,
  Who flew to my relief.

With nothing but his hunting ſpear,
  And dagger in his hand,
He ſprung like lightning on my foes,
  And caus'd them ſoon to ſtand.

He fought, till more aſſiſtance came;
  The Scots were overthrown;
Thus freed me, captive, from their bands,
  To make me more his own.

O happy day! the youth replied:
  Bleſt were the wounds I bare!
From that fond hour ſhe deign'd to ſmile,
  And liſten to my prayer.

And when ſhe knew my name and birth,
  She vowed to be my bride;
But oh! we fear'd, (alas, the while!)
  Her princely mother's pride:

Siſter of haughty BOLINGBROKE,*
  Our houſe's ancient foe,
To me I thought a baniſh'd wight
  Could ne'er ſuch favour ſhow,

* JOAN, Counteſs of Weſtmoreland, mother of the young lady, was daughter of JOHN of GAUNT, and half-ſiſter of K. Henry IV.

Deſ-

Deſpairing then to gain conſent;
At length to fly with me
I won this lovely timourous maid;
To Scotland bound are we.

This evening, as the night drew on,
Fearing we were purſu'd,
We turn'd adown the right-hand path,
And gain'd this lonely wood:

Then lighting from our weary ſteeds
To ſhun the pelting ſhower,
We met thy kind conducting hand,
And reach'd this friendly bower.

Now reſt ye both, the Hermit ſaid;
Awhile your cares forego:
Nor, lady, ſcorn my humble bed;
—— We'll paſs the night below.†

† Adjoining to the cliff, which contains the Chapel of the Hermitage, are the remains of a ſmall building, in which the Hermit dwelt. This conſiſted of one lower apartment, with a little Bed-chamber over it, and is now in ruins: whereas the Chapel, cut in the ſolid rock, is ſtill very intire and perfect.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART.

THE

HERMIT OF WARKWORTH,

A NORTHUMBERLAND BALLAD.

FIT THE SECOND.

LOVELY ſmil'd the bluſhing morn,
And every ſtorm was fled:
But lovelier far, with ſweeter ſmile,
Fair ELEANOR left her bed.

She found her HENRY all alone,
And cheer'd him with her ſight;
The youth conſulting with his friend
Had watch'd the livelong night.

What ſweet ſurprize o'erpower'd her breaſt!
Her cheek what bluſhes dyed!
When fondly he beſought her there
To yield to be his bride.

Within this lonely hermitage
There is a chapel meet:
Then grant, dear maid, my fond requeſt,
And make my bliſs compleat.

O HENRY! when thou deign'ſt to ſue,
Can I thy ſuit withſtand?
When thou, lov'd youth, haſt won my heart,
Can I refuſe my hand?

For thee I left a father's ſmiles,
And mother's tender care;
And whether weal or woe betide,
Thy lot I mean to ſhare.

And wilt thou then, O generous maid!
Such matchleſs favour ſhow,
To ſhare with me a baniſh'd wight
My peril, pain, or woe?

Now heaven, I truſt, hath joys in ſtore
To crown thy conſtant breaſt;
For, know, fond hope aſſures my heart
That we ſhall ſoon be bleſt.

Not far from hence ſtands COQUET Iſle,*
Surrounded by the ſea;
There dwells a holy friar, well-known
To all thy friends and thee!

* In the little Iſland of COQUET, near Warkworth, are ſtill ſeen the ruins of a Cell, which belonged to the Benedictine monks of Tinemouth-Abbey.

'Tis

'Tis father Bernard, ſo rever'd
For every worthy deed;
To RABY caſtle he ſhall go,
And for us kindly plead.

To fetch this good and holy man
Our reverend hoſt is gone;
And ſoon, I truſt, his pious hands
Will join us both in one.

Thus they in ſweet and tender talk
The lingering hours beguile:
At length they ſee the hoary ſage
Come from the neighbouring iſle.

With pious joy and wonder mix'd
He greets the noble pair,
And glad conſents to join their hands
With many a fervent prayer.

Then ſtraight to RABY's diſtant walls
He kindly wends his way;
Mean-time in love and dalliance ſweet
They ſpend the livelong day.

And now attended by their hoſt,
The Hermitage they view'd,
Deep-hewn within a craggy cliff,
And over-hung with wood.

And near a flight of ſhapely ſteps,
All cut with niceſt ſkill,
And piercing thro' a ſtony Arch,
Ran winding up the hill.

There deck'd with many a flower and herb
His little Garden ſtands;
With fruitful trees in ſhady rows,
All planted by his hands.

Then, ſcoop'd within the ſolid rock,
Three ſacred vaults he ſhows;
The chief a chapel, neatly arch'd,
On branching Columns roſe.

Each proper ornament was there,
That ſhould a chapel grace;
The Lattice for confeſſion fram'd,
And Holy-water Vaſe.

O'er either door a ſacred text
Invites to godly fear;
And in a little Scutcheon hung
The croſs, and crown, and ſpear.

Up to the Altar's ample breadth
Two eaſy ſteps aſcend;
And near a glimmering ſolemn light
Two well-wrought Windows lend.

Beſide the altar roſe a Tomb
All in the living ſtone;
On which a young and beauteous Maid
In goodly ſculpture ſhone.

A kneeling Angel fairly carv'd
Lean'd hovering o'er her breaſt;
A weeping warrior at her feet;
And near to theſe her Creſt.*

The cliff, the vault, but chief the tomb,
Attract the wondering pair:
Eager they aſk, What hapleſs dame
Lies ſculptur'd here ſo fair?

The Hermit ſigh'd, the Hermit wept,
For ſorrow ſcarce could ſpeak:
At length he wip'd the trickling tears
That all bedew'd his cheek:

Alas! my children, human life
Is but a vale of woe;
And very mournful is the tale,
Which ye ſo fain would know.

* This is a Bull's Head, the creſt of the WIDDRINGTON family. All the Figures, &c. here deſcribed are ſtill viſible, only ſomewhat effaced with length of time.

THE HERMIT's TALE.

YOUNG lord, thy grandſire had a friend
In days of youthful fame;
Yon diſtant hills were his domains;
Sir BERTRAM was his name.

Wheree'er the noble PERCY fought
His friend was at his ſide;
And many a ſkirmiſh with the Scots
Their early valour try'd.

Young Bertram lov'd a beauteous maid,
As fair as fair might be;
The dew-drop on the lily's cheek
Was not ſo fair as ſhe.

Fair WIDDRINGTON the maiden's name,
Yon tow'rs her dwelling place;*
Her ſire an old Northumbrian chief
Devoted to thy race.

Many a lord, and many a knight,
To this fair damſel came;
But Bertram was her only choice;
For him ſhe felt a flame.

* WIDDRINGTON caſtle is about five miles ſouth of Warkworth.

Lord

Lord PERCY pleaded for his friend,
Her father ſoon conſents;
None but the beauteous maid herſelf
His wiſhes now prevents.

But ſhe with ſtudied fond delays
Defers the bliſsful hour;
And loves to try his conſtancy,
And prove her maiden power.

That heart, ſhe ſaid, is lighty priz'd,
Which is too lighty won;
And long ſhall rue that eaſy maid
Who yields her love too ſoon.

Lord PERCY made a ſolemn feaſt
In Alnwick's princely hall:
And there came lords, and there came knights,
His chiefs and barons all.

With waſſel, mirth, and revelry
The caſtle rung around:
Lord PERCY call'd for ſong and harp,
And pipes of martial ſound.

The minſtrels of thy noble houſe
All clad in robes of blue,
With ſilver creſcents on their arms
Attend in order due.

The great atchievements of thy race
They ſung: their high command:
" How valiant MAINFRED o'er the ſeas
" Firſt led his northern band.*

" Brave GALFRED next to Normandy
" With venturous Rollo came;
" And from his Norman caſtles won,
" Aſſum'd the PERCY name.†

" They ſung, how in the Conqueror's fleet
" Lord WILLIAM ſhipp'd his powers,
" And gain'd a fair young Saxon bride,
" With all her lands and towers.‡

* See Dugdale's Baronage, page 269, &c.

† In Lower Normandy are three Places of the name of PERCY; whence the Family took the ſurname of DE PERCY.

‡ WILLIAM DE PERCY, (fifth in Deſcent from GALFRED, or GEFFREY DE PERCY, ſon of MAINFRED) aſſiſted in the conqueſt of England, and had given him the large poſſeſſions in Yorkſhire, of EMMA DE PORTE, (ſo the Norman writers name her) whoſe father, a great Saxon lord, had been ſlain fighting along with Harold. This young lady, WILLIAM, from a principle of honour and generoſity, married: for having had all her lands beſtowed upon him by the Conqueror, " he, (to uſe the words of the old Whitby " Chronicle) wedded her that was very heire to them, in diſ- " charging of his conſcience." See Harl. MSS. 692. (26.) — He died at Mountjoy, near Jeruſalem, in the firſt Cruſade.

" Then

" Then journeying to the Holy Land,
" There bravely fought and dy'd:
" But firſt the ſilver Creſcent wan,
" Some Paynim Soldan's pride.

" They ſung, how AGNES, beauteous heir,
" The queen's own brother wed,
" Lord JOSCELINE, ſprung from Charlemagne,
" In princely Brabant bred,*

" How he the PERCY name reviv'd,
" And how his noble line,
" Still foremoſt in their country's cauſe,
" With godlike ardour ſhine."

With loud acclaims the liſtening crowd,
Applaud the maſter's ſong,
And deeds of arms and war became
The theme of every tongue.

Now high heroic acts they tell,
Their perils paſt recall:
When, lo! a damſel, young and fair,
Stepp'd forward thro' the hall.

* AGNES DE PERCY, ſole heireſs of her houſe, married JOSCELINE DE LOUVAIN, youngeſt ſon of Godfrey Barbatus, duke of Brabant, and brother of queen Adeliza, ſecond wife of king Henry I. He took the name of PERCY, and was anceſtor of the earls of Northumberland. His ſon, lord RICHARD DE PERCY, was one of the twenty-ſix barons, choſen to ſee the Magna Charta duly obſerved.

She Bertram courteouſly addreſs'd;
And kneeling on her knee;
Sir knight, the lady of thy love
Hath ſent this gift to thee.

Then forth ſhe drew a glittering helme,
Well-plated many a fold,
The caſque was wrought of temper'd ſteel,
The creſt of burniſh'd gold.

Sir knight, thy lady ſends thee this,
And yields to be thy bride;
When thou haſt prov'd this maiden gift
Where ſharpeſt blows are try'd.

Young Bertram took the ſhining helme,
And thrice he kiſs'd the ſame:
Truſt me, I'll prove this precious caſque
With deeds of nobleſt fame.

Lord PERCY, and his barons bold,
Then fix upon a day
To ſcour the marches, late oppreſt,
And Scottiſh wrongs repay.

The knights aſſembled on the hills
A thouſand horſe and more:
Brave Widdrington, tho' ſunk in years,
The PERCY-ſtandard bore.

Tweed's limpid current ſoon they paſs,
And range the borders round:
Down the green ſlopes of Tiviotdale
Their bughle-horns reſound.

As when a lion in his den
Hath heard the hunter's cries,
And ruſhes forth to meet his foes,
So did the DOUGLAS riſe.

Attendant on their chief's command
A thouſand warriors wait:
And now the fatal hour drew on
Of cruel keen debate.

A choſen troop of Scottiſh youths
Advance before the reſt;
Lord PERCY mark'd their gallant mien,
And thus his friend addreſs'd:

Now, Bertram, prove thy Lady's helme,
Attack yon forward band;
Dead or alive I'll reſcue thee,
Or periſh by their hand.

Young Bertram bow'd, with glad aſſent,
And ſpurr'd his eager ſteed,
And calling on his Lady's name,
Ruſh'd forth with whirlwind ſpeed.

As when a grove of ſapling oaks
The livid lightning rends;
So fiercely 'mid the oppoſing ranks
Sir Bertram's ſword deſcends.

This way and that he drives the ſteel,
And keenly pierces thro';
And many a tall and comely knight
With furious force he ſlew.

Now cloſing faſt on every ſide
They hem Sir Bertram round;
But dauntleſs he repels their rage,
And deals forth many a wound.

The vigour of his ſingle arm
Had well-nigh won the field;
When ponderous fell a Scottiſh ax,
And clove his lifted ſhield.

Another blow his temple took,
And reft his helme in twain;
That beauteous helme, his Lady's gift!
—— His blood bedew'd the plain.

Lord PERCY ſaw his champion fall
Amid the unequal fight;
And now, my noble friends, he ſaid,
Let's ſave this gallant knight.

Then

Then ruſhing in with ſtretch'd-out ſhield,
He o'er the warrior hung;
As ſome fierce eagle ſpreads her wing
To guard her callow young.

Three times they ſtrove to ſeize their prey,
Three times they quick retire:
What force could ſtand his furious ſtrokes,
Or meet his martial fire?

Now gathering round on every part,
The battle rag'd amain;
And many a lady wept her lord
That hour untimely ſlain.

PERCY and DOUGLAS, great in arms,
There all their courage ſhow'd;
And all the field was ſtrew'd with dead,
And all with crimſon flow'd.

At length the glory of the day
The Scots reluctant yield,
And, after wonderous valour ſhown,
They ſlowly quit the field.

All pale extended on their ſhields,
And weltering in his gore,
Lord PERCY's knights their bleeding friends
To WARK's fair caſtle bore.

Well haſt thou earn'd my daughter's love,
Her father kindly ſaid;
And ſhe herſelf ſhall dreſs thy wounds,
And tend thee in thy bed.

A meſſage went, no daughter came;
Fair ISABEL ne'er appears:
Beſhrew me, ſaid the aged chief,
Young maidens have their fears.

Cheer up, my ſon, thou ſhalt her ſee
So ſoon as thou canſt ride;
And ſhe ſhall nurſe thee in her bower,
And ſhe ſhall be thy bride.

Sir Bertram at her name reviv'd,
He bleſs'd the ſoothing ſound;
Fond hope ſupplied the Nurſe's care,
And heal'd his ghaſtly wound

*** WARK caſtle, a fortreſs belonging to the Engliſh, and of great note in ancient times, ſtood on the ſouthern banks of the river TWEED, a little to the eaſt of TWIOTDALE, and not far from Kelſo. It is now entirely deſtroyed.

THE END OF THE SECOND PART.

THE

THE

HERMIT OF WARKWORTH,

A NORTHUMBERLAND BALLAD.

FIT THE THIRD.

ONE early morn, while dewy drops
Hung trembling on the tree,
Sir Bertram from his ſick-bed roſe,
His bride he would go ſee.

A brother he had in prime of youth,
Of courage firm and keen,
And he would tend him on the way
Becauſe his wounds were green.

All day o'er moſs and moor they rode,
By many a lonely tower;
And 'twas the dew-fall of the night
Ere they drew near her bower.

Moſt

Moſt drear and dark the caſtle ſeem'd,
That wont to ſhine ſo bright;
And long and loud Sir Bertram call'd
Ere he beheld a light.

At length her aged Nurſe aroſe,
With voice ſo ſhrill and clear;
What wight is this, that calls ſo loud,
And knocks ſo boldly here?

'Tis Bertram calls, thy Lady's love,
Come from his bed of care:
All day I've ridden o'er moor and moſs,
To ſee thy Lady fair.

Now out, alas! (ſhe loudly ſhriek'd)
Alas! how may this be?
For ſix long days are gone and paſt
Since ſhe ſet out to thee.

Sad terror ſeiz'd Sir Bertram's heart,
And ready was he to fall;
When now the draw-bridge was let down,
And gates were open'd all.

Six days, young knight, are paſt and gone,
Since ſhe ſet out to thee;
And ſure if no ſad harm had hap'd
Long ſince thou wouldſt her ſee.

For when ſhe heard thy grievous chance,
She tore her hair, and cried,
Alas! I've ſlain the comelieſt knight,
All thro' my folly and pride!

And now to atone for my ſad fault,
And his dear health regain,
I'll go myſelf, and nurſe my love,
And ſoothe his bed of pain.

Then mounted ſhe her milk-white ſteed
One morn at break of day;
And two tall yeomen went with her,
To guard her on the way.

Sad terror ſmote Sir Bertram's breaſt,
And grief o'erwhelm'd his mind:
Truſt me, ſaid he, I ne'er will reſt
'Till I thy lady find.

That night he ſpent in ſorrow and care;
And with ſad boding heart,
Or ever the dawning of the day
His brother and he depart.

Now, brother, we'll our ways divide,
O'er Scottiſh hills to range:
Do thou go north, and I'll go weſt;
And all our dreſs we'll change.

Some Scottiſh carle hath ſeiz'd my love,
And borne her to his den;
And ne'er will I tread Engliſh ground
'Till ſhe is reſtored agen.

The brothers ſtrait their paths divide,
O'er Scottiſh hills to range;
And hide themſelves in quaint diſguiſe,
And oft their dreſs they change.

Sir Bertram clad in gown of gray,
Moſt like a Palmer poor,
To halls and caſtles wanders round,
And begs from door to door.

Sometimes a Minſtrel's garb he wears,
With pipes ſo ſweet and ſhrill;
And wends to every tower and town,
O'er every dale and hill.

One day as he ſate under a thorn,
All ſunk in deep deſpair,
An aged pilgrim paſs'd him by,
Who mark'd his face of care.

All Minſtrels yet that ever I ſaw,
Are full of game and glee;
But thou art ſad and woe-begone!
I marvel whence it be!

Father, I ſerve an aged Lord
Whoſe grief afflicts my mind;
His only child is ſtoln away,
And fain I would her find.

Cheer up, my ſon; perchance (he ſaid)
Some tidings I may bear:
For oft when human hopes have fail'd,
Then heavenly comfort's near.

Behind yon hills, ſo ſteep and high,
Down in a lowly glen,
There ſtands a caſtle fair and ſtrong,
Far from th' abode of men.

As late I chanc'd to crave an alms
About this evening hour,
Methought I heard a Lady's voice
Lamenting in the tower.

And when I aſk'd, what harm had happ'd,
What Lady ſick there lay?
They rudely drove me from the gate,
And bade me wend away.

Theſe tidings caught Sir Bertram's ear,
He thank'd him for his tale;
And ſoon he haſted o'er the hills,
And ſoon he reach'd the vale.

Then drawing near thoſe lonely towers,
Which ſtood in dale ſo low,
And ſitting down beſide the gate,
His pipes he 'gan to blow.

Sir Porter, is thy lord at home
To hear a Minſtrel's ſong?
Or may I crave a lodging here,
Without offence or wrong?

My Lord, he ſaid, is not at home,
To hear a Minſtrel's ſong:
And ſhould I lend thee lodging here,
My life would not be long.

He play'd again ſo ſoft a ſtrain,
Such power ſweet ſounds impart,
He won the churliſh Porter's ear,
And mov'd his ſtubborn heart.

Minſtrel, he ſaid, thou play'ſt ſo ſweet,
Fair entrance thou ſhould'ſt win;
But, alas! I'm ſworn upon the rood
To let no ſtranger in.

Yet, Minſtrel, in yon riſing cliff
Thou'lt find a ſheltering cave;
And here thou ſhalt my ſupper ſhare,
And there thy lodging have.

All day he ſits beſide the gate,
And pipes both loud and clear:
All night he watches round the walls,
In hopes his love to hear.

The firſt night, as he ſilent watch'd,
All at the midnight hour,
He plainly heard his Lady's voice,
Lamenting in the tower.

The ſecond night the moon ſhone clear,
And gilt the ſpangled dew;
He ſaw his Lady thro' the grate,
But 'twas a tranſient view.

The third night wearied out he ſlept
'Till near the morning tide;
When, ſtarting up, he ſeiz'd his ſword,
And to the caſtle hy'd.

When, lo! he ſaw a ladder of ropes
Depending from the wall;
And o'er the mote was newly laid
A poplar ſtrong and tall.

And ſoon he ſaw his love deſcend,
Wrapt in a Tartan plaid;
Aſſiſted by a ſturdy youth
In highland garb y-clad.

Amaz'd, confounded at the ſight,
He lay unſeen and ſtill;
And ſoon he ſaw them croſs the ſtream,
And mount the neighbouring hill.

Unheard, unknown of all within,
The youthful couple fly.
But what can ſcape the lover's ken?
Or ſhun his piercing eye?

With ſilent ſtep he follows cloſe
Behind the flying pair,
And ſaw her hang upon his arm
With fond familiar air.

Thanks, gentle youth, ſhe often ſaid;
My thanks thou well haſt won:
For me what wiles haſt thou contriv'd?
For me what dangers run?

And ever ſhall my grateful heart
Thy ſervices repay: ——
Sir Bertram would no farther hear,
But cried, Vile traitor, ſtay!

Vile traitor, yield that lady up!
And quick his ſword he drew:
The ſtranger turn'd in ſudden rage,
And at Sir Bertram flew.

With mortal hate their vigorous arms
Gave many a vengeful blow:
But Bertram's ſtronger hand prevail'd,
And laid the ſtranger low.

Die, traitor, die! — A deadly thruſt
Attends each furious word.
Ah! then fair Iſabel knew his voice,
And ruſh'd beneath his ſword.

O ſtop, ſhe cried, O ſtop thy arm!
Thou doſt thy brother ſlay! —
And here the Hermit paus'd, and wept:
His tongue no more could ſay.

At length he cried, Ye lovely pair,
How ſhall I tell the reſt? —
'Ere I could ſtop my piercing ſword,
It fell, and ſtabb'd her breaſt.

Wert thou thyſelf that hapleſs youth?
Ah! cruel fate! they ſaid.
The Hermit wept, and ſo did they:
They ſigh'd; he hung his head.

O blind and jealous rage, he cried,
What evils from thee flow!
The Hermit paus'd; they ſilent mourn'd:
He wept, and they were woe.

Ah! when I heard my brother's name,
And ſaw my lady bleed,
I rav'd, I wept, I curſt my arm,
That wrought the fatal deed.

In vain I claſp'd her to my breaſt,
And clos'd the ghaſtly wound;
In vain I preſs'd his bleeding corpſe,
And rais'd it from the ground.

My Brother, alas! ſpake never more;
His precious life was flown.
She kindly ſtrove to ſoothe my pain,
Regardleſs of her own.

Bertram, ſhe ſaid, be comforted,
And live to think on me:
May we in heaven that union prove,
Which here was not to be!

Bertram, ſhe ſaid, I ſtill was true;
Thou only hadſt my heart:
May we hereafter meet in bliſs!
We now, alas! muſt part.

For thee I left my Father's hall,
And flew to thy relief;
When, lo! near Chiviot's fatal hills,
I met a Scottiſh chief.

Lord Malcolm's ſon, whoſe proffer'd love
I had refus'd with ſcorn;
He ſlew my guards, and ſeiz'd on me,
Upon that fatal morn:

And in theſe dreary hated walls,
He kept me cloſe confind;
And fondly ſued, and warmly preſs'd
To win me to his mind.

Each riſing morn increas'd my pain,
Each night increas'd my fear;
When wandering in this northern garb,
Thy brother found me here.

He quickly formed this brave deſign
To ſet me, captive, free;
And on the moor his horſes wait,
Ty'd to a neighbouring tree.

Then haſte, my love, eſcape away,
And for thyſelf provide;
And ſometimes fondly think on her
Who ſhould have been thy bride.

Thus pouring comfort on my ſoul,
Even with her lateſt breath,
She gave one parting fond embrace,
And clos'd her eyes in death.

In wild amaze, in ſpeechleſs woe,
Devoid of ſenſe I lay:
Then ſudden all in frantic mood
I meant myſelf to ſlay:

And riſing up in furious haſte
I ſeiz'd the bloody brand: *
A ſturdy arm here interpos'd,
And wrench'd it from my hand.

A crowd, that from the caſtle came,
Had miſs'd their lovely ward;
And ſeizing me to priſon bore,
And deep in dungeon barr'd.

It chanc'd that on that very morn
Their chief was priſoner ta'en:
Lord PERCY had us ſoon exchang'd,
And ſtrove to ſoothe my pain.

And ſoon thoſe honour'd dear remains
To England were convey'd;
And there within their ſilent tombs,
With holy rites were laid.

For me, I loath'd my wretched life,
And long to end it thought;
'Till time, and books, and holy men
Had better counſels taught.

* i. e. Sword.

They

They rais'd my heart to that pure ſource,
Whence heavenly comfort flows:
They taught me to deſpiſe the world,
And calmly bear its woes.

No more the ſlave of human pride,
Vain hope, and ſordid care;
I meekly vow'd to ſpend my life
In penitence and prayer.

The bold Sir BERTRAM now no more,
Impetuous, haughty, wild;
But poor and humble BENEDICT,
Now lowly, patient, mild;

My lands I gave to feed the poor,
And ſacred altars raiſe;
And here a lonely Anchorete
I came to end my days.

This ſweet ſequeſter'd vale I choſe,
Theſe rocks, and hanging grove;
For oft beſide that murmuring ſtream
My love was wont to rove.

My noble Friend approv'd my choice;
This bleſt retreat he gave;
And here I carv'd her beauteous form,
And ſcoop'd this holy cave.

Full

Full fifty winters, all forlorn,
My life I've linger'd here;
And daily o'er this ſculptur'd ſaint,
I drop the penſive tear.

And thou, dear brother of my heart,
So faithful and ſo true,
The ſad remembrance of thy fate
Still makes my boſom rue.

Yet not unpitied paſs'd my life,
Forſaken, or forgot,
The PERCY and his noble Sons
Would grace my lowly cot.

Oft the great Earl from toils of ſtate,
And cumb'rous pomp of power,
Would gladly ſeek my little cell,
To ſpend the tranquil hour.

But length of life is length of woe,
I liv'd to mourn his fall:
I liv'd to mourn his godlike ſons,
And friends and followers all.

But thou the honours of thy race,
Lov'd youth, ſhalt now reſtore;
And raiſe again the PERCY name
More glorious than before.

He ceas'd, and on the lovely pair
His choiceſt bleſſings laid:
While they with thanks and pitying tears
His mournful tale repaid.

And now what preſent courſe to take,
They aſk the good old ſire;
And guided by his ſage advice,
To Scotland they retire.

Mean-time their ſuit ſuch favour found
At RABY's ſtately hall,
Earl Neville, and his princely Spouſe,
Now gladly pardon all.

She ſuppliant at her Nephew's * throne,
The royal grace implor'd:
To all the honours of his race
The PERCY was reſtor'd.

The youthful Earl ſtill more and more
Admir'd his beauteous dame:
NINE noble SONS to him ſhe bore,
All worthy of their name.

* King Henry V. Anno 1414.

THE END OF THE BALLAD.

THE account given in the foregoing ballad of young PERCY, the ſon of HOTSPUR, is confirmed by the following Extract from an old Chronicle belonging to Whitby Abbey.

"HENRY PERCY, the ſon of Sir HENRY PERCY, "that was ſlayne at Shreweſbury, and of ELIZABETH, "the daughter of the Erle of Marche, after the death "of his Father and Grauntſyre, was exiled into Scot-"land * in the time of King Henry the Fourth: but "in the time of King Henry the Fifth, by the labour "of JOHANNE the countes of Weſtmerland, (whoſe "Daughter ALLANOR he HAD WEDDED IN COMING "INTO ENGLAND,) he recovered the King's grace, "and the countye of Northumberland, ſo was the SE-"COND ERLE of Northumberland.

"And of this Allanor his wife, he begate IX Sonnes, "and III Daughters, whoſe names be JOHANNE, that "is buried at Whytbye: THOMAS, lord Egremont: "KATHARYNE GRAY of Rythyn: Sir RAFFE PER-"CY: WILLIAM PERCY, a Byſhopp: RICHARD "PERCY: JOHN, that dyed WITHOUT ISSUE: [another

* i. e. remained an Exile in Scotland during the Reign of king Henry IV. *In Scotia exulavit tempore Henrici Regis quarti.* Lat. MSS. penes Duc. North.

"JOHN,

" JOHN, called by Vincent † 'Johannes Percy ſenior " de Warkworth':] GEORGE PERCY, Clerk: HENRY " that dyed WITHOUT ISSUE: ANNE ——" [beſides " the eldeſt ſon and ſucceſſor here omitted, becauſe he " comes in below, viz.]

" HENRY PERCY, the THIRD Erle of NORTHUM- " BERLAND."

Vid. Harl. MSS. No. 692. (26.) in the Britiſh Muſeum.

† See his Great Baronag. No. 20, in the Herald's-office.

POSTSCRIPT.

IT will perhaps gratify the curious Reader to be informed, that from a word or two formerly legible over one of the Chapel Doors, it is believed that the Text there inſcribed was that Latin verſe of the Pſalmiſt,* which is in our Tranſlation,

MY TEARS HAVE BEEN MY MEAT DAY AND NIGHT.

It is alſo certain, that the memory of the firſt Hermit was held in ſuch regard and veneration by the PERCY Family, that they afterwards maintained a Chantry Prieſt, to reſide in the Hermitage, and celebrate Maſs in the Chapel: whoſe allowance, uncommonly liberal and munificent, was continued down to the Diſſolution of the Monaſteries; and then the whole Salary, together with the Hermitage and all its dependencies, reverted back to the Family, having never been endowed in mortmain. On this account we have no Record, which fixes the date of the Foundation, or gives any particular account of the firſt Hermit; but the following Inſtrument will ſhew the liberal Exhibition offered to his Succeſſors. It is the Patent granted to the laſt Hermit in 1532, and is copied from an ancient MS. book of Grants, &c. of the VIth Earl of Northumberland, in Henry VIIIth's time. †

* Pſal. xlii. 3. † Claſſed, F. I. No. 1. penes Duc Northumb.

SIR

SIR GEORGE LANCASTRE PATENT OF XX MERKS BY YERE.

" HENRY Erle of Northumberland, &c. Knowe " youe that I the ſaid Erle, in conſideration of the di- " ligent and thankfull ſervice, that my wellbeloved " Chaplen Sir GEORGE LANCASTRE hath don unto " me the ſaid Erle, and alſo for the goode and vertus " diſpotion that I do perceive in him: And for that he " ſhall have in his daily recommendation and praiers the " good eſtate of all ſuche noble Blode and other Per- " ſonages, as be now levynge; And the Soules of ſuch " noble Blode as be departed to the mercy of God owte " of this preſent lyve, Whos Names are conteyned and " wrettyn in a Table upon perchment ſigned with thande " of me the ſaid Erle, and delivered to the cuſtodie and " keapynge of the ſaid ſir George Lancaſter: And fur- " ther, that he ſhall kepe and ſaye his devyn ſervice in " celebratyng and doynge Maſſe of *Requiem* every weke " accordinge as it is written and ſet furth in the ſaide " Table: HAVE geven and graunted, and by theſe pre- " ſentes do gyve and graunte unto the ſaid ſir George, " myn ARMYTAGE belded in a Rock of ſtone within my " Parke of WARKWORTH in the Countie of Northum- " breland in the honour of the bleſſed Trynete, With a " yerly Stipende of twenty Merks by yer, * from the " feeſt of ſeint Michell tharchaungell laſt paſt afore the " date hereof yerly duryng the natural lyve of the ſaid

* This would be equal to 100l. per annum now. See the Chro- nicon Pretioſum.

" ſir George; and alſo I the ſaid Erle have geven and
" graunted, and by theſe Preſents do gyve and graunte
" unto the ſaid ſir George Lancaſter, the occupation of
" one litle Gresground of myn called Cony-garth nigh
" adjoynynge the ſaid Harmytage, only to his own uſe
" and proufit wynter and ſumer durynge the ſaid terme;
" THE Garden and Orteyarde belongyng the ſaid Ar-
" mytage; THE Gate * and Paſture of Twelf Kye and
" a Bull, with their Calves ſuking; AND two Horſes
" goyin and beyng within my ſaid Parke of Warkworth
" wynter and ſomer; ONE Draught of Fiſſhe every
" Sondaie in the yere to be drawen fornenſt † the ſaid
" Armytage, called The Trynete Draught; AND
" Twenty Lods of Fyrewode to be taken of my Wodds
" called Shilbotell Wode, duryng the ſaid term. The
" ſaid Stipend of xx Merks by yer to be taken and per-
" ceived § yerly of the rent and ferme of my Fiſſhyng
" of Warkworth, by thands of the Fermour or Fer-
" mours of the ſame for the tyme beynge yerly at the
" times ther uſed and accuſtomed by evyn Portions.
" IN wytnes whereof to thes my
" Letters Patentes I the ſaid Erle
" have ſet the Seale of myn
" Armes. YEVEN undre my Sig-
" net at my Caſtell of Warkworth, the third daye of

Allowe in recompenſe herof yerly xlli.
Richerd Ryche.

* i. e. Going; from the verb, To Gae. † Or fore-anenſt: i. e. oppoſite.

§ Sic MSS. ‡ Sic MSS. — The above Sir Richerd Ryche was Chancellor of the Augmentations at the Suppreſſion of the Monaſteries.

"Decembre, in the xxiiiith Yer of the Reigne of our "Sovereyn Lorde kyng Henry the eight."

On the diſſolution of the Monaſteries, the above Patent was produced before the Court of Augmentation in Michaelmas-Term, 20 Oct. A. 29. Hen. VIII. when the ſame was allowed by the Chancellor and Councel of the ſaid Court, and all the profits confirmed to the incumbent Sir George Lancaſter; Excepting that in compenſation for the annual Stipend of Twenty Marks, he was to receive a Stipend of Ten Marks, and to have a free Chapel called The Rood Chapel, and the Hoſpital of St. Leonard, within the Barony of Wigdon, in the County of Cumberland.

After the peruſal of the above PATENT it will perhaps be needleſs to caution the Reader againſt a Miſtake ſome have fallen into; of confounding this Hermitage NEAR Warkworth, with a Chantry founded WITHIN the town itſelf, by Nicholas de Farnham, biſhop of Durham, in the reign of Henry III. who appropriated the Church of Brankeſton for the maintenance there of TWO Benedictine Monks from Durham.‖ That ſmall monaſtic foundation is indeed called a CELL by biſhop Tanner:† but he muſt be very ignorant, who ſuppoſes that by the word CELL is neceſſarily to be underſtood a Hermitage; whereas it was commonly applied to any ſmall conventual eſtabliſhment, which was dependant on another.

‖ Ang. Sacr. p. 738. † Not. Mon. p. 396.

As for the Chapel belonging to this endowment of biſhop Farnham, it is mentioned as in ruins in ſeveral old ſurveys of Queen Elizabeth's time; and its ſcite, not far from Warkworth Church, is ſtill remembered. But that there was never more than ONE Prieſt maintained, at one and the ſame time, within the HERMITAGE, is plainly proved, (if any farther proof be wanting) by the following Extract from a Survey of Warkworth, made in the Year 1567, * viz.

"Ther is in the Parke (ſc. of Warkworth) alſo one "Howſe hewyn within one Cragge, which is called the "HARMITAGE CHAPEL: In the ſame ther haith bene "ONE PREAST keaped, which did ſuch godlye Services "as that tyme was uſed and celebrated. The Mantion "Houſe [ſc. the ſmall building adjoining to the Cragg], "ys nowe in decaye: the Cloſes that apperteined to the "ſaid Chantrie is occupied to his Lordſhip's uſe."

§ By Geo. Clarkſon, MSS. penes Duc. North.

II.

THE

GRAHAM,

AN HEROIC BALLAD,

IN FOUR CANTOS.

By Dr. BLACKLOCK.

The profeſſed intention of this Ballad is to cheriſh and encourage a mutual harmony between the inhabitants of North and South Britain. To this end Dr. Blacklock has exhibited in ſtrong colours ſome part of thoſe miſeries which their ancient animoſities had occaſioned. His Graham is an affecting ſtory, in which love and jealouſy have a principal ſhare. The Author, though blind from his infancy, has, by a vigorous exertion of talents, conducted himſelf to uncommon knowledge. There is no ſcience with which he is not acquainted; he is familiar with the learned languages, and he knows with accuracy thoſe of modern Europe that are moſt cultivated. Among philoſophers he has obtained a conſpicuous rank by his Book on Conſolations; and as a poet, he will ever be celebrated for what could leaſt have

been expected from him, the liveliness of imagery and the splendour of description. To the disgrace of our country and our age, this learned, this accomplished, this virtuous man, this son of genius, was driven from the church by a pestilent faction, and under the gloom of darkness and the pressure of age was cruelly necessitated to struggle anew in the toils of life, and to pay his devotions at the shrine of Fortune, the most capricious of all goddesses.

CANTO THE FIRST.

IN former days, when Scotia hurl'd
Against her sister realm the spear,
When on her frontiers war unfurl'd
His bloody flag from year to year;
When wonder fill'd th'attentive world,
Her glorious conflicts charm'd to hear,
By native virtue sav'd from thrall
Whilst wealth and power conspir'd her fall:

Of noble soul and lineage high,
Amongst her chiefs was Graham rever'd;
But wan his cheek, and dim his eye;
Keen smart he prov'd, yet keener fear'd:
No Howard echoed sigh for sigh,
No plighted maid his bosom cheer'd:
His love, his confidence abus'd,
He deem'd, and thus his soul effus'd.

" Riſe winds of heaven, to tempeſt riſe;
Flames flaſh, and cataracts deſcend! —
No ſtorms convulſing earth and ſkies,
Like thoſe which now my boſom rend:
Should chaos order's reign ſurprize,
And heaven, and earth, and ocean blend,
No anarchy could vex the void,
Like ſacred peace of mind deſtroy'd.

Sweet peace of mind! ſeraphic gueſt!
How long thy abſence ſhall I mourn?
From yon bright manſions of the bleſt
With all thy placid train return:
For hell is center'd in my breaſt,
There ſtill its hotteſt fervours burn.
No more, ye tortur'd ghoſts, repine,
Since leſs acute your pains than mine.

Of all the ills that rage ſo riſe,
(And ha! from ills what ſtate is free?)
Of all the plagues that prey on life,
God's heavieſt curſe is jealouſy;
Of love and hate eternal ſtrife:
When ſhall it ceaſe to torture me?
Oh! when ſhall ſtreams of blood atone
For Scotia's wrongs, and for my own?

Juſt God! that he, to whom my heart,
Acceſſible as light and air,
Was fond its wiſhes to impart,
With whom its inmoſt thoughts to ſhare,
Theſe confines falſely ſhould deſert,
Tho' preſcient of his friend's deſpair;
Unſeen deſert, and baſely ſteal
What, loſt, to madneſs I muſt feel!!'

Thus Graham; inexorably bent
His rival or himſelf to ſlay,
Then ſhap'd his courſe with fell intent
To where Northumbria's warriours lay;
Nor night his journey could prevent,
Nor danger intercept his way;
He reck'd not how he ſped, nor where;
They dread no ruin who deſpair.

Singly (for ſuch was his command)
He meant to meet his gallant foe;
But choſen men, a worthy band,
Who vow'd to ſhare his weal or woe,
When he his hardy purpoſe plann'd
Th' important ſecret chanc'd to know;
Remotely theſe his ſteps purſue,
Unſeen, yet keep him ſtill in view.

Determin'd on revenge or death
And guided by a dubious ray,
Through many a rough and winding path
Th' intrepid hero held his way;
Upbraiding much his eaſy faith,
Which arts ſo flimſey could betray;
At length he reach'd the wide campaign
Where fix'd Northumbria's tents remain.

And now the genial hours prepare
To yoke Aurora's roſy team;
Her bluſhes ting'd through humid air
The riſing hill and chryſtal ſtream;
While with encreaſing light more fair,
More ſweet the opening proſpects ſeem:
But ſouls involv'd in ſorrow's gloom
No landſcapes charm, no rays illume.

When now the hoſtile camp he ſpy'd
In ſilence ſolemn and profound;
"Here, here the miſcreant reſts (he cry'd)
Who gave my peace its mortal wound:
A while the wretch, who heav'n defy'd,
May with ſucceſs in guilt be crown'd;
Yet crimes like theſe, tho' long ſecure,
At laſt for vengeance prove mature."

No emblematic ſigns pourtray'd
Within its orb his buckler bore;
Nor then the variegated plaid
Around his manly cheſt he wore;
His name, his form, no mark betray'd,
Which jealous caution might explore:
Thus thro' the ſtrong and watchful guard
He paſs'd unqueſtion'd, undebarr'd.

"By all the glories of my race
'Tis Graham himſelf! (young Howard ſaid);
He comes to brave me face to face,
He comes to claim the reſcu'd maid:
So may my ſoul in heaven find grace
When moſt ſhe needs her powerful aid,
As I his challenge ſhall receive,
Since one or both muſt feaſt the grave.

And thou by early fate remov'd
From all that renders being dear,
Oh ſtill remember'd, ſtill belov'd,
My vow, fraternal ſpirit, hear!
That vengeance, which ſo tardy prov'd,
Scotia at laſt ſhall learn to fear,
Shall expiate from unnumber'd veins
A brother's blood, a captive's chains."

He

He ſnatch'd his ſword, he pois'd his ſhield,
He iſſu'd to confront the foe,
As bickering flames involve a field
Where arid heath and ſtubble grow:
His breaſt, with native courage ſteel'd,
On fear could ne'er one thought beſtow:
Yet e'er his ſteps could far proceed,
The Scot advanc'd and check'd his ſpeed.

"Bluſh, traitor, bluſh (enrag'd he ſaid),
If ſtill ſuſceptible of ſhame,
If benefits with wrongs repaid
From heav'n and earth juſt vengeance claim:
But fools and cowards may upbraid,
In ſpeeches fierce, in action tame;
The righteous pow'r that rules on high
And arms alone our cauſe can try."

He ceas'd; and Howard thus reply'd:
"Impetuous Boy, thy rage reſtrain!
Ere now thy force I had defy'd,
But other taſks my arm detain:
For know, to mortify thy pride,
Thou ow'ſt thy life to my diſdain;
Thy country firſt I meant to quell,
Then deſtin'd thee for death and hell.

How well it ſuits the heart of Graham
To doubt his friend, tho' known ſincere!
That heart, which baſe deſigns inflame,
Such baſe deſigns may juſtly fear:
From all the various mouths of fame
Thy vile ſuſpicions reach my ear.
Now if unſcourg'd thy crime remains,
No more eternal juſtice reigns.

Traitor my ſoul retorts with ſcorn
On thy opprobrious clans and thee.
The nymph thou ſeek'ſt I found forlorn;
From baſe attempts I ſet her free;
When hence by brutal ruffians borne,
For aid ſhe call'd on heav'n and me.
Where then was that vindictive arm
Portending now ſuch mortal harm?

In vain that rage which bends thy brow,
Thy boaſts, thy menaces are vain:
By heav'n's omnipotence I vow,
Nor perjury my ſoul ſhall ſtain;
Not all thy country's force, nor thou,
The beauteous capture ſhall regain:
Mine now ſhe is, and mine ſhall be,
Indignant Scot, in ſpite of thee.

But whilſt in heav'ns unerring ſcale
Our quiv'ring deſtinies appear,
And which ſhall fall, and which prevail,
By no deciſion yet ſeems clear;
I could unfold a wond'rous tale,
Whoſe lighteſt word demands thy ear: —
But haſte we hence where friends nor foes
Can in our quarrel interpoſe."

"Damn'd ſubterfuge to make me ſwerve!
(Thus Graham reſum'd with fervid ire:)
Theſe arts for weaker dupes reſerve;
They raiſe my indignation higher:
When wretches, who in dungeons ſtarve,
Nor light, nor air, nor food deſire,
Then may my heart its wrath ſuſpend
'Till thy inſidious tale ſhall end."

"Me brandſt thou with evaſive fright,
(Cry'd Howard with protended ſteel;)
Who for thy fury or thy might
Supreme contempt alone can feel!
Which heart ſhall now decline the fight,
Which beats with fears it would conceal,
Th' impending inſtant ſhall diſplay;
Hark! hov'ring ravens croak for prey."

Now front to front the champions ſtood,
And hew'd and laſh'd, and thunder'd blows;
Whilſt thro' th' adjacent hills and wood,
The propagated clangor roſe:
Anna, with eyes in tears bedew'd,
Had heard them talk, and ſeen them cloſe;
With pallid cheek, and trembling frame,
Between the combatants ſhe came.

"For heav'n's ſweet ſake, ere you engage,
Attend to love's, to friendſhip's call!
If blood alone can quench your rage,
Mine, mine I offer; take it all.
Could I have form'd the ſad preſage,
That one of two ſo dear ſhould fall,
Ere I this curſed hour ſurvey'd,
To fate that tribute I had paid.

Oh Graham! in whom for ever dwells
Concenter'd all my ſoul's delight,
What frenzy now thy mind impels
To urge this inauſpicious fight?
That fury, which thy boſom ſwells,
May in his blood its conqueſt write;
But ſay, is this his nobleſt meed
Who reſcued me, by Graham to bleed?

While

While full of thee I lonely ſtray'd,
With tears and anxious vigils ſpent,
To breathe in ſome ſequeſter'd ſhade
The grief with which my heart was rent,
Villains, who lay in ambuſcade,
And watch'd and wiſh'd for this event,
My perſon ſeiz'd, and bore away,
To lawleſs force a feeble prey.

In vain my eyes with ſorrow ſtream'd;
In vain my threats, in vain my pray'r;
In vain to heav'n and earth I ſcream'd,
And beat my breaſt, and tore my hair:
But when each hope extinct I deem'd,
Extinct in ruin and deſpair,
This Howard, like an angel, came,
And ſav'd at once my life and fame.

Nor thou, as heav'n ſupremely good,
Refuſe my plaints thy gentle ear;
Should Graham beneath thy hand ſubdu'd
Expire by deſtiny ſevere,
Say, can that hand in blood embrued,
In Graham's warm blood, to me be dear?
Or can the life of him I love
To me a grateful offering prove?

Now hear my voice, ye chieftans, hear;
Eternal fate is in the ſound;
Let each theſe hated broils forbear,
In leagues of holy friendſhip bound:
Should either lift the hoſtile ſpear,
And ſtretch his rival on the ground,
Firſt heav'n and hell ſhall be ally'd
Ere I become the victor's bride.[13]

THE END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

THE

THE GRAHAM,

AN HEROIC BALLAD.

CANTO THE SECOND.

SHE ended: and her varying charms
A thouſand agitations ſhow;
When all at once they heard alarms
As from a fierce advancing foe:
To arms! the camp reſounds, to arms!
Wide and more wide the tumults grow;
From heart to heart contagion flies,
And all in wild diſorder riſe.

What felt the valiant heart of Graham
When he deſcry'd the mad'ning throng?
Conflicting paſſions ſhook his frame;
He knew th' opponent army ſtrong.
Rapid as heaven's exploſive flame,
To ſtop his friends, he ſtepp'd along;
Whilſt ruſhing on, with tortur'd view,
He recogniz'd his faithful few.

" What mean my ſoldiers? (loud he cry'd)
Behold your leader ſafe reſtor'd.
Would heav'n! in anguiſh I had died
Ere conſcious of this deed abhorr'd!
Thus unprovok'd, unſanctify'd,
What right had you to draw the ſword?
Raſh men! was expiation due . . . . .
For private wrongs to me or you?"

Thus he rebuk'd, tho' in deſpair
Their gallant ardour to reſtrain;
Loſt in th' expanſe of turbid air
Expoſtulation prov'd in vain:
Diſcord and havock every where
In luxury of triumph reign;
The groan of death, th' exulting roar,
The ſuppliant ſhrieks, heav'n's concave tore.

A ſtorm of lances now they threw,
Whilſt on each point deſtruction flies;
And ſtarting from th'elaſtic yew
A cloud of ſhafts obſcure the ſkies. —
" Ye hoſts of heav'n, what blaſts my view!
(With voice exerted, Howard cries:)
What laurels can theſe daſtards gain,
When handfuls fall by myriads ſlain?

Hence

Hence, execrable cowards, hence!
Shrink to your holes, and tremble there!
Whoſe blood is ſpilt without expence,
Whom mercy hardly deigns to ſpare.
This band (ſo mighty, ſo immenſe!)
To hungry dogs and fowls of air,
My troop alone ſhall quickly throw:
Hear Percy's voice in mine, and go."

This Elliot heard; for war renown'd,
In danger's front ſeverely try'd:
He graſp'd his ſword, he groan'd profound,
Then with ſarcaſtic ſmile reply'd:
"Yes, if your words like darts could wound,
If foes were vanquiſh'd when deſcry'd,
Trophies from hence you might extort,
Like thoſe obtain'd at Agencourt.

Such trophies let your annals boaſt,
Their truth I mean not to refute;
Yet were thoſe precious archives loſt,
Our juniors might the facts diſpute,
Unleſs your formidable hoſt
More recent wonders execute:
Yet Edward play'd a ſafer game,
And filch'd a bloodleſs diadem."

He ſpake: and rear'd his ſhining blade
With mortal proweſs to deſcend;
Nor vainly had his might eſſay'd
In death the hero to extend;
But by the ſhiv'ring ſteel betray'd,
His ſtroke abortive miſs'd its end;
Yet ſtunn'd and giddy Howard reel'd,
And thund'ring preſs'd the ſanguine field.

Him, ſtagg'ring, Elliot thus addreſs'd;
"If yet unhurt thy life remains,
If yet of wonted ſtrength poſſeſs'd,
Nor wound thy vital current drains,
(Advantage o'er a foe depreſs'd
Tho' in her power, my ſoul diſdains)
Ariſe, thy ſcatter'd arms reſume,
Nor proſtrate ſhare a vulgar doom."

He ſaid; and with extended hand,
At once from earth the chieftan rears,
Tho' circl'd by a furious band
Of foes, with quivers arm'd, and ſpears.
Then fear firſt Howard's ſoul unman'd,
For Elliot's life; nor vain his fears;
An arrow from an unknown bow,
Struck deep, and laid the hero low.

Long

Long torpid o'er the bleeding corſe,
Howard in ſilent horror hung;
Depriv'd of ſenſe, depriv'd of force,
And all his ſoul with anguiſh wrung:
Not with more exquiſite remorſe
Did guilt e'er feel her boſom ſtung,
Than Howard felt intenſe regret,
Tho' guiltleſs of the warriour's fate.

As fires in ſome volcano pent,
That on its melting inwards prey,
With ſtruggling rage explore a vent,
And burſt reſiſtleſs into day;
So now, impatient of reſtraint,
In tears his anguiſh found its way:
By grief his ſoul to madneſs driv'n,
Thus wild expoſtulates with heav'n:

"Ye powers that o'er this orb preſide!
Muſt worth thus periſh premature?
Should chance the helm of nature guide,
What greater ills could man endure?
His hoary ſire, his blooming bride,
His orphan babes, in hope ſecure,
Shall view him cold and lifeleſs earth,
Then curſe the period of their birth.

Oft of a ſeer the Scots have told,
Before whoſe heav'n-directed eyes
Remote events of things, enroll'd
By deſtiny, ſucceſſive riſe;
Why could not he this ſtroke behold,
Which now to heav'n for pity cries?
But victims to the future blind,
We muſt purſue the courſe aſſign'd.

Deteſted inſtrument of ill,
Into thy ſheath, my ſword, return!
From nature tears enough diſtill,
Condemn'd inherent woes to mourn.
O thou! whoſe dear remains muſt fill,
Inſtead of mine, th' untimely urn,
Would I had felt the ſad decree,
And yielded up my ſoul for thee!

Yet bear, my ſoldiers, bear him hence,
And, whilſt his vital warmth remains,
Aid nature, ſtruggling in ſuſpenſe,
And ſtop th' effuſion of his veins;
Cheriſh returning life and ſenſe;
For if the chief his ſtrength regains,
Honour and wealth on him ſhall wait,
Whoſe hand retards th' approach of fate."

As when two adverſe blaſts deſcend
To ſtrife for empire o'er the main,
This way, and that, the ſurge they bend,
While both their native force retain;
Thus arms to arms oppos'd contend
For conqueſt on th' empurpled plain;
Yet, unfatigu'd with wounds and toil,
Nor theſe advance, nor thoſe recoil.

Still ſtruggling with ſuperior pow'rs,
The hardy Scots maintain their ground,
Tho' fate its pregnant quiver ſhowrs,
And death in carnage wantons round. —
While on his forehead vengeance lowrs,
Forth Percy iſſues with a bound;
His wrathful eyes perdition dart,
And thus he pours his pregnant heart:

" God's ſplendour! ſhall a lawleſs crew
Of vagrant thieves your might reſtrain?
Shall hands ſo feeble, troops ſo few,
Repel this vaſt, this martial train?
Or do my ſenſes tell me true,
Or have enchantments turn'd my brain?
Better in death my eyes were ſeal'd,
Than ſee my country's ſpirit yield,

But you, oh England's ſpurious race!
In other feats diſtinguiſh'd ſhine:
The trembling arm and lilied face
For other fights their ſtars deſign.
Vile offſpring! deſtin'd to diſgrace
Your native ſoil, your generous line!
To heav'n and earth, ſay, ſhall I tell,
In what atchievements you excell?

To gorge the feaſt, to drain the bowl,
To loiter near the blazing fire;
To waſte the night without controul,
Indulging groſs or lewd deſire:
For theſe, tho' doom'd in flames to howl,
To joys no nobler you aſpire;
Theſe are your ſov'reign bliſs alone,
The heav'n you ſeek, the god you own.

But if unchaſtis'd hence you fly,
Tho' dogg'd with penitence and ſhame,
The death of cowards let me die,
And ſlander blaſt my ſpotleſs fame.
Oh curſe, that form ſhould men belie,
In viſage, not in heart the ſame!
Shall honour, life, and ſoul at ſtake,
No ſpark of Engliſh valour wake?"

With ſpirit from their chief inhal'd,
Whilſt all their might his troops exert,
A piercing ſhriek their ears aſſail'd,
Sad emphaſis of female ſmart.
At this the ſoul of Howard fail'd;
Cold horror thrill'd his boding heart,
When lo! his ſwimming eyes explore
Their deareſt object ſtain'd with gore:

Her reſcue nobly Graham eſſay'd,
And interpos'd a maſſy ſhield:
But impotent his ſingle aid;
His hands employed, no ſword could wield;
Nor could his utmoſt force pervade,
Th' embattel'd ranks that throng'd the field.
This, torn with anguiſh, Howard ſaw,
Nor could remain, nor durſt withdraw.

"Oh liſt, for mercy's ſake! (he cry'd);
Mercy, chief glory of the brave!
Suſpend your ſtrife by him who died,
From endleſs death your ſouls to ſave!
Elſe beauty's bloſſom, virtue's pride,
Scarce blown, muſt wither in the grave.
Oh let me to her aid be gone,
Prevent her fate, or ſeek my own!"

Thus

Thus by the ſacred name adjur'd,
Suſpenſe prevail'd in ev'ry mind;
Whilſt Graham no more by troops immur'd,
A paſſage free rejoic'd to find:
His lovely charge, from harm ſecur'd,
He in a neighbouring tent reſign'd;
Thence thro' the habitations round,
Relief he ſought, relief he found.

Of matrons, now a weeping train,
Attended round the fair diſtreſt;
With ſkilful hand, and care humane,
The blood they ſtopt, the wound they dreſt.
The more they view'd, the leſs their pain,
For ſlightly was the hurt impreſt;
And, ſhould her mind ſerene endure,
Suſceptible of ſpeedy cure.

By undeſigning fury thrown,
The weapon, ere it reach'd the fair,
Had thro' a ſpacious diſtance flown,
And idly ſpent its force in air.
When to the rivals this was known,
What joy they felt, from what deſpair!
So joy the guilty when from heaven
They hear pronounc'd their ſins forgiv'n.

THE END OF THE SECOND CANTO.

THE

THE

GRAHAM,

AN HEROIC BALLAD.

CANTO THE THIRD.

AND now in milder taſks engag'd,
The wants of nature to repair;
No longer war the armies wag'd,
Their dead and wounded claim'd their care;
In truce their mutual honour pledg'd,
Both pleas'd, the common ſafety ſhare;
While Graham and Howard in one tent,
The tranquil hour in parley ſpent.

Thus Graham began: "Let local hate,
And jealous rage, be cancell'd here;
And now that myſtery of fate,
Whoſe lighteſt word demands my ear,
In this calm interval, relate
With temper candid and ſincere;
Each dark event minutely ſhow,
And how I ſtand concern'd, to know."

To

To whom his rival: "From my tongue
Expect the ſtory but in part:
Of Caledonian lineage ſprung,
Thou deem'ſt the charmer of thy heart;
There thou beheldſt her firſt when young,
There firſt thou felt'ſt the pleaſing ſmart,
Which ſince o'er all thy boſom reigns,
And conſtitutes its joys or pains.

But erſt, when urg'd by youthful heat
To ſatisfy a brother's ſhade,
I plung'd myſelf beyond retreat,
Where all its horrors war diſplay'd,
And by this conduct indiſcreet,
To Scotland pris'ner was convey'd;
A ſire with years and honours grac'd,
To me her various fortunes trac'd,

For as by chance our way ſhe croſs'd,
"Thou view'ſt (ſaid he) that lovely maid,
"Heaven's darling image, nature's boaſt,
"Virtue by beauty's hand array'd;
"Yet in the ſtorms of fortune toſt,
"When heaven's bleſt beam ſhe ſcarce ſurvey'd;
"Her from the womb no ſire embrac'd,
"No gladneſs hail'd, no ſplendour grac'd.

"With

" With England's troops, in hoſtile guiſe,
" A godlike youth adorn'd the field,
" Who, till he gain'd ſome high empriſe,
" His name and pedigree conceald:
" But partial fortune oft denies
" The meed, which bright deſert ſhould yield,
" Ruſhing unguarded on the fray,
" Too ſoon depreſs'd by wounds he lay.

" Him Elliot, hoſpitable knight,
" Convuls'd with pain, and drench'd in gore,
" Beheld, and thro' the ſhock of fight,
" Surviving to his manſion bore:
" His daughter melting at the ſight,
" The blooming hero to reſtore,
" Apply'd each ſalutary art,
" And cur'd his wound, but pierc'd his heart.

" For in his chamber while confin'd,
" And tended by the pitying fair,
" With anguiſh more intenſe he pin'd,
" Than that extinguiſh'd by her care.
" He breath'd the torment of his mind,
" Nor ſhe reluctant heard his prayr:
" A prieſt (unknown to Elliot) came,
" And with heaven's ſanction crown'd their flame.

" By

" By honour call'd, impell'd by hope,
" Once more in arms the hero roſe,
" Renown's eternal wreath to crop,
" Which high on danger's ſummit grows:
" But doom'd with mightier force to cope,
" And circl'd by a world of foes;
" 'My life, my love, my hopes, farewell!'
" He ſaid; and, cruſh'd by numbers, fell.

" The father every worth confeſt,
" Which the young bridegroom's ſoul adorn'd;
" Yet, for his country prepoſſeſs'd,
" All overtures from England ſcorn'd;
" Nor ceas'd the ſtranger to deteſt,
" Who from his arms his child ſuborn'd;
" Nor view'd with nature's fond regard,
" Her ſoul depreſs'd, her form impair'd;

" Her period of geſtation o'er,
" And nature ſtruggling for relief,
" Her orphan babe the mother bore,
" Sad heir of indigence and grief!
" Then, baniſh'd from her father's door,
" By mandates from the angry chief,
" Within a convent's walls confin'd,
" Her ſuff'ring ſpirit ſhe reſign'd.

" Yet

" Yet inſtinct, pow'rful in his breaſt,
" (Tho' with determin'd hate inflam'd)
" The ſmiling infant he careſs'd,
" And for his once-lov'd Anna nam'd;
" His hand her ſlighteſt wants redreſs'd,
" His heart her plan of culture fram'd;
" Yet would not own the charming maid,
" Till nature's debt his daughter paid.

" Then 'gan his ſtubborn ſoul to melt;
" Emotions till that hour unknown,
" Thro' all his alter'd mind he felt,
" Which injur'd nature might atone;
" Still in his breaſt the parent dwelt,
" Now reign'd triumphant and alone;
" Transferr'd from fortunes barren waſte,
" His eyes ſhe charm'd, his manſion grac'd."

" Thus far the chief, nor more he knew;
For hid in night's impervious veil,
The youth's deſcent eludes our view,
Nor can we gain this ſad detail,
Where firſt that vernal bloſſom grew,
Whoſe ruin hoſtile eyes bewail:
His birth from England all atteſt,
Deep ſecrecy involves the reſt."

Whilſt thus in Scotland I remain'd
A wretched captive on parole,
Her charms my raptur'd eyes detain'd,
Her virtues conquer'd all my ſoul:
Oh! what is liberty regain'd,
When endleſs chains the mind controul?
Fulfil, juſt heav'n, thy fixt decree,
And ſtrike me dead, or ſet me free!

By public ſanction thence releas'd,
As to our camp I bent my way,
With fond anticipation pleas'd,
My late diſhonour to repay;
Each ſenſe the voice of anguiſh ſeiz'd,
Anguiſh that could not brook delay;
I ſaw my Anna's ſtruggling charms
Encircled in a ruffian's arms.

O'Braian of Hybernian race,
A robber fam'd and fear'd around,
To gain the prize had watch'd the place,
And now preſum'd his wiſhes crown'd:
Thither, enrag'd, I urg'd my pace,
And made the felon bite the ground;
His timid train his fall ſurvey'd,
Nor to revenge their leader ſtaid.

With

With indignation and deſpair,
All pale and faint my charmer lay;
I rais'd her with fraternal care,
And gently ſooth'd her deep diſmay;
I begg'd, nor did ſhe ſlight my pray'r,
But, ſweet companion of my way,
By my protecting arm ſuſtain'd,
At length ſecure the camp ſhe gain'd.

Nor, tho' the maid for thee declares,
Let paſſion joys in proſpect feign;
Divided hearts, divided cares,
Domeſtic bliſs can ne'er maintain:
An Engliſh heart thy Anna ſhares;
Still in her breaſt ſhall England reign:
Hence woes entail'd on all thy line,
Shall prove a curſe to thee and thine.

But now in heav'n's high vault no ſtar
To gild the dark horizon glows;
No ſound ambiguous, heard from far,
Thro' air's thin texture trembling flows:
Nature, fatigued with toils and war,
Courts the dear bleſſing of repoſe:
Soon ſhall the light's officious glare
Reſtore the world to grief and care."

While thus their languid pow'rs to cheer,
Grateful receſs the warriours ſought,
Thither extended on a bier,
An agonizing chief was brought:
But as he now advanc'd more near,
Elliot, whom dead before they thought,
Elliot himſelf they recognize,
And melt in tears, and burſt in ſighs.

" You ſee me ſtill, tho' ſcarce alive;
(In groans th' expiring hero ſaid:)
From duty, ſtrength my pow'rs derive,
To dear departed worth unpaid;
This done, with fate no more I ſtrive,
But ſink beneath its peaceful ſhade;
Enough of life kind heav'n beſtows,
When fame and virtue grace its cloſe.

Thy audience, Howard, let me claim;
To thee my meſſage is addreſt;
For when my ſiſter's languid frame
The bed of death reclining preſt,
Her long lamented huſband's name
To me her dying lips confeſt;
Thy ill-ſtarr'd brother (raſhly brave!)
To Anna's charms exiſtence gave.

How

How light theſe laſt convulſions ſeem,
That ſhew my mortal criſis near!
But nature's voice in this extreme,
Her pleading voice, what heart can bear!
This, this is agony ſupreme:
Ten thouſand deaths are leſs ſevere:
Great God! whoſe ſmile is more than life,
Conſole my tender babes and wife.

How long ſhalt thou, my country! ſmart,
For whom my blood ſpontaneous flows!
Thrice happy could my pangs impart
A laſting cure for all thy woes;
Theſe plagues, benignant pow'r, avert,
And grant ſincere, tho' late repoſe;
Where wrath and devaſtation ſway,
Let arts of peace their charms diſplay!

For me, my friends, your ſorrows ſpare;
I go in regions more ſublime,
A nobler deſtiny to ſhare,
Above the ſphere of chance and time.
Howard, be Anna's bloom thy care
In this inhoſpitable clime."
His parting ſoul, while this he ſaid,
Angels to bliſs in heav'n convey'd.

THE END OF THE THIRD CANTO.

GRAHAM,

AN HEROIC BALLAD.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

NOW with immortal ſplendor gay,
The ſun his wonted courſe reſumes,
To pour th' exhauſtleſs flood of day,
Which heaven's majeſtic arch illumes;
From ev'ry buſh the vernal lay,
From ev'ry op'ning flow'r, perfumes
Impregnate wide the ſportive gale,
And joy exults in hill and dale.

Not ſo the hoſts on yonder plain;
Their hearts of comfort felt no ray;
For conqueſt each had toil'd in vain,
Nor hop'd the dear deciſive day:
Sadden'd with labour, want, and pain,
Th' interminable proſpect lay,
But chief in ev'ry Engliſh ſoul
Sedition rag'd without controul.

Thus to his mate each ſoldier cries:
"What curſe this fruitleſs war extends!
At home each field uncultur'd lies,
On which our daily bread depends:
Alike the Scot his wants ſupplies,
Where'er his devious courſe he bends."
Mov'd by ſuch views, their heralds came,
A new ceſſation to proclaim.

"Ye quiver'd Scots, our words attend;
Pacific overtures we bring:
Shall groans and carnage never end?
Shall blood from rills perennial ſpring?
Let either nation envoys ſend,
For peace to importune its king."
The hoſts for peace exclaim around:
Peace heav'n, and earth, and ſea reſound.

In holy fervour now entranc'd,
From Scotia's bands a reverend ſage,
Half way between the troops advanc'd,
In all the dignity of age:
With ardent eyes, on both he glanc'd,
That light'ned with prophetic rage,
Then on a point of empty ſpace,
Their beams directing ſtopp'd his pace.

" The God! the flaming God! (he cry'd:)
I feel him all my pow'rs controul.
Oh! gently on my ſpirit glide,
Nor into nothing flaſh my ſoul!
O'er heav'n and earth one boundleſs tide
Of glory ſweeps from pole to pole:
Inſcrutable to groſſer eyes,
The book of fate expanded lies.

Two chiefs I ſee of noble name,
Whoſe hearts in friendſhip once were join'd,
Competitors for love and fame,
Now glow with paſſions more unkind;
Whilſt cold ſuſpicion, mutual blame,
Embitter each diſſever'd mind:
Such ills on human ſpirits prey,
By cruel error led aſtray.

To truth eternal and ſevere,
Howard, thy docile ear incline!
Nature's great interdict reverc;
For nature's mandate ſpeaks in mine:
By kindred blood ally'd ſo near,
To kindred love thy wiſh confine;
Elſe ſhall thy days in anguiſh flow,
And God and man pronounce thee foe.

Thee,

Thee, Graham, of Anna's charms poſſeſt,
My ſoul's enlighten'd view ſurveys:
Each night ſhall give thee ſacred reſt,
Each day to light thy joys ſhall blaze;
With all a father's tranſports bleſt,
I ſee thy offspring fix thy gaze;
And with ineffable delight,
Behold your lovely forms unite.

Diſpatch'd from heav'ns etherial height,
By her eternal father's ſmile,
Fair Peace accelerates her flight,
To bleſs this long diſtracted iſle:
Fell Anger and corroſive Spite,
No more inur'd to war and ſpoil,
In adamantine fetters bound,
With clamour ſhake their cells profound.

But as with deſultory fire
Along th' aerial current borne,
When ſcarce its luſtre we admire,
The meteor leaves our ſight forlorn:
So, blaſted, Peace ſhall ſoon retire,
And Britain ſtill by faction torn,
Shall mark with horrors ev'ry age,
And glut with civil blood its rage.

Where am I wrapt, eternal pow'r!
What ecſtacies my ſoul dilate!
Emerge thou bright auſpicious hour,
Elude the ſlow reſults of fate.
The roſe, gay ſummer's fav'rite flow'r,
No more with tumid pride inflate,
Shall throw each prejudice aſide,
And with the thiſtle be ally'd.

By ſanguine proof, ye nations, taught
What various ills from diſcord riſe,
Diſcord with all the curſes fraught
That earth can feel or hell deviſe;
With ſacred vigilance of thought,
Your union cultivate and prize;
Union, eternal ſource of joy,
Which nought can leſſen or deſtroy.

England! for induſtry and toil,
Wiſdom, and poliſh'd arts, renown'd,
Whoſe happy clime and grateful ſoil
Diffuſe exhauſtleſs plenty round;
So from thy ſhores may foes recoil,
Involv'd in ſhame, and grief profound,
As thou behold'ſt with placid eyes
Thy ſiſter kingdom's glory riſe.

Scotia! to earth's remoteſt verge,
By each conſpicuous virtue known,
Whoſe glorious deeds, whoſe talents large
Enrich all climates but thy own;
To him thy duty firſt diſcharge,
From whoſe paternal hand alone
Thy bleſſings, which no meaſure know,
Thy freedom, wealth, and ſafety, flow.

Nor let ſeductive Pleaſure's charms,
From Wiſdom's ways thy ſoul allure;
Nor quench thy gen'rous thirſt of arms,
Nor all thy recent fame obſcure:
Thy breaſt, while noble ardour warms,
For ſacred faith, and virtue pure,
Till heav'n and earth ſhall paſs away,
Thy glory ne'er ſhall feel decay.

THE END OF THE BALLAD.

ATHEL-

ATHELGIVA,

A LEGENDARY TALE.

By Mr. WATKINS.

There is a tradition, and it is, indeed, delivered by authors of credit, that the abbey of Whitby, on the north coaſt of Yorkſhire, was ruined during the depredations of the Danes in that diſtrict, by thoſe plunderers, under the command of Inguar and Hubba, who brought with them that famous ſtandard on which was embroidered a golden raven, the work of their ſiſters, and revered by all the Danes as the Palladium of their ſecurity. About this period the ſtory is ſuppoſed to commence; the ſucceeding incidents are all fictitious, and were dictated to the author, in ſome meaſure, by the romantic ſituation of the abbey, (magnificent in ruin) which ſeemed exceedingly proper for ſuch events. It may, perhaps, be neceſſary to add, that Edelfleda (mentioned in the firſt ſtanza) is ſaid by Cambden, to have been the daughter of Oſwin, king

of Northumberland, and to have reſided in the abbey of Whitby, after enlarging and farther endowing it. Its firſt foundation was laid by St. Hilda, the ſiſter of king Edwin, mentioned in the ſame verſe.

'HERE mayſt thou reſt, my ſiſter dear,
'Securely here abide;
'Here royal Edelfleda liv'd,
'Here pious Hilda died.

'Here peace and quiet ever dwell:
'Here fear no rude alarms;
'Nor here is heard the trumpet's ſound,
'Nor here the din of arms.'

With voice compos'd and look ſerene,
(Whilſt her ſoft hand he preſs'd)
The maid, who trembled on his arm,
Young Edwy thus addreſs'd.

Blue gleam'd the ſteel in Edwy's hand,
The warrior's veſt he bore:
For now the Danes, by Hubba led,
Had ravag'd half the ſhore.

His ſummons at the abbey gate,
The ready porter hears;
And ſoon in veil and holy garb,
The abbeſs kind appears.

'O take

'O take this virgin to thy care,
'Good angels be your guard;
'And may the ſaints in heaven above,
'That pious care reward.

'For we by fierce barbarian hands,
'Are driven from our home;
'And three long days and nights forlorn,
'The dreary waſte we roam.

'But I muſt go — theſe tow'rs to ſave:
'Beneath the evening ſhade,
'I haſte to ſeek earl Oſtick's pow'r,
'And call lord Redwald's aid.'

He ſaid — and turn'd his ready foot;
The abbeſs nought replies;
But with a look that ſpoke her grief,
To heaven upcaſt her eyes.

Then turning to the ſtranger dame,
'O welcome to this place;
'For never Whitby's holy fane
'Did fairer maiden grace.'

And true ſhe ſaid — for on her cheek
Was ſeen young beauty's bloom,
Tho' grief with ſlow and waſting ſtealth,
Did then her prime conſume.

Her ſhape was all that thought can frame,
Of elegance and grace;
And heav'n the beauties of her mind
Reflected in her face.

'My daughter, lay aſide thy fears,'
Again the matron cry'd:
'No Daniſh raviſhers come here—'
—Again the virgin ſigh'd.

The abbeſs ſaw, the abbeſs knew;
'Twas love that ſhook her breaſt;
And thus, in accents ſoft, and mild,
The mournful maid addreſt.

'My daughter dear, as to thy friend
'Be all thy cares confeſt;
'I ſee 'tis love diſturbs thy mind,
'And wiſh to give thee reſt.

'But hark! I hear the veſper bell,
'Now ſummons us to prayer;
'That duty done, with needful food
'Thy waſted ſtrength repair.'

But now the pitying mournful muſe
Of Edwy's hap ſhall tell;
And what amid his nightly walk
That gallant youth befel.

For

For journeying by the bank of Eſk
He took his lonely way;
And now thro' ſhowers of driving rain
His erring footſteps ſtray.

At length from far, a glimm'ring light
Trembled among the trees;
And ent'ring ſoon a moſs-built hut,
An holy man he ſees,

'O father, deign a luckleſs youth
'This night with thee to ſhield;
'I am no robber, tho' my arm
'This deadly weapon wield.'

'I fear no robber, ſtranger, here,
'For I have nought to loſe;
'And thou may'ſt ſafely thro' the night,
'In this poor cell repoſe.

'And thou art welcome to my hut,'
The holy man replied;
'Still welcome here is he, whom face
'Has left without a guide.

'Whence and what art thou, gentle youth?'
The noble Edwy ſaid,
'I go to rouſe earl Oſrick's power,
'And ſeek lord Redwald's aid.

'My

'My father is a wealthy lord,
'Who now with Alfred ſtays:
'And me he left to guard his ſeat,
'Whilſt he his duty pays.

'But vain the hope — in dead of night
'The cruel ſpoiler came;
'And o'er each neighb'ring caſtle threw
'The wide-devouring flame.

'To ſhun its rage, at early dawn,
'I with my ſiſter fled;
'And Whitby's abbey now affords
'A ſhelter to her head.

'Whilſt I to haſten promis'd aids,
'Range wildly thro' the night,
'And, with impatient mind, expect
'The morning's friendly light.'

Thus Edwy ſpoke; and wond'ring, gaz'd
Upon his hermit hoſt.
For in his form beam'd manly grace,
Untouch'd by age's froſt.

The hermit ſigh'd, and thus he ſaid;
'Know, there was once a day,
'This tale of thine would fire my heart,
'And bid me join thy way.

'But

'But luckleſs love dejects my ſoul,
'And caſts my ſpirits down;
'Thou ſeeſt the wretch of woman's pride,
'Of follies not my own.

'I once amid my ſovereign's train
'Was a diſtinguiſh'd youth,
'But blighted is my former fame
'By Sorrow's cank'ring tooth.

'When Ethelred the crown did hold,
'I to this diſtrict came;
'And then a fair and matchleſs maid
'Firſt rais'd in me a flame.

'Her father was a noble lord
'Of an illuſtrious race,
'Who join'd to ruſtic honeſty
'The courtier's gentle grace.

'Twas then I told my artleſs tale,
'By love alone inſpir'd;
'For never was my honeſt ſpeech
'In flatt'ring guiſe attir'd.

'At firſt ſhe heard, or ſeem'd to hear
'The voice of tender love;
'But ſoon, the fickleſt of her ſex,
'Did ſhe deceitful prove.

'She

'She drove me ſcornful from her ſight,
'Rejected and diſdain'd;
'In vain did words for pity plead,
'In vain my looks complain'd.

'How could that breaſt which pity fill'd,
'Ever relentleſs be?
'How could that face which ſmil'd on all,
'Have ever frowns for me?

'Since that fell hour, I in this cell
'Have liv'd recluſe from man;
'And twice ten months have paſs'd, ſince I
'The hermit's life began.'

'O ſtain to honour!' Edwy cry'd;
'O foul diſgrace to arms!
'What, when thy country claims thy aid,
'And ſhake's with war's alarms!

'Canſt thou, inglorious, here remain,
'And ſtrive thyſelf to hide;
'Aſſume the monkiſh coward life,
'All for a woman's pride?'

With louder voice and warmer look,
His hermit hoſt rejoin'd:
'Think'ſt thou, vain youth, the chains of fear
'Could here a warrior bind?

'Know, boy, thou ſeeſt Hermanrick here;
'Well vers'd in war's alarms;
'A name once not unknown to fame,
'Nor unrenown'd in arms.

'O, Athelgiva! (yet too dear)
'Did I thy danger know:
'Yet would I fly to thy relief,
'And cruſh th' invading foe.'

With fluſter'd cheek, young Edwy turn'd,
At Athelgiva's name;
And, 'Gracious powers! it muſt be he!'
He cries, 'it is the ſame!

'I know full well, I have not now
'More of thy tale to learn;
'I heard this morn, ere from the wave
'You could the ſun diſcern.

'My ſiſter loves thee, gallant youth,
'By all the ſaints on high!
'She wept laſt night, when thy hard fate
'She told with many a ſigh.

'Forgive her, then, and in her cauſe
'Thy limbs with ſteel infold:
'Was it not Ardolph's daughter, ſay,
'Who late thy heart did hold?'

'It

'It was, it was!' Hermanrick cry'd;
'I heard her brother's name:
'Tis ſaid he was a gallant youth,
'Who fought abroad for fame.'

Then Edwy ſprang to his embrace,
And claſp'd him to his breaſt;
'And thou ſhalt be my brother too,'
He ſaid, and look'd the reſt.

'But now let honour fill thy mind,
'Be love's ſoft laws obey'd;
'Tis Athelgiva claims thy ſword,
'Tis ſhe demands thy aid.

'She with impatient anxious heart,
'Expects my quick return;
'And till again ſhe ſees me ſafe,
'The hapleſs maid will mourn.

'Then let us fly to ſeek theſe chiefs,
'Who promis'd aid to ſend;
'Earl Oſrick was my father's gueſt,
'Lord Redwald is my friend.'

Hermanrick ſaid, 'Firſt let us go
'To chear yon drooping maid;
'Again I'll wear my canker'd arms,
'Again I'll draw my blade.'

Then from a corner of the cell
His clashing arms appear;
But when he mark'd the growing rust,
The warrior dropt a tear.

Then forth they went — Hermanrick knew
Each pathway of the wood;
And safe before the abbey gate
At break of day they stood.

Now sleep the wearied maiden's eyes
At length had kindly seal'd,
When at the gate the wand'ring knights
Returning day reveal'd.

'Quick call the abbess,' Edwy said,
To him who kept the door,
Who watch'd and pray'd the live-long night,
A pious priest and poor.

The abbess came, with instant haste;
Th' alarming bell was rung;
And from their matted homely beds
The fainted virgins sprung.

Fair Athelgiva first the dame,
Soft speaking, thus address't;
'My daughter, an important call
'Commands me break thy rest.

'Thy

'Thy brother at the abbey gate,
'Appears with features glad;
'And with him comes a ſtranger knight,
'In war-worn armour clad.'

With falt'ring ſtep and bloodleſs cheek,
Young Athelgiva went:
Confuſion, ſhame, ſurprize and joy
At once her boſom rent,

When in the ſtranger knight ſhe ſaw
Hermanrick's much-lov'd face;
Whilſt he, by gen'rous love impell'd,
Ruſh'd to her fond embrace.

Vain would the muſe attempt to paint
What joy the lover knew,
Who found his long-diſdainful maid
At once fair, kind, and true.

Then Edwy, while entranc'd in bliſs
The happy pair remain'd,
Recounted o'er the tale, how he
Hermanrick loſt regain'd.

But ſoon, alas! too ſoon, was heard,
To damp their new-form'd joys,
The groan of death, the ſhout of war,
And battle's mingled noiſe.

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For up the hill, with eager haſte,
A breathleſs courier came;
He cries, 'Prepare for dire alarms,
'And ſhun th' approaching flame.

'Fierce Hubba landing on the beach,
'Now drives our feeble band;
'Who, far too few to ſtop his force,
'Fly o'er the crimſon'd ſand.'

What anguiſh fill'd the maiden's breaſt,
What rage the lover knew,
When looking down the ſteepy hill,
They found the tale was true.

Each warlike youth then graſp'd his ſpear.
The trembling damſel ſaid,
'O where is now Earl Oſrick's power,
'And where Lord Redwald's aid?'

'Alas, alas!' the abbeſs cries,
'Far as my ſight is borne,
'I cannot ſee the ruddy croſs,
'Nor hear Earl Oſrick's horn.

Stern Hubba now to direful deeds
Impell'd his ſavage crew;
And o'er the blood-empurled ſtrand
The golden raven flew.

'Behold,'

'Behold,' he cries, and waves his lance,
'Where yon proud turrets riſe;
'Of thoſe who prove war's glorious toil,
'Let beauty be the prize.

'There gold and beauty both are found,
'Then follow where I lead;
'And quickly know you have not fought
'For honour's empty meed.'

He ſaid: and preſs'd to gain the hill,
His ſhouting train purſue;
And, fir'd by hopes of brutal joys,
Behold the prize in view.

Young Edwy mark'd their near approach,
And ruſh'd t'oppoſe their way;
Nor did, with equal ardor fir'd,
Behind Hermanrick ſtay.

Like mountain boars, the brother chiefs
On Denmark's warriors flew;
And thoſe who held the foremoſt ranks,
Their fury overthrew.

Soon, pierc'd by Edwy's fatal lance,
Lay valiant Turkil here;
There Hardicanute bit the duſt,
Beneath Hermanrick's ſpear.

But vain is courage, ſtrength or ſkill,
When two oppoſe an hoſt;
A dart, with ſure and deadly aim,
At Edwy-Hubba toſt.

His ſiſter, who, o'erpower'd by grief,
Had fainted on the floor,
Recover'd by the matron's care,
Now ſought the abbey door.

When on the fated carnag'd ſpot
She caſt her weeping eyes;
'O bleſſed Mary!' cries the maid,
'My brother bleeds and dies.'

Then forth ſhe ran and gain'd the place;
Where, preſs'd by crowds of foes,
Hermanrick ſtood — the ſhades of death
Her brother's eyelids cloſe.

The furious Dane nor pity knew,
Nor ſtay'd his vengeful arm;
Nor aught avails that heav'nly face,
Which might a tiger charm.

Firſt on th' unguarded chief he ruſh'd,
And bore him to the ground;
The helpleſs damſel's plaint of woe
In war's loud ſhout is drown'd.

She ſaw Hermanrick's quiv'ring lip,
She mark'd his rolling eye;
She faints, ſhe falls; before her ſight
Death's viſions dimly fly.

'And, O thou dear and much-lov'd youth,'
The dying virgin cried;
'Howe'er in life I wrong'd thy truth,
'Yet true with thee I died.'

She ſpoke no more — E'en Hubba felt
The force of love ſincere;
Then firſt his breaſt confeſs'd the ſigh,
Then firſt his cheek the tear.

'And, O my friends, the rage of war,'
He cries, 'awhile forbear;
'And to their weeping kindred ſtraight
'Theſe breathleſs bodies bear.

'Or fear the wrath of Powers Divine—'
Nor could he further ſay;
But quickly, with diſorder'd march,
Bent to his ſhips his way.

For now was heard Earl Oſrick's horn,
Shrill ſounding thro' the dale;
And now Lord Redwald's ruddy croſs
Was waving to the gale.

His

His tardy aid Earl Oſrick brought
Too late, alas! to ſave.;
And far beyond th' avenging ſword
The Dane now rode the wave.

Grief ſeiz'd the warrior's heart, to ſee
In duſt young Edwy laid;
And ſtretch'd by brave Hermanrick's ſide
Fair Athelgiva dead.

But on the holy croſs he ſwore,
A brave revenge to take,
On Denmark's proud and bloody ſons,
For Athelgiva's ſake.

This vow in Kenwurth's glorious field
The gallant earl did pay;
When Alfred's better ſtar prevail'd,
And England had her day.

That day the Dane full dearly paid
The price of lovers' blood:
That day in Hubba's cloven helm
The Saxon javelin ſtood.

The bodies of the hapleſs three
A ſingle grave contains;
And in the choir, with dirges due,
Are laid their cold remains.

Lord

Lord Ardolph on his children's tomb
Inſcrib'd th' applauding verſe;
And long the monks, in Gothic rhyme,
Their ſtory did rehearſe.

And often pointing to the ſkies,
The cloiſter'd maids would cry;
'To thoſe bright realms, in bloom of youth,
'Did Athelgiva fly.'

THE END OF THE TALE.

IV.

THE DEATH-SONG OF RAGNAR LODBRACH, OR LODBROG, KING OF DENMARK;

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN OF OLAUS WORMIUS,

By HUGH DOWNMAN, M. D.

RAGNAR LODBRACH flouriſhed in the eighth century, and by his naval expeditions (according to the cuſtom of his countrymen) rendered himſelf the terror of the northern parts of Europe. After having carried on his depredations with ſucceſs for many years, he was at length taken priſoner by Ella, king of Northumberland, whoſe coaſts he had invaded, and put to death by him, being (as was reported) caſt into a dungeon full of ſerpents. His melancholy fate ſtimulated his ſon Ivar to revenge it; and on this occaſion the famous ſtandard of the Raven is ſaid to have been embroidered by his ſiſters, and conſecrated with ſuch magic rites as inſured victory to thoſe before.

before whom it was borne. Under this ſtandard Ivar made a deſcent on the territories of Ella, fought with, vanquiſhed, and put him to death in his turn.

The following Poem, if we may credit tradition, was compoſed by Ragnar, in his horrid place of confinement. It is apparent, however, that it muſt have been the work of ſome ſcald or bard, probably to do honour to the memory of his deceaſed king, to place before the eyes of his ſubjects his heroic atchievements, and urge them and his ſon (or ſons, according to the poem itſelf) to revenge.

It is preſerved by Olaus Wormius in his book De Literaturâ Runicâ. While the frequent return of the ſame images and expreſſions ſhews the author's unacquaintance with the nicer rules of compoſition, he exhibits a ſpecies of ſavage greatneſs, a fierce and wild kind of ſublimity, and a noble contempt of danger and death.

An account of the original Runic, and particular conſtruction of the verſe, the harmony of which did not depend on rhime, but on the number of correſponding ſyllables, and diſpoſition of letters, may be ſeen in Olaus Wormius's Appendix. The reader is referred, likewiſe, to Dr. Blair's Critical Diſſertation on the Poems of Oſſian. If for no other reaſon, this Epicedium is valuable, as it, doubtleſs, affords a lively picture of the manners and ſentiments of the northern nations.

With

WITH our ſword's reſiſtleſs might,
We have thinn'd the ranks of fight.
In early life, his volum'd train
The creſted ſerpent roll'd in vain.
Thora's charms, the matchleſs prize;
Gothland ſaw my fame ariſe.
Throngings crouds the monſter ſcan,
Shouts applauſive hail me Man.
All his fierceneſs prompt to try,
The ſhaggy veſtment cloath'd my thigh;
Soon tranſpierced, in death he lay,
My falchion ſmote for ſplendid pay.

Still a youth, we ſteer our courſe,*
T'ward the morning's diſtant ſource;

Through

* From this firſt exploit, (as the ſtory goes) Ragnar obtained his ſurname of Lodbrach or Hair-Feet. For the king of Gothland having promiſed his daughter Thora to the man who ſhould kill a vaſt ſerpent which waſted the country; Ragnar undertook the enterprize, and dreſſing himſelf in the ſkins of beaſts, with the hairy ſide outermoſt, threw water over them; the cold, to which he purpoſely expoſed himſelf, forming round him a ſuit (as it were) of frozen armour. He met the ſerpent, whoſe teeth had no effect on this impenetrable mail, fixed him to the ground with his ſpear, and ripping him up with his ſword, tore out his heart. After the victory the king preſented him his daughter, and, on account of his rough dreſs, gave him the name above mentioned, by which he was from that time diſtinguiſhed.

Olaus

Through the vaſt Oreonic flood
Torrents run of crimſon blood.
The yellow-footed bird we feaſt,
Plenty fills the ravenous beaſt.
Our ſteel-ſtruck helms ſublime reſound,
The ſea is all one bleeding wound.
Our foes lie weltering on the ſhore,
Deep the raven wades in gore.

Olaus Magnus relates this adventure, but ſays, he fought with, and killed two ſnakes. That the king had taken them when young, and bred them up as a guard for his daughter; but as they increaſed in ſize they became a public terror, and poiſoned the country.

Such is the fabulous beginning attributed by bards and hiſtorians to the actions of Ragnar Lodbrach. Such a hero could not firſt appear on the ſtage in the common way. St. George and the Dragon, and Hercules ſtrangling two ſnakes, while in his cradle, naturally ariſe to the mind. In more obſcure and early ages, the romantic hath always been mixed with the true. — The ſubſequent adventures of Ragnar ſeem, however, better founded, and carry no marks of fable till we come to the laſt ſcene, when the manner of his death is as wonderful and incredible as his firſt appearance.

According to Olaus Wormius, every ſtanza began with the words

Pugnavimus enſibus.
We have fought with ſwords.

Crown'd with twenty rolling years,
High we raiſe our glittering ſpears,
And deeds of glorious worth diſplay,
Wherever ſhines the lamp of day.
Still we the trembling eaſt appal,
Eight mighty chiefs at Dimen fall.
We ſcorn with mean and niggard food,
To treat the generous eagle brood:
The wound its ruddy ſweat diſtils,
The gaping ocean carnage fills,
Their hoſt is ſtruck with dire diſmay;
Its ſtrength of years diſſolves away.

War and death terrific lower,
When th' Helſingians brave our power:
We urge them down the gloomy road,
They throng t'ward Odin's dark abode.
The Viſtula beheld our courſe,
Our navy ſtem its rapid force;
The biting ſword deſcended ſteep,
One wound extenſive glow'd the deep:
Its ſhores the reeking current dy'd,
Our falchions mock'd their armour's pride,
With echoing voices roar'd amain,
And cleft their ſtubborn ſhields in twain.

No warrior droop'd, no warrior fled,
Till on the deck Heraudus bled.
A braver chief, to diſtant lands
Ne'er guided his victorious bands

Ne'er beheld a chief more brave
His ſhips of battle plough the wave.
His heart impell'd by conſcious might,
With eager tranſport fought the fight.

Their ſhields aſide each warrior threw;
The ſpear on rapid pinion flew;
Heroes its deadly ſpeed confeſt,
It quiver'd in the dauntleſs breaſt.
With hunger keen the trenchant ſword
Wide the Scarfian rocks engor'd.
His ſhield became of purple grain
E'er Rafno fell, the king of men.
From every helm-encircled crown,
The blood-warm ſweat in ſtreams ran down.

Round th' Indirian iſles that day
The crows were ſurfeited with prey.
There the wild beaſt inglutted ſtood,
For plenteous was the feaſt of blood.
All fought as one, no ſingle name
Claim'd the diſtinguiſh'd mark of fame.
When firſt appear'd days' flaming ſtar
I ſaw the piercing darts of war,
The barbed arrows took their flight
When firſt he ſtreak'd the eaſt with light.

Our ſwords loud-bellow'd o'er the ſlain
Till Eiſlin fell on Lanco's plain.
Thence enrich'd with golden ſpoil,
War to our routed foemen's ſoil
We bring: where helmets throng'd the field
The falchion cut the pictured ſhield;
Their necks deep-pierc'd, with muſt abound,
It flows their cloven brains around.

Drench'd in blood our ſhields we rear,
The oil of blood anoints our ſpear.
In the Boringholmian bay
Making its quick tempeſtuous way,
The cloud of darts was onward borne,
Our targets were in ſunder torn.
The bows their iron ſhower expel,
In the fierce conflict Volnir fell.
No king on earth could him exceed,
In valour and heroic deed.
Wide o'er the land the ſlaughter'd lay,
The howling beaſts embrac'd their prey.

The battle rag'd with heightened luſt,
E'er princely Freyer bit the duſt.
His breaſt-plate's golden mail of yore
The hard blue ſword, inſteep'd in gore,
Conflicting with our warrior hoſt,
Had hewn upon the Flandrian coaſt.
The virgin ſtruck with woe appears
When ſhe that morning's carnage hears;

A copious

A copious banquet we had given
To the fierce wolf, and birds of heaven.

Gaſping in death theſe eyes ſurvey'd,
An hundred times an hundred laid.
In haſte we ſail'd, a dreadful band,
To combat on Æneglane's land;
Six following days the riſing ſun
Beheld the ſtrife of ſwords begun,
And ſix ſucceeding evenings cloſe,
Till proſtrate fall our vanquiſh'd foes.
Urg'd by our ſteel to ſink in fight,
Valdiofur confeſs'd its might.

The rain of blood our falchions pour,
It ſmokes on Bardafyrdea's ſhore.
Doom'd to the hawks a pallid croud,
The murmuring ſtring was twang'd aloud.
Then where in Odin's deathful fight
The greedy ſword, with eager bite,
Devour'd the cuiraſs, there the bow,
The caſque, the morion ſwiftly flow,
The bow with poiſon ſharp to wound,
With ſanguine ſweat beſprinkled round.

The ſport of war intent to try,
We rear our magic ſhields on high.
In Hiadningia's echoing bay
Firſt began th' heroic play.

The vengeful ſwords whirl'd o'er the main
Their ſtrong-knit bucklers tear in twain
With mingled claſh our arms reſound,
The helms of men to duſt are ground.
Not with more tranſport by his ſide
The lover claſps his beauteous bride.

The thick-rais'd ſtorm our ſhields defy;
In Northumbria's land they lye,
Their gory carcaſes beſtrew
The ſoil, and taint the morning dew,
Routed they fled with wild diſmay,
Their boaſted warriors dar'd nor ſtay,
Where the ſword with grim delight
Their helmets poliſh'd plains would bite.
The genial bed ſuch rapture warms,
Bleſt with the youthful widow's charms.

Herthiofe eſcap'd our force,
And widely ſped his proſperous courſe,
Where with rude rocks againſt the ſkies
The ſouthern Orcades ariſe,
While He who gave Us, to diſplay,
And ſhine in victory's bright array,
Rogvald, our glory and our pride,
Compell'd by fate's ſtern mandate died.
Plung'd in the ſtorm of arms He fell;
Then moura'd the Hawks with ſhrieking yell.

For dreadful in the ſport of war,
The darts of blood He hurl'd afar;
The darts of blood He well could wield,
The ſhatter'd helms beſtrew'd the field.

Heaps pil'd on heaps the warriors lye,
The Hawk looks down with joyous eye,
The paſtime ſees, and clotted gore,
Envying the eagle, nor the boar.
Together ruſh the ſhield and ſword,
Then fell Irlandia's haughty Lord
Marſtan; He floats in Vedra's bay,
The hungry Raven's deſtined prey.

Amid the weapons ſtrifeful ſcorn,
Many a hero in the morn
Of life and glory preſs'd the plain.
My ſon mature in fame was ſlain,
Ripe in renown the duſt He preſs'd,
The griding falchion rived his breaſt,
By Egill, dauntleſs Agner dies,
He rends his arms, the victor's prize.
In Hamdus' corſelet ſounds the lance,
Red lightnings from the ſtandards glance.

Sparing of words, the brave I view;
Their foes they prodigally ſlew,
Thrown to the wolves; th' Endilian flood
For ſeven whole days was ſtain'd with blood,
So looks the wine our handmaids bear,
Died deep the impurpled ſhips appear,
The falchion raging mid th' alarms,
And hoarſe tumultuous din of arms,
Gaſh'd many a mailed cuiraſs bright,
In Scioldungia's fatal fight,

I ſaw the widow's darling joy,
I ſaw the virgin's fair-hair'd boy,
Saw them in morning beauty gay,
Saw ſet in death their youthful ray,
Warm with many a glowing ſtream,
Ila's ruddy billows gleam.
As by circling nymphs ſupplied,
The fervid bath, in copious tide,
From the vine's nectareous hoard
Floats around the ſocial board.
E'er Orn expir'd, with frequent ſtroke,
I ſaw his blood-ſtain'd buckler broke;
By ſtrong neceſſity controul'd,
Inverted life forſakes the bold,

The game of ſlaughtering ſwords, we haſte,
Where Lind frowns o'er the watery waſte,

With three contending Kings to try;
How few eſcape? rejoic'd to fly!
The wild beaſts gnarring throng the ſtrand,
The hawk and wolf commingled ſtand,
Tear them with goading hunger's fire,
Nor till with carnage cramm'd, retire.
While fierce we ſmote, th' Hyberuian's blood,
With copious torrents ſwell'd the flood.

The ſteel's ſharp fang, and bite ſevere
The buckler prov'd; the whizzing ſpear,
Speeding to its direction true,
The breaſt-plate chaſed of golden hue.
Onlugs will mark for many an age
The traces of that battle's rage.
There march'd the Kings with eager feet
Intent the ſport of ſwords to meet.
The crimſon'd iſle, on all its coaſt
Saw the red foaming billows toſt.
Or from the deſperate fight rebounds,
A flying dragon full of wounds.

The brave with ardour yield their breath,
Nor heed the ſure approach of death;
The thought of death their boſom warms,
They meet it in the ſtorm of arms,

He oft deplores this ficle ſtate,
Who never dar'd the frowns of fate.
Lur'd by the cheek of pallid fear
The joyful eagle hovers near.
The coward to himſelf a peſt,
Forbids the ſhield to guard his breaſt.

This I eſtabliſh juſt and right,
That hurrying on to cloſeſt fight,
Youth againſt youth, with fervent heat,
Should ruſh, nor man from man retreat.
Long time was this the Hero's pride;
And all who by the virgin's ſide
Aſpire to lye, and taſte her charms,
Should nobly ſtem the roar of arms.

Doubtleſs the fates our actions lead,
Beyond their limits none can tread.
Little of yore did I foreſee,
That Ella would my death decree;
When half-expiring with my wound,
Anxious I threw my garb around;
Conceal'd it from the warrior train,
And launch'd my veſſels on the main:
Then over all the Scotian flood
We gave the beaſts of prey their food.

Hence

Hence ſpringing in my thoughtful mind,
A never-failing joy I find;
For well I know, ſuperbly graced,
For me the lofty ſeat is placed,
For me the gen'rous mead ſhall foam
In father Balder's feſtal dome:
From goblets pour'd its copious tide
By ſkulls of recreant foes ſupplied.
The brave ſhall ne'er lament their death
In Odin's ſplendid courts beneath;
No clamours vain I thither bear,
No ſickly murmurs of deſpair.

Aſlanga's ſons would ſoon draw nigh,
With utmoſt ſwiftneſs hither fly,
And arm'd with falchions gleaming bright
Prepare the bitter deeds of fight,
If told, or could they but divine
What woe, what dire miſchance is mine.
How many ſerpents round me hang,
And tear my fleſh with poiſonous fang;
A mother to my ſons I gave
With native worth who ſtamp'd them brave.

Faſt to th' hereditary end,
To my allotted goal I tend.

Fix'd

Fix'd is the viper's mortal harm;
Within my heart, his manſion warm,
In the receſſes of my breaſt
The writhing ſnake hath form'd his neſt.
Yet Odin may in vengeance ſpread
The bloody ſcourge o'er Ella's head,
My ſon's fierce anger, at the tale,
Shall change to red, from deadly pale.
The fiery youths, at my deceaſe,
Shall ſtarting ſhun the ſeat of peace.

Full fifty times I trod the field,
My ſtandard rear'd, and poiſed my ſhield,
War's willing gueſt; nor deem'd the force
Of human hand would check my courſe.
Panting to gain a matchleſs name,
And ſoar o'er every King in fame,
For well in earlieſt years I taught
My ſword to drink the crimſon draught.
The ſiſters now my ſteps invite;
Unmoved I quit the realms of light.

Warn'd from within —— break off the lay!
Th' inviting Siſters chide my ſtay.
By Odin ſent, I hear their call,
They bid me to his fatal hall.

With

With them high-throned, the circling bowl
Of foaming mead ſhall chear my ſoul.
With joy I yield my vital breath,
And laugh in the laſt pangs of death.

THE END OF THE SONG.

V.

HIRLAS OWAIN,

OR, THE

DRINKING-HORN OF OWEN.

THE following ballad was compoſed by Owr Cyveiliog, prince of Powys, entitled by Him HIRLAS, *from a Drinking-Horn ſo called, uſed at feaſts in his palace. — This ballad was compoſed on account of a battle fought with the Engliſh at Maelor, which is a part of the counties of Denbigh and Flint, according to the modern diviſion. Owain was driven out of his country by Owain Gwynedd, prince of North Wales, and Rhys-ap-Griffith-ap-Rhys-ap-Tewdwr, prince of South Wales, A. D.* 1167, *and recovered it by the help of the Normans and Engliſh under Henry the Second. — He flouriſhed about A. D.* 1160, *in the time of Owen Gwynedd and his ſon David.**

* See EVANS's Specimens of the Welch Poetry, Edit. 1764.

This

This tranſlation is publiſhed from Mr. Pennant's Tour to Wales, who ſays he owes it to the elegant pen of a Gentleman who has frequently obliged him. — Mr. Pennant has given a particular account of the Drinking-Horns.

UPROSE the ruddy dawn of day;
The armies met in dread array
On Maelor Drefred's field:
Loud the Britiſh clarions ſound,
The Saxons, gaſping on the ground,
The bloody conteſt yield.

By Owen's arm the valiant bled;
From Owen's arm the coward fled
Aghaſt with wild affright:
Let then their haughty lords beware
How Owen's juſt revenge they dare,
And tremble at his ſight.

Fill the HIRLAS HORN, my boy,
Nor let the tuneful lips be dry
That warble Owen's praiſe;
Whoſe walls with warlike ſpoils are hung,
And open wide his gates are flung
In Cambria's peaceful days.

This

This hour we dedicate to joy;
Then fill the HIRLAS HORN, my boy,
That ſhineth like the ſea;
Whoſe azure handles, tip'd with gold,
Invite the graſp of Britons bold,
The ſons of Liberty.

Fill it higher ſtill, and higher,
Mead will nobleſt deeds inſpire.
Now the battle's loſt and won,
Give the horn to Gronwy's ſon;
Put it into Gwgan's hand,
Bulwark of his native land,
Guardian of Sabrina's flood,
Who oft has dy'd his ſpear in blood.
When they hear their chieftain's voice,
Then his gallant friends rejoice;
But when to fight he goes, no more
The feſtal ſhout reſounds on Severn's winding ſhore.

Fill the gold-tip'd horn with ſpeed,
(We muſt drink, it is decreed.)
Badge of honour, badge of mirth,
That calls the ſoul of muſic forth!
As thou wilt thy life prolong,
Fill it with Metheglin ſtrong.
Gruffudd thirſts, to Gruffudd fill;
Whoſe bloody lance is us'd to kill;

Matchleſs

Matchleſs in the field of ſtrife,
His glory ends not with his life;
Dragon-ſon of Cynvyn's race,
Owen's ſhield, Arwyſtli's grace.
To purchaſe fame the warriors flew,
Dire, and more dire, the conflict grew;
When flush'd with Mead, they bravely fought,
Like Belyn's warlike ſons, that Edwin's downfal wrought.

Fill the horn with foaming liquor,
Fill it up my boy, be quicker;
Hence away, deſpair and ſorrow!
Time enough to ſigh to-morrow.
Let the brimming goblet ſmile,
And Ednyfed's cares beguile;
Gallant youth, unus'd to fear,
Maſter of the broken ſpear,
And the arrow-pierced ſhield,
Brought with honour from the field.
Like an hurricane is He,
Burſting on the troubled ſea.
See their ſpears diſtain'd with gore!
Hear the din of battle roar!
Bucklers, ſwords, together claſhing,
Sparkles from their helmets flaſhing!
Hear ye not their loud alarms?
Hark! they ſhout — to arms! to arms!

Thus

Thus were Garthen's plains defended,
Maelor fight began and ended.
There two princes fought, and there
Was Morach Vorvran's feaſt exchang'd for rout and fear.

Fill the horn: 'tis my delight,
When my friends return from fight,
Champions of their country's glory,
To record each gallant ſtory—
To Ynyr's comely offspring fill,
Foremoſt in the battle ſtill;
Two blooming youths, in counſel ſage,
As heroes of maturer age;
In peace, and war, alike renown'd,
Be their brows with garlands crown'd;
Deck'd with glory let them ſhine,
The ornament and pride of Ynyr's antient line!

To Selyf fill, of eagle-heart,
Skill'd to hurl the fatal dart:
With the Wolf's impetuous force
He urgeth on his headlong courſe.
To Tudor next, great Madoc's ſon,
They the race of honour run
Together in the tented field,
And both alike diſdain to yield.
Like a lion in the fray,
Tudor darts upon his prey.

Rivals

Rivals in the feats of war,
Where danger call'd, they ruſh'd from far:
Till ſhatter'd by ſome hoſtile ſtroke,
With horrid clang their ſhields were broke;
Loud as the foaming billows roar,
Or fierce contending winds on Talgath's ſtormy ſhore.

Fill the horn with roſy wine,
Brave Morciddig claims it now,
Chieftain of an antient line,
Dauntleſs heart, and open brow.

To the warrior it belongs,
Prince of battles, theme of ſongs!
Pride of Powys, Mochnant's boaſt!
Guardian of his native coaſt!—
But ah! his ſhort-liv'd triumph's o'er,
Brave Moreiddig is no more!
To his penſive ghoſt we'll give
Due remembrance, while we live;
And in fairy fiction dreſs'd,
Flowing hair, and ſable veſt,
The tragic Muſe ſhall grace our ſongs,
While brave Morciddig's name the mournful ſtrain prolongs.

Pour out the horn, (tho' he deſire it not)
And heave a ſigh on Morgan's early grave;
Doom'd in his clay-cold tenement to rot,
While we revere the memory of the brave.

Fill again the HIRLAS HORN.
On that ever-glorious morn,
The Britons and their foes between,
What prodigies of might were ſeen!
On Gweſtyn's plain the fight began;
But Gronwy ſure was more than man!
Him to reſiſt, on Gweſtyn's plain,
A hundred Saxons ſtrove in vain.
To ſet the noble Meyric free,
And change his bonds to liberty,
The warriors vow'd. The God of day
Scarce darted his meridian ray,
When he beheld the conquerors ſteep'd in gore,
And Gweſtyn's bloody fight, e'er higheſt, noon was o'er.

Now a due libation pour
To the ſpirits of the dead,
Who, that memorable hour,
Made the hoſtile plain their bed.
There the glitt'ring ſteel was ſeen,
There the twanging bow was heard;
There the mighty preſs'd the green,
Recorded by the faithful Bard.

Madoc

Madoc there, and Meilir brave,
Sent many a Saxon to his grave.
Their drink was Mead; their hearts were true;
And to the head their ſhafts they drew.
But Owen's guards, in terrible array,
Reſiſtleſs march along, and make the world give way.

Pour the ſweet tranſparent Mead,
(The ſpear is red in time of need)
And give to each departed ſpirit
The honor and reward of merit.
What cares ſurround the regal ſtate,
What anxious thoughts moleſt the great,
None but a prince himſelf can know,
And Heav'n, that ruleth kings, and lays the mighty low.

For Daniel fill the horn ſo green,
Of haughty brow, and angry mien;
While the leſs'ning tapers ſhine,
Fill it up with gen'rous wine.
He nor quarter takes, nor gives,
But by ſpoils and rapine lives.
Comely is the youth, and brave:
But obdurate as the grave.
Hadſt thou ſeen, in Maelor fight,
How we put the foe to flight!
Hadſt thou ſeen the chiefs in arms,
When the foe ruſh'd on in ſwarms!

Round about their prince they ſtood,
And ſtain'd their ſwords with hoſtile blood.
Glorious bulwarks! To their praiſe
Their prince devotes his lateſt lays. —
Now, my boy, thy taſk is o'er;
Thou ſhalt fill the horn no more.
Long may the King of kings protect,
And crown with bliſs, my friends elect;
Where Liberty and Truth reſide,
And Virtue, Truth's immortal bride!
There may we all together meet,
And former times renew in heav'nly converſe ſweet!

R. W.

VI.

ELPHIN's CONSOLATION:

FROM THE WELCH OF TALIESIN.

TRANSLATED BY A LADY.

TALIESIN, chief of the bards, flouriſhed in the Sixth Century. His works are ſtill preſerved, and his memory held in high veneration among his countrymen. — Taliesin, when an infant, was found expoſed on the water, wrapped in a leather bag, in a wear which had been granted to Elphin, ſon of Gwyddno, for his ſupport. The young prince, reduced by his extravagance, burſt into tears, & finding, as he imagined, ſo unprofitable a booty. However, he took pity on the infant, and cauſed proper care to be taken of him. After this Elphin proſpered; and Taliesin, when he grew up, wrote the following moral Ode, ſuppoſed to have been addreſſed to the prince by the infant bard, on the night in which he was found.

[FROM MR. PENNANT'S JOURNEY TO SNOWDON.]

ELPHIN! fair as roſeate morn,
Ceaſe, O lovely youth! to mourn;
Mortals never ſhould preſume
To diſpute their Maker's doom.
Feeble race! too blind to ſcan
What th' Almighty deigns for man;
Humble hope be ſtill thy guide,
Steady faith thy only pride,
Then deſpair will fade away,
Like demons at th' approach of day,
Cunllo's prayers acceptance gain,
Goodneſs never ſues in vain;
He, who form'd the ſky is juſt,
In him alone, O Elphin! truſt.
See gliſt'ning ſpoils in ſhoals appear,
Fate ſmiles this hour on Gwyddon's wear.

Elphin fair! the clouds diſpel,
That on thy lovely viſage dwell;
Wipe, ah! wipe the pearly tear,
Nor let thy manly boſom fear;
What good can melancholy give?
'Tis bondage in her train to live.
Pungent ſorrows doubts proclaim,
Ill ſuits thoſe doubts a chriſtian's name;

Thy great Creator's wonders trace,
His love, divine to mortal race,
Then doubt, and fear, and pain will fly,
And hope beam radiant in thine eye.
Behold me, leaſt of human kind,
Yet heav'n illumes my ſoaring mind.
Lo! from the yawning deep I came,
Friend to thy lineage and thy fame,
To point thee out the paths of truth,
To guard from hidden rocks thy youth:
From ſeas, from mountains, far and wide,
God will the good and virtuous guide.

Elphin fair! with virtue bleſt,
Let not that virtue idly reſt;
If rous'd, 'twill yield thee ſure relief,
And baniſh far unmanly grief:
Think on that pow'r whoſe arm can ſave,
Who e'en can ſnatch thee from the grave;
He bade my harp for thee be ſtrung,
Prophetic lays he taught my tongue.
Though like a ſlender reed I grow,
Toſs'd by the billows to and fro',
Yet ſtill, by him inſpir'd, my ſong
The weak can raiſe, confound the ſtrong:
Am not I better, Elphin, ſay,
Than thouſands of thy ſcaly prey?

Elphin! fair as roſcate morn,
Ceaſe, O lovely youth! to mourn.
Weak on my leathern couch I lie,
Yet heavn'ly lore I can deſcry;
Giſts divine my tongue inſpire,
My boſom glows celeſtial fire;
Mark! how it mounts! my lips diſcloſe
The certain fate of Elphin's foes.
Fix thy hopes on him alone,
Who is th' eternal Three in One;
There thy ardent vows be given,
Prayer acceptance meets from Heaven;
Then thou ſhalt adverſe fate defy,
And Elphin glorious live and die.

VII.

TRIUMPHS OF OWEN,*

FROM THE WELCH.

By Mr. GRAY.

OWEN's praiſe demands my ſong,
Owen ſwift, and Owen ſtrong;
Faireſt flower of Roderic's ſtem,
† Gwyneth's ſhield, and Britain's gem.
He nor heaps his brooded ſtores,
Nor on all profuſely pours;
Lord of every regal art,
Liberal hand, and open heart.

* From Mr. EVANS's Specimen of the Welch Poetry; London, 1764, Quarto. Owen ſucceeded his father Griffin in the principality of North Wales, A. D. 1120. This battle was fought near forty years afterwards.

† North Wales.

Big with hoſts of mighty name,
Squadrons three againſt him came;
This the force of Eirin hiding,
Side by ſide as proudly riding,
On her ſhadow long and gay
* Lochlin ploughs the wat'ry way;
There the Norman ſails afar
Catch the winds, and join the war:
Black and huge along they ſweep,
Burthens of the angry deep.

Dauntleſs on his native ſands
† The Dragon-Son of Mona ſtands;
In glitt'ring arms and glory dreſt,
High he rears his ruby creſt.
There the thund'ring ſtrokes begin,
There the preſs, and there the din;
Talymalfra's rocky ſhore
Echoing to the battle's roar.
‡ Check'd by the torrent-tide of blood
Backward Meinai rolls his flood;
While, heap'd his maſter's feet around,
Proſtrate warriors knaw the ground.

* Denmark.

† The Red Dragon is the device of Cadwallader, which all his deſcendants bore on their banners.

‡ This and the three following Lines are not in the former editions, but are now added from the author's MSS.

Where

Where his glowing eye-balls turn,
Thouſand banners round him burn.
Where he points his purple ſpear,
Haſty, haſty rout is there,
Marking with indignant eye
Fear to ſtop, and ſhame to fly.
There Confuſion, Terror's child,
Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild,
Agony, that pants for breath,
Deſpair and honourable death.

VIII.

THE DEATH OF HOEL,

FROM THE WELCH.

By Mr. GRAY.

HAD I but the torrent's might,
With headlong rage and wild affright
Upon Deïra's ſquadron's hurl'd,
To ruſh, and ſweep them from the world!

Too, too ſecure in youthful pride
By them my friend, my Hoel, died,
Great Cian's ſon: of Madoc old
He aſk'd no heaps of hoarded gold;
Alone in nature's wealth array'd,
He aſk'd, and had the lovely maid.

* Of Aneurim, ſtiled the monarch of the bards. He flouriſhed about the time of Taliesſin, A. D. 570. This Ode is extracted from the Gododin, (See Mr. EVANS's Specimens, p. 71 and 73) and now firſt publiſhed.

To

To Cattraeth's vale in glitt'ring row
Twice two hundred warriors go;
Every warrior's manly neck
Chains of regal honour deck,
Wreath'd in many a golden link:
From the golden cup they drink
Nectar, that the bees produce,
Or the grape's extatic juice.
Flush'd with mirth, and hope they burn:
But none from Cattraeth's vale return,
Save Aëron brave, and Conan strong,
(Bursting thro' the blôody throng)
And I, the meaneſt of them all,
That live to weep, and sing their fall.

IX.

LLWEYN AND GYNETH.

By Mrs. ROBINSON.

WHEN will my troubled ſoul have reſt?
The beauteous Llweyn cried,
As thro' the mirky ſhade of night,
With frantic ſtep ſhe hyed.

When ſhall thoſe eyes my Gyneth's face,
My Gyneth's form ſurvey,
When ſhall thoſe longing eyes again,
Behold the coming day?

Cold are the dews that wet my cheek,
The night-miſt damps the ground,
Appalling echoes ſtrike mine ear,
And ſpectres gleam around.

The vivid light'ning's tranſient rays
Around my temples play,
Tis all the light my fate affords,
To mark my thorny way.

From the black mountain's awful height,
Where Llathryth's turrets riſe,
The night-owl ſcreams a direful ſong,
And warns me as ſhe flies.

The chilling blaſt, the whiſtling winds,
The trembling ramparts ſhake,
The ſavage tenants of the wood
Their ſecret haunts forſake.

Oh Branworth, Lion of the field,
Now hear a maiden plead,
In pity ſpare my Gyneth's breaſt,
Or, too, let Llweyn's bleed.

To valiant feats of arms renown'd
Shall earthly praiſe be given,
But deeds of Mercy, mighty chief,
Are regiſter'd in heaven.

Thy praiſes ſhall reſounding fill
The palace of thy foe,
While down the joyful Llweyn's cheek,
The grateful tear ſhall flow.

Now the grey morning's glimm'ring light
Dawn'd in the miſty ſkies,
When at the lofty lattice grate,
Her lover's form ſhe ſpies.

He lives, ſhe cried, my Gyneth lives,
Youth of the crimſon ſhield,
The graceful hero of my heart,
The glory of the field.

Come down, my ſoul's delight, ſhe ſaid,
Thy blue-eyed Llewyn ſee,
Yrganvy's daughter, thy true love,
Who lives alone for thee.

Then haſte thee from thy priſon-houſe,
Ere yet the foe doth riſe,
Oh haſte, ere yet the morning ſun
Doth gild the Eaſtern ſkies.

O! ſpeak, my ſoul is chill'd with fear,
My fault'ring voice doth fail;
Why are thy darling eyes ſo dim,
Thy cheeks ſo deathly pale?

I am thy Gyneth's ghoſt, ſweet maid,
(Avoid the mad'ning ſight,)
Thoſe eyes that now ſo dead appear
Are lock'd in endleſs night.

This heart, that only beat for thee,
Is rent with many a wound;
Cleft is my ſhield, my glitt'ring ſpear
Lies broken on the ground.

My

My bones the eagle hath conveyed,
To feed her rav'nous brood;
The ſavage Branworth's cruel hand,
Hath ſpilt my purple blood.

Then hie thee hence, ill-fated maid,
Ere greater ills betide,
To where Tievi's ſilver ſtreams
Along the vallies glide.

There, where the modeſt primroſe blooms,
Pale as thy lover's ſhade,
His mangled relicts thou ſhalt find
Beneath the green turf laid.

Then hie thee hence, with holy bands,
Build up a ſacred ſhrine,
And, Oh, chaſte maid! thy faith to prove,
Mingle thy duſt with mine.

(The mother, who her babe beholds,
In infant ſweetneſs dreſt,
Seiz'd by the chilling hand of death,
Expiring at her breaſt.

The village maid, whom morrow's dawn
Had hail'd a wedded fair,
Beholds her lover's breathleſs corſe,
Scorch'd by the light'ning's glare.)

So ſtood the hopeleſs frantic maid,
Yrganvy's graceful child!
Cold was her heart, her dove-like eyes
Fix'd in amazement wild.

And art thou gone, my gallant youth,
Cropp'd in thy early prime;
I thought myſelf to be thy bride,
My virgin-heart was thine.

No more theſe ſad and weeping eyes
My father's houſe ſhall ſee;
Thy kindred ſpirit calls me hence;
I haſte to follow thee.

Beſide thy tomb, the pilgrim's tear
Shall join the chryſtal ſpring,
Around the ſolemn dirge of woe
Shall ancient druids ſing.

The weary trav'ller, faint and ſad,
Shall ſtay his ſteps awhile;
The mem'ry of his own hard fate
The ſtory ſhall beguile.

There, wet with many a holy tear,
The ſweeteſt flow'rs ſhall blow;
There Llwey'ns ghoſt ſhall mark the ſhrine
A monument of woe.

Thrice

Thrice did he ope the lattice grate,
And thrice he bid adieu;
When, lo! to join the parting ſhade,
The maiden's ſpirit flew.

X.

THE CAROUSAL OF ODIN.

By Mr. Penroſe.

FILL the honey'd bev'rage high,
Fill the ſculls, 'tis ODIN's cry:
Heard ye not the powerful call,
Thund'ring thro' the vaulted hall?
"Fill the meath, and ſpread the board,
"Vaſſals of the grieſly Lord."—

The

* Mr. Penroſe was the ſon of the Reverend Mr. Penroſe, rector of Newbury, Berks, and was himſelf intended for the church.—He ſtudied at Chriſt-Church, Oxon until 1762, when his eager turn to the naval and military line impelled him to embark in the unfortunate expedition againſt Nova Colonia in South America, under the command of Captain Macnamara.—The iſſue was fatal: The Clive, the largeſt veſſel, was burned, and though the ambuſcade eſcaped on board of which Mr. Pen-

The portal hinges grate, — they come —
The din of voices rocks the dome.
In ſtalk the various forms, and dreſt
In various armour, various veſt,
With helm and morion, targe and ſhield,
Some quivering launces couch, ſome biting maces wield:
All march with haughty ſtep, all proudly ſhake the creſt.

The feaſt begins, the ſcull goes round,
Laughter ſhouts — the ſhouts reſound.
The guſt of war ſubſides — E'en now
The grim chief curls his cheek, and ſmooths his rugged brow.

roſe, acting as lieutenant of marines, was wounded; yet the hardſhips he ſuſtained in a prize ſloop utterly ruined his conſtitution. Returning to England with ample teſtimonies of his gallantry and good behaviour, he finiſhed his ſtudies at Hertford-College, Oxon; and, having taken orders, accepted the curacy of Newbury. After he had continued in that ſtation about nine years, it ſeemed as if the clouds of diſappointment were clearing away, for he was then preſented, by a friend who knew his worth, to a living of 500l. per annum. It came too late; for, going to Briſtol for the benefit of the waters, he died there in 1779, aged thirty-ſix years, univerſally beloved for his amiable and ſociable qualities. — In 1768 he married Miſs Mary Slocock, of Newbury, by whom he had one ſon, now on the foundation of Winton College.

" Shame to your placid front, ye men of death!"
Cries HILDA, with diſorder'd breath.
Hell echoes back her ſcoff of ſhame
To the inactive rev'ling Champion's name.
" Call forth the ſong," ſhe ſcream'd; — the minſtrels came —
The theme was glorious war, the dear delight
Of ſhining beſt in field, and daring moſt in fight.

" Joy to the ſoul," the Harpers ſung,
" When embattl'd ranks among,
" The ſteel-clad Knight, in vigour's bloom,
(" Banners waving o'er his plume)
" Foremoſt rides, the flower and boaſt
" Of the bold determin'd hoſt!"

With greedy ears the gueſts each note devour'd
Each ſtruck his beaver down, and graſp'd his faithful ſword.
The fury mark'd th' auſpicious deed,
And bad the Scalds proceed.

" Joy to the ſoul! a joy divine!
" When conflicting armies join;
" When trumpets clang, and bugles ſound;
" When ſtrokes of death are dealt around;
" When the ſword feaſts, yet craves for more;
" And every gauntlet drips with gore." —

The charm prevail'd, up ruſh'd the madden'd throng,
Panting for carnage, as they foam'd along,
Fierce ODIN's ſelf led forth the frantic band,
To ſcatter havock wide o'er many a guilty land.

XI.

THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

By Mr. Penroſe.

FAINTLY bray'd the battle's roar
Diſtant down the hollow wind;
Panting terror fled before,
Wounds and death were left behind.

The War-fiend curs'd the ſunken day,
That check'd his fierce purſuit too ſoon:
While, ſcarcely lighting to the prey,
Low hung, and lour'd the bloody moon.

The field, ſo late the hero's pride,
Was now with various carnage ſpread;
And floated with a crimſon tide,
That drench'd the dying and the dead.

O'er

O'er the ſad ſcene of dreareſt view,
Abandon'd all to horrors wild,
With frantic ſtep Maria flew,
Maria, Sorrow's early child;

By duty led, for every vein
Was warm'd by Hymen's pureſt flame;
With Edgar o'er the wintry main
She, lovely, faithful, wanderer, came.

For well ſhe thought, a friend ſo dear
In darkeſt hours might joy impart;
Her warrior, faint with toil, might chear,
Or ſoothe her bleeding warrior's ſmart.

Tho' look'd for long — in chill affright,
(The torrent burſting from her eye)
She heard the ſignal for the fight —
While her ſoul trembled in a ſigh —

She heard, and claſp'd him to her breaſt,
Yet ſcarce could urge th' inglorious ſtay;
His manly heart the charm confeſt —
Then broke the charm, — and ruſh'd away.

Too ſoon in few — but deadly words,
Some flying ſtraggler breath'd to tell,
That in the foremoſt ſtrife of ſwords
The young, the gallant Edgar fell.

She preſt to hear — ſhe caught the tale —
At ev'ry ſound her blood congeal'd; —
With terror bold — with terror pale,
She ſprung to ſearch the fatal field.

O'er the ſad ſcene in dire amaze
She went — with courage not her own —
On many a corpſe ſhe caſt her gaze —
And turn'd her ear to many a groan.

Drear anguiſh urged her to preſs
Full many a hand, as wild ſhe mourn'd; —
— Of comfort glad, the drear careſs
The damp, chill, dying hand return'd.

Her ghaſtly hope was well nigh fled —
When late pale Edgar's form ſhe found,
Half-bury'd with the hoſtile dead,
And bor'd with many a griſly wound.

She knew — ſhe ſunk — the night-bird ſcream'd,
— The moon withdrew her troubled light,
And left the fair, — tho' fall'n ſhe ſeem'd —
To worſe than death — and deepeſt night.

XII.

Song by Richard the Firſt, Cœur de Lion, written during his impriſonment in the Tenebreuſe, or Black Tower.

Tranſlated by Dr. Burney. — From the ſecond volume of Dr. Burney's General Hiſtory of Muſic.

NO wretched captive of his priſon ſpeaks,
Unleſs with pain, and bitterneſs of ſoul;
Yet conſolation from the Muſe he ſeeks,
Whoſe voice alone misfortune can controul.
Where now is each ally, each baron, friend,
Whoſe face I ne'er beheld without a ſmile,
Will none, his ſov'reign to redeem, expend
The ſmalleſt portion of his treaſures vile?

Though none may bluſh that near two tedious years,
Without relief, my bondage has endur'd,
Yet know my Engliſh, Norman, Gaſcon peers,
Not one of you ſhould thus remain immur'd;
The meaneſt ſubject of my wide domains,
Had I been free, a ranſom ſhould have found;
I mean not to reproach you with my chains,
Yet ſtill I wear them on a foreign ground!

Too

Too true it is, ſo ſelfiſh human race!
" Nor dead, nor captive, friend or kindred find,"
Since here I pine in bondage and diſgrace,
For lack of gold, my fetters to unbind.
Much for myſelf I feel, yet ah! ſtill more
That no compaſſion from my ſubjects flows;
What can from infamy their names reſtore,
If, while a pris'ner death my eyes ſhould cloſe.

But ſmall is my ſurprize, though great my grief,
To find, in ſpite of all his ſolemn vows,
My lands are ravag'd by the Gallic chief,
While none my cauſe has courage to eſpouſe.
Though lofty tow'rs obſcure the chearful day,
Yet, through the dungeon's melancholy gloom,
Kind Hope, in gentle whiſpers, ſeems to ſay,
" Perpetual thraldom is not yet thy doom."

Ye dear companions of my happy days,
Oh Chail and Penſavin aloud declare,
Throughout the earth in everlaſting lays,
My foes againſt me wage inglorious war.
Oh tell them too, that ne'er among my crimes
Did breach of faith, deceit, or fraud appear;
That infamy will brand to lateſt times
The inſults I receive while captive here.

Know all ye men, of Anjou and Touraine,
And ev'ry bach'lor knight, robuſt and brave,
That duty now and love alike are vain,
From bonds your ſov'reign and your friend to ſave.
Remote from conſolation here I lie,
The wretched captive of a pow'ful foe,
Who all your zeal and ardour can defy,
Nor leaves you ought but pity to beſtow!

XIII.

Military Song on the French champion Roland.

Tranſlated by Dr. Burney. — From the ſecond volume of Dr. Burney's General Hiſtory of Muſic.

LET ev'ry valiant ſon of Gaul
Sing Roland's deeds, her greateſt glory,
Whoſe name will ſtouteſt foes appal,
And feats inſpire for future ſtory.
Roland in childhood had no fears,
Was full of tricks, nor knew a letter,
Which, though it coſt his mother tears,
His father cried "So much the better:
" We'll have him for a ſoldier bred,
" His ſtrength and courage let us nouriſh,
" If bold the heart, though wild the head,
" In war he'll but the better flouriſh."
Let ev'ry, &c.

Roland

Roland arriv'd at man's eſtate
Prov'd that his father well admoniſh'd,
For then his proweſs was ſo great
That all the world became aſtoniſh'd,
Battalions, ſquadrons, he could break,
And ſingly give them ſuch a beating,
That, ſeeing him, whole armies quake,
And nothing think of but retreating.
Let ev'ry, &c.

In ſingle combat 'twas the ſame:
To him all foes were on a level,
For ev'ry one he overcame,
If giant, ſorc'rer, monſter, devil.
His arm no danger e'er could ſtay,
Nor was the goddeſs Fortune fickle,
For if his foe he did not ſlay,
He left him in a rueful pickle.
Let ev'ry, &c.

In ſcaling walls with higheſt glee,
He firſt the ladder fixt, then mounted;
Let him, my boys, our model be,
Who men or perils never counted.
At night, with ſcouts he watch would keep,
With heart more gay than one in million,
Or elſe on knapſack ſounder ſleep
Then general in his proud pavilion.
Let ev'ry, &c.

On

On ſtubborn foes he vengeance wreak'd,
And laid about him like a Tartar,
But if for mercy once they ſqueak'd,
He was the firſt to grant them quarter.
The battle won, of Roland's ſoul
Each milder virtue took poſſeſſion;
To vanquiſh'd foes he o'er a bowl
His heart ſurrender'd at diſcretion.
Let ev'ry, &c.

When aſk'd why Frenchmen wield the brand,
And dangers new each day ſollicit,
He ſaid, 'tis Charlemagne's command,
To whom our duty is implicit:
His miniſters, and choſen few,
No doubt have weigh'd theſe things in private,
Let us his enemies ſubdue,
'Tis all that ſoldiers e'er ſhould drive at.
Let ev'ry, &c.

Roland like Chriſtian true would live,
Was ſeen at maſs, and in proceſſion;
And freely to the poor would give,
Nor did he always ſhun confeſſion.
But biſhop Turpin had decreed
(His counſel in each weighty matter)
That 'twas a good and pious deed
His country's foes to drub and ſcatter.
Let ev'ry, &c.

At table Roland ever gay,
Would eat, and drink, and laugh, and rattle,
But all was in a prudent way,
On days of guard, or eve of battle.
For ſtill to king and country true
He held himſelf their conſtant debtor,
And only drank in ſeaſon due,
When to tranſact he'd nothing better.
Let ev'ry, &c.

To captious blades he ne'er would bend,
Who quarrels ſought on ſlight pretences;
Though he, to ſocial joys a friend,
Was ſlow to give or take offences.
None e'er had cauſe his arm to dread
But thoſe who wrong'd his prince, or nation,
On whom whene'er to combat led,
He dealt out death and devaſtation.
Let ev'ry, &c.

Roland too much adored the fair,
From whom e'en heroes are defenceleſs,
And by a queen of beauty rare
He all at once was render'd ſenſeleſs.
One hapleſs morn ſhe left the knight,
Who, when he miſs'd her, grew quite frantic,
Our pattern let him be in fight:
His love was ſomewhat too romantic.
Let ev'ry, &c.

His

His mighty uncle, Charles the Great,
Who Rome's imperial ſceptre wielded,
Both early dignity and ſtate
With high command to Roland yielded.
Yet though a Gen'ral, Count, and Peer,
Roland's kind heart all pride could ſmother,
For each brave man from van to rear
He treated like a friend and brother.
Let ev'ry, &c.

XIV.

Song from Thibaut, king of Navarre.

Tranſlated by Dr. Burney. — From the ſecond volume of Dr. Burney's General Hiſtory of Muſic.

I THOUGHT I'd vanquiſh'd mighty love,
But find myſelf deceiv'd;
For ev'ry hour alas! I prove
The conqueſt unatchiev'd.
By day I ſeek for eaſe in vain,
Or call on ſleep by night;
Sighs, tears, complaints, increaſe my pain,
Nor does a hope, ye pow'rs! remain,
That ſhe will e'er my love requite.

The

The libertine alone betrays
The kind and conſtant heart,
But I would die ten thouſand ways
Ere pain to her impart.
No thought my throbbing breaſt can cheer
But her in bliſs to ſee:
Yet in her coy and wild career
Could I but catch this flying deer
How happy then would Theobald be!

This lovely deer, more white than ſnow,
With locks like burniſh'd gold
Which o'er her poliſh'd ſhoulders flow,
Courageous is and bold.
In peril oft ſhe ſtands at bay,
Where wolves with cunning fraught
Are on the watch by night and day
To ſeize the courteous as their prey
Who ſet their wicked wiles at naught.

A brave accompliſh'd knight o'ercome
And ſtript of arms and fame,
While barn and vineyard, houſe and home
Are food for fire and flame;
Than me leſs torture feels and pain
While rigour thus I prove,
For never did I yet attain
The gift ſeraphic of a ſwain
Who could without a premium love.

The ſlighteſt, ſmalleſt boon to ſhare
Is all I humbly crave,
To drive away the fiend Deſpair
And ſnatch me from the grave.
And is it then no crime to wound
A faithful lover's heart?
To hear his ſad complaints reſound,
Then daſh him to the abyſs profound,
Nor at his cruel ſuff'rings ſtart?

Pronounce, my fair, a milder doom
Before you've kill'd me quite,
For pity then too late will come
When plung'd in endleſs night.
A little love while yet I live
Is worth a world in grave,
And 'tis œconomy to give
When by a trivial donative
A heavy future charge we ſave.

"The laſt ſtanza, which is not entire in the original, has been amplified in the Engliſh, to ſupply a ſufficient number of lines, for the melody."

XV.

The firſt complaint of the lord of Crequi.

From the French of Monſieur Arnaud.

HAIL glooms congenial with my woe!
Here my full heart is free to vent its ſighs;
The only pleaſure I can know,
That to my tortur'd breaſt relief ſupplies:
While never-ceaſing horrours round me riſe,
Rapt by my early paſſion's ſacred glow,
I triumph, and abſolve the ſkies.

The pride of Paris, Abelard,
By Cupid's dart inſtructed how to write,
Poſſeſs'd not ſuch unchang'd regard,
Though Eloiſa's graces charm'd the ſight,
And his love ſoar'd beyond the vulgar height:
To paint Adelia aſks a heavenly bard;
And I could teach a nobler flight.

'Tis

'Tis I, Adelia, ah! 'tis I,
Who thus have lov'd, and ne'er can love but you.
And do you generouſly vie
In equal faith, to my dear mem'ry true?
Still, ſtill, your voice I hear, your charms I view;
Fair as the opening roſe-bud to my eye,
Your virgin beauty blooms anew.

Your image ſoftens all my pains;
My kind companion on this hoſtile ſhore!
Yes; 'tis your hand that break my chains,
'Tis love alone can liberty reſtore.
Delightful ſcenes with you I trace once more—
Falſe, fleeting dream! the dreary cell remains,
And pleaſure leaves me to deplore.

My eyes in death I haſte to cloſe,
Ne'er raptur'd to behold my ſon ſo dear;
Ne'er, beſt of ſires, what nature owes,
O'er thy ſad urn to pour the tender tear.
My corpſe, withheld from a domeſtic bier,
In a deteſted land, mid impious foes,
Ignobly muſt be buried here.

Had powerful fate in wrath decreed
My days to end by godlike Louis' ſide;
Had I been doom'd to fight and bleed
In truth's defence, or e'en with love my guide;
Then I had liv'd with fame, and nobly died!
But a vile ſlave I die indeed,
And in oblivion's gloom muſt hide.

In vain, dear object, muſt I grieve?
Come, let me in thy gentle arms expire;
Come, and the fondeſt heart receive;
Your's are its parting ſigh and laſt deſire.
Should o'er my tomb, more ſweet than angel's lyre,
Pity's ſoft murmur from your boſom heave,
My ſoul would own its wonted fire.

Vain hope! I humbly heaven conjure,
The knight thy countryman this way to ſend;
Theſe rugged rocks, this cave obſcure,
That bear my wretched name, a clue ſhall lend;
Theſe cypreſs ſhades the doleful tale extend;
And, while theſe murm'ring ſtreams endure,
I cannot ſighs unechoed ſpend.

XVI.

The ſecond complaint of the lord of Crequi.

From the French of Monſieur Arnaud.

WITHIN this horror-frowning tower
How wretched I!
Forlorn and darkſome, ev'ry hour
I wiſh to die!
Ah! would to Providence, in France
My woes were known!
Unleſs ſome Chriſtian friend advance,
Fate ends my moan.

Crequi

Crequi my name, a banner'd knight,
My merit made;
My family's entail'd delight,
The fam'd crusade.
Near Boulogn, tow'rd the Flemish shore,
My castle rose:
There may at least, life's conflict o'er,
My dust repose!

The lord, my father, rear'd with pride
His fav'rite son;
Godfrey in Palestine his guide,
He fame had won.
Exciting me, with pious joy,
His path to tread;
The Pagan legions to destroy,
He bravely bred.

Not long it was my pride to know
A knight's degree,
When Cupid, with his conq'ring bow,
Took aim at me.
My noble bride had wealth in store,
And many a rood;
But, what I justly valued more,
Was fair and good.

The Morning Roſe her charming name,
By all allow'd;
So the young beauties of her frame
Surpriz'd the crowd!
With what fond love did I careſs
Her form divine!
To comprehend, you muſt poſſeſs
A heart like mine.

The trumpet blew a martial peal
In my ſtunn'd ear;
"Fly theſe ſoft ſhades, with manly zeal
In arms appear!" —
In vain Adelia ſhower'd her tears,
While we embrac'd;
I left her breaſt, 'mid glitt'ring ſpears
To fight encas'd.

'Twas Louis and Religion led,
To bear the croſs;
Yet oft by ſtealth, with backward tread,
I mourn'd my loſs.
Still ſounds Adelia's fainting voice,
"And muſt you go?"
"'Tis Heaven (I cry) my lovely choice,
"Will have it ſo!"

Stopp'd

Stopp'd by this ſtream that ſilent lave
No meadows gay;
Firſt, for our army, thro' the waves
I trac'd a way.
Meander ſaw me hotly preſs
Our impious foes;
Why did not fate in that diſtreſs
My eyelids cloſe?

Surely our ſins deſerv'd a curſe
In heaven's pure ſight;
The Chriſtian hoſt, ſevere reverſe!
Was put to flight.
I cry'd (for Louis' death drew near)
With patriot zeal,
"Ah! ſpare that head; and ſatiate here
Your vengeful ſteel!"

My brothers, interpoſing too,
For him were ſlain;
I paid their virtues tribute due,
And yet 'twas vain.
For ſuch an end ſhould never move
Weak pity's tear;
The Frenchman's envy'd, who dares prove
His king was dear.

My lot I rather ſhould lament,
Who ſtill have breath;
To ſlavery's galling fetters bent,
Far worſe than death!
Learn, Chriſtian heart, whoe'er attends
My doleful doom,
How cruelly theſe Pagan fiends
My days intomb!

With a long chain my ſides they wound,
While here I creep;
No bed I have but the cold ground,
And never ſleep.
My hands and feet are loaded o'er
With other chains,
That not a feature known before
This day remains.

Three years on my devoted head,
In friendſhip dire,
Mad infidels and ſtorms have ſhed
Their various ire.
I weep, and drink, to weep, my tears;
Black bread my food;
Snakes hiſs, and toads the dungeon rears,
A loathſome brood!

Theſe woes, compar'd with thoſe behind,
You'll light eſteem;
They'd have me, gratitude reſign'd,
My God blaſpheme.
Dear Chriſtian brethren, could ye think,
Theſe Turks conteſt
To change our faith, our ſouls to ſink,
For preſent reſt?

A hundred times they cry, "Abjure,
Rewards behold!
Fair ladies ſhall your bliſs ſecure,
And ſtore of gold."——
I anſwer, "My firm ſoul to move,
You vainly ſue;
Falſe to Adelia can I prove?
To God untrue?"

Whoe'er ſhall paſs beneath the wall
Where I complain,
May pity melt you, and my call
Not prove in vain!
I beg you by your heavenly hope
Make no delay;
In my own country, with full ſcope,
My wrongs diſplay.

Perhaps,

Perhaps, ſtill living you may find
Gerard my ſire;
Tell him his ſon craves help, confin'd
To bondage dire.
Adelia too, in beauty's prime —
(Why ſtarts this tear)
Remember'd ſtill in ev'ry clime,
For ever dear.

Deſire a handſome purſe of gold
Becoming me:
Let the full ſum be quickly told,
To ſet me free.
But ſhould, releas'd from earthly groans,
My corpſe be found,
Inter the pilgrim warriour's bones
In holy ground.

Clerks, knights, eſquires, or peers,
Whate'er your rank,
Forget not, with relentleſs ears,
My fetters' clank.
For kindneſs plann'd in loyal ſtile,
While here you roam,
May guardian angels with a ſmile
Convey you home!

XVII.

The Laidley Worm* of Spindleſton Heughs, a ballad, 500 years old, made by the old mountain bard Duncan Fraſier, living in Cheviot. A. D. 1270.

From an ancient MSS.

Whether the following ballad relates to any hiſtorical fact, the editor has not been able to diſcover. It was communicated by the Reverend Mr. Lambe, of Norham. —See Hutchinſon's Hiſtory of Northumberland.

THE king is gone from Bamborough caſtle:
Long may the princeſs mourn,
Long may ſhe ſtand on the caſtle wall,
Looking for his return.

She has knotted the keys upon a ſtring,
And with her ſhe has them ta'en;
She has caſt them o'er her left ſhoulder,
And to the gate ſhe is gane.

* This is a northern corruption for loathly, i. e. loathſome.

She tripped out, ſhe tripped in,
She tript into the yard;
But it was more for the king's ſake,
Than for the queen's regard.

It fell out on a day the king
Brought the queen with him home;
And all the lords in our country
To welcome them did come.

Oh! welcome father, the lady cries,
Unto your halls and bowers;
And ſo are you, my ſtepmother,
For all that is here is yours.

A lord ſaid, wond'ring while ſhe ſpake,
This princeſs of the north
Surpaſſes all of female kind,
In beauty and in worth.

The envious queen replied, at leaſt
You might have excepted me;
In a few hours I will her bring
Down to a low degree.

I will liken her to a laidley worm,
That warps about the ſtone,
And not, till Childy Wynd * comes back,
Shall ſhe again be won.

* There is now a ſtreet called the Wynd, at Bamborough.

The

The princeſs ſtood at her bower door,
Laughing: who could her blame?
But e'er the next day's ſun went down,
A long worm ſhe became.

For ſeven miles eaſt, and ſeven miles weſt,
And ſeven miles north and ſouth,
No blade of graſs or corn could grow,
So venomous was her mouth.

The milk of ſeven ſtately cows,
It was coſtly her to keep,
Was brought her daily, which ſhe drank
Before ſhe went to ſleep.

At this day may be ſeen the cave,
Which held her folded up,
And the ſtone trough, the very ſame
Out of which ſhe did ſup.

Word went eaſt, and word went weſt,
And word is gone over the ſea:
That a laidley worm in Spindleſton Heughs
Would ruin the north country.

Word went eaſt, and word went weſt,
And over the ſea did go;
The child of Wynd got wit of it,
Which filled his heart with woe.

He

He called ſtraight his merry men all,
They thirty were and three;
I wiſh I were at Spindleſton,
This deſperate worm to ſee.

We have no time now here to waſte,
Hence quickly let us ſail;
My only ſiſter Margaret
Something I fear doth ail.

They built a ſhip without delay,
With maſts of the rown tree *,
With fluttering ſails of ſilk ſo fine,
And ſet her on the ſea.

They went aboard. The wind with ſpeed
Blew them along the deep;
At length they ſpied an huge ſquare tower
On a rock high and ſteep.

The ſea was ſmooth, the weather clear,
When they approached nigher;
King Ida's caſtle they well knew,
And the banks of Bamboroughſhire.

The queen look'd out at bower window,
To ſee what ſhe could ſee;
There ſhe eſpied a gallant ſhip
Sailing upon the ſea.

* Mountain aſh.

When

When ſhe beheld the ſilken ſails
Full glancing in the ſun,
To ſink the ſhip ſhe ſent away
Her witch wives every one.

Their ſpells were vain. The hags return'd
To the queen in ſorrowful mood,
Crying, that witches have no power
Where there is rown-tree wood.

Her laſt effort — ſhe ſent a boat,
Which in the haven lay,
With armed men to board the ſhip;
But they were driven away.

The worm leapt up, the worm leapt down,
She plaited round the ſtone;
And as the ſhip came to the land,
She bang'd it off again.

The child then ran out of her reach;
The ſhip on Budle ſand,
And, jumping into the ſhallow ſea,
Securely got to land.

And now he drew his bonny brown ſword,
And laid it on her head,
And ſwore if ſhe did haſten to him,
That he wou'd ſtrike her dead.

Oh!

Oh! quit thy ſword, and bend thy bow,
And give me kiſſes three;
For though I am a pois'nous worm,
No hurt will I do to thee.

Oh! quit thy ſword, and bend thy bow,
And give me kiſſes three;
If I am not won e'er the ſun go down,
Won I ſhall never be.

He quitted his ſword, he bent his bow,
He gave her kiſſes three;
She crept into a hole a worm,
But ſtept out a lady.

No cloathing had this lady fine
To keep her from the cold;
He took his mantle from him about,
And round her did it fold.

He has his mantle from him about
And it he wrapt her in;
And they are up to Bamborough caſtle
As faſt as they can win.

His abſence and her ſerpent ſhape
The king had long deplor'd,
He now rejoic'd to ſee them both
Again to him reſtor'd.

The queen they wanted, whom they found,
All pale and ſore afraid;
Becauſe ſhe knew her power muſt yield
To Childy Wynd's; who ſaid,

Woe be to thee, thou wicked witch,
An ill death may'ſt thou dee;
As thou my ſiſter haſt likened,
So likened ſhalt thou be.

I will turn thee into a toad,
That on the ground doth wend;
And won and won ſhalt thou never be,
Till this world hath an end.

Now on the ſands near Ida's tower,
She crawls a loathſome toad;
And venom ſpits on every maid
She meets upon the road.

The virgins all of Bamborough town
Will ſwear that they have ſeen
This ſpiteful toad of monſtrous ſize,
Whilſt walking they have been.

All folks believe, within the ſhire,
This ſtory to be true;
And they all run to Spindleſton,
The cave and trough to view.

This fact now Duncan Frafier
Of Cheviot ſings in rhime;
Leſt Bamboroughſhire men ſhould forget,
Some part of it in time.

XVIII.

King Zayde and Zelindaxa, a Mooriſh Tale.

From the Spaniſh.

From among other romances of the moſt famous feaſts and tournaments of the Moors, I have ſelected one, the original of which muſt have been very ancient, as it relates the cataſtrophe of a Mooriſh knight in the court of one of the kings of Toledo, which city was re-conquered by the Chriſtians in the year 1085. *In my tranſlation of it, my only care has been to preſerve the literal ſenſe and ſpirit of the Spaniſh verſion. — Carter's Journey from Gibraltar to Malaga.*

IN troops of eight, and troops of ten,
The Alitarian race,
With many a Saracinian chief,
Toledo's circus grace:

To throw the cane, and prove their ſtrength,
With the Azarques bold,
With Adalife's comely men,
The tournament to hold.

Theſe royal ſports the king proclaims
For peace then lately made
Between Granada's prince Atarfe
And Belchite's king Zayde.

But Fame reports, the monarch's love
For a fair Mooriſh dame
Was the true cauſe of all theſe feaſts:
Zelindaxa her name.

Firſt to the field, on fiery ſteeds,
The Saracini flew,
Their cloaks and jackets richly ſhone,
Of green and orange hue.

Sharp ſcymeters, emboſt with gold,
Each ſhining target ſhows;
And letters which defiance bore
Againſt their country's foes.

Swiftly the Alitares next
Enter the liſted field;
A goodly ſight their ſcarlet coats
With ſnow-white flow'rets yield.

Their targets, for device the ſky,
By Atlas propt, did ſhow,
And a motto fair, which ſaid,
"Until fatigued I grow."

Next Adalife's gallant knights
O'er the field ſtately ride,
With coats of red and yellow clad,
A veil * to each arm tied.

A double knot was their device,
By a wild man undone,
On whoſe enormous club was writ,
"This through our valour won."

The laſt, but braveſt troop, the Moor
Azarque moſt portly leads:
Their veſts were purple mixt with blue,
And plumes adorn their heads.

On their green ſhields §, with azure ground,
Two joined hands are ſeen,
And the letters there inſcribed,
"Surrounded by the green."

* Almayzal is the Arabic name of a ſtriped ſilken veil, or head-dreſs, worn by the Mooriſh women. It was the uſual favour, in the days of knight-errantry, for the ladies to give them to their knights, who tied them as a ſignal on their arms, as being the moſt conſpicuous place.

§ Green was the peculiar colour affected by Mahomet, his deſcendants, and the princes of the Mahometan faith: this device ſhews, that Zelindaxa was of royal blood.

The

The furious king this emblem read,
And, jealous, could not bear
That Zelindaxa's heart with him
Another man ſhould ſhare.

To Selim, his Alcayde, he ſaid,
"This Sun, which ſhines ſo bright,
"And dares, in my deſpite, to blaze,
"Shall quenched be this night."

With matchleſs art, reſiſtleſs force,
Azarque now throws his cane,
*And as his courſer meaſures back
With ſpeed the duſty plain,

* The chief art in the Juego de Canas is, to ride full-ſpeed, throw the cane at a certain mark, and then ſuddenly turn the horſe back with equal ſwiftneſs. It was ſurely invented to train their horſes to the Arabian manner of riding up to their enemy, and, after caſting javelins, retreating with expedition before the adverſary could return their ſtroke. This cuſtom, as old as the Parthian empire in the eaſt, is, to this day, practiſed in Arabia. Niebuhr, in his deſcription of that country, has given us a plate wherein the dola or governor and principal Arabs of Loheia in Yemen are repreſented in quadrilles, throwing canes at each other.

His preſent Catholick majeſty revived this ſport, on the marriage of the prince of Aſturias, at Madrid, where the quadrilles were compoſed of the nobleſt youth in the kingdom, headed each by a prince of the blood.

The admiring croud tumultuous ſhout-
" Alha thee ſave!" they cry:
The ladies, from the royal ſeats,
Applaud him paſſing by.

Tranſported Zelindaxa throws
* Perfumes upon her knight.
The king, with bitter grief and rage,
At this heart-breaking ſight,

Calls to the cavaliers to caſt
Their ſlender canes away,
And the preſumptuous Azarque
To ſeize without delay.

Two of the four quadrilles, with haſte,
Take lances in their hands;
For who ſhall venture to reſiſt
An angry king's commands?

The other two would fain have fought,
Their utmoſt aid to lend;
But Azarque cries, " In vain you try
" To ſave your wretched friend.

* The Spaniſh ladies have retained from the Moors their gallant way of throwing roſe-water, perfumes, flowers, &c. on their lovers and favourites, as they paſs under their balconies during the carnival; a liberty allowed at no other ſeaſon. Many a lady waits the return of the carnival, to make this tacit declaration of her ſentiments.

" Put

" Put down your lances; let them come
" And ſtrike the deadly blow;
" That I a lover true expire,
" This fatal day ſhall ſhow."

Azarque, at length, o'ercome and ſeiz'd,
With grief the people ſee,
And take up arms to give him help,
So well belov'd was he,

From her balcony Zelindaxa
Exclaims, with all her might,
" Save him, ye Moors, O ſave him now,
" Preſerve my faithful knight."

Then headlong down ſhe ſtrives to throw
Herſelf in fell deſpair;
Her mother holds her in her arms,
And ſoothes her frantic care.

" Doſt thou not ſee, my daughter dear,
" That nothing can withſtand
" What a ſtern, royal lover's rage
" Shall cruelly command?"

A meſſage from the monarch came,
Enjoining her to chooſe
In ſome relation's ſecret houſe,
Her liberty to loſe.

Fair Zelindaxa to the king
Made ſtraightway this reply:
" The memory of Azarque ſhall be
" My priſon till I die.

" And thou ſhalt ſee that I will dare
" Reſiſt with conſtancy,
" Whate'er a ſavage, bloody king
" May impiouſly decree."

XIX.

The Spaniſh Tragedy; containing the lamentable murder of Horatio and Bellimperia: with the pitiful death of old Hieronimo.

To the tune of queen Dido.

YOU that have loſt your former joys,
And now in woe your lives do lead;
Feeding on nought but dire annoys,
Thinking your griefs all griefs exceed;
Aſſure yourſelves it is not ſo;
Lo here a ſight of greater woe.

Hapleſs

Hapleſs Hieronimo was my name,
On whom fond fortune ſmiled long;
But now her flattering ſmiles I blame,
Her flattering ſmiles hath done me wrong.
Would I had died in tender years:
Then had not been this cauſe of tears.

I marſhal was in prime of years,
And won great honour in the field;
Until that age with ſilver'd hairs
My aged head had overſpread.
Then left I war and ſtaid at home,
And gave my honour to my ſon.

Horatio, my ſweet only child,
Prickt forth by Fame's aſpiring wings,
Did ſo behave him in the field,
That he prince Balthazer captive brings.
And with great honour did preſent
Him to the king incontinent.

The duke of Caſtile's daughter then
Deſir'd Horatio to relate
The death of her beloved friend,
Her love Andrea's woeful fate.
But when ſhe knew who had him ſlain,
She vow'd ſhe would revenge the ſame.

Then

Then more to vex prince Balthazer,
Becauſe he ſlew her chiefeſt friend;
She choſe my ſon for her chief flower,
Thereby meaning to work revenge.
But mark what then did ſtraight befall,
To turn my ſweet to bitter gall.

Lorenzo then to find the cauſe,
Why that his ſiſter was unkind;
At laſt he found within a pauſe,
How he might found her ſecret mind.
Which for to bring well to effect,
To fetch her man he doth direct.

Who being come into his ſight,
He threat'neth for to rid his life;
Except ſtraitways he ſhould recite,
His ſiſter's love, the cauſe of ſtrife.
Compell'd, therefore, t'unfold his mind,
Said with Horatio ſhe's combin'd.

The villain, then, for hope of gain,
Did ſtraight convey them to the place
Where theſe two lovers did remain,
Joying in ſight of other's face.
And to their foes they did impart
The place where they ſhould joy their heart.

Prince

Prince Balthazer, with his compeers,
Enters my bower all in the night,
And there my ſon ſlain they uprear,
The more to work my greater ſpight.
But as I lay and took repoſe,
A voice I heard, whereat I roſe.

And finding then his ſenſeleſs form,
The murderers I ſought to find,
But miſſing them I ſtood forlorn,
As one amazed in his mind.
And rent and pull'd my ſilver'd hair,
And curs'd and damn'd each thing was there.

And that I would revenge the ſame,
I dipt a napkin in his blood:
Swearing to work their woeful bain,
That ſo had ſpoil'd my chiefeſt good.
And that I would not it forget,
It always at my heart I kept.

THE SECOND PART.

To the ſame Tune.

THEN Iſabella, my dear wife,
Finding her ſon bereav'd of breath,
And loving him dearer than life
Her own hand ſtraight doth work her death.
And now their deaths doth meet in one;
My griefs are come, my joys are gone.

Then frantickly I ran about,
Filling the air with mournful groans,
Becauſe I had not yet found out
The murtherers to eaſe my moans.
I rent and tore each thing I got,
And ſaid, and did, I knew not what.

Thus as I paſt the ſtreets, hard by
The duke of Caſtile's houſe, as then
A letter there I did eſpy,
Which ſhow'd Horatio's woeful end.
Which Bellimperia forth had flung,
From priſon, where they kept her ſtrong.

Then

Then to the court forthwith I went,
And of the king did juſtice crave;
But by Lorenzo's bad intent,
I hindred was, which made me rave.
Then vexed more I ſtamp'd and frown'd,
And with my poignard ript the ground.

But falſe Lorenzo put me out,
And told the king then by and by,
That frantickly I ran about,
And of my ſon did always cry,
And ſaid, 'twere good I would reſign
My marſhal-ſhip, which griev'd my mind.

The duke of Caſtile hearing then,
How I did grudge ſtill at his ſon,
Did ſend for me to make us friends:
To ſtay the rumour then begun.
Whereto I ſtraightway gave conſent,
Although in heart I never meant.

Sweet Bellimperia comes to me,
Thinking my ſon I had forgot,
To ſee me with his foes agree,
The which I never meant, God wot:
But when we knew each other's mind,
To work revenge a mean I find.

Then bloody Baltazar enters in,
Entreating me to ſhew ſome ſport
Unto his father and the king:
That to his nuptial did reſort.
Which gladly I prepar'd to ſhow,
Becauſe I knew 'twould work their woe.

And from the chronicles of Spain,
I did record Eraſtus' life;
And how the Turk had him ſo ſlain,
And ſtraight revenge wrought by his wife.
Then for to act this tragedy,
I gave their parts immediately.

Sweet Bellimperia Balthazer kills,
Becauſe he ſlew her deareſt friend,
And I Lorenzo's blood did ſpill,
And eke his ſoul to hell did ſend.
Then died my foes by dint of knife,
But Bellimperia ends her life.

Then for to ſpecify my wrongs,
With weeping eyes and mournful heart,
I ſhew'd my ſon with bloody wounds,
And eke the murtherers did impart.
And ſaid, my ſon was as dear to me,
As thine, or thine, though kings you be.

But when they did behold this thing,
How I had ſlain their only ſons:
The duke, the viceroy, and the king,
Upon me all they ſtraight did run.
To torture me they do prepare,
Unleſs I ſhould it ſtraight declare.

But that I would not tell it then,
Even with my teeth I bit my tongue,
And in deſpite did give it them,
That me with torments ſought to wrong.
Thus when in age I ſought to reſt,
Nothing but ſorrows me oppreſt.

They knowing well that I could write,
Unto my hand a pen did reach,
Meaning thereby I ſhould recite
The authors of this bloody fetch.
Then feigned I my pen was naught,
And by ſtrange ſigns a knife I ſought.

But when to me they gave the knife,
I kill'd the duke then ſtanding by,
And eke myſelf bereav'd of life,
For I to ſee my ſon did hie.
The kings that ſcorn'd my grief before,
With nought can they their joys reſtore.

Here have you heard my tragick tale,
Which on Horatio's death depends,
Whoſe death I could anew bewail,
But that in it the murderers' ends.
For murder God will bring to light,
Though long it be hid from man's ſight.

XX.

Roman charity, a worthy example of a virtuous wife, who fed her father with her own milk, he being commanded by the emperor to be ſtarved to death, but afterwards pardoned.

The following ſong is very popular, but the hiſtory of it very little known. It is reported, the nobleman here mentioned was one Petrus, a Roman, and firſt miniſter to Tiberius Cæſar, whoſe empreſs having a mind to ruin him, feigned herſelf in love with him, and ſo artfully played her part, that he really was enamoured, and an appointment made, which ſhe betrayed to Tiberius, who immediately caſt his miniſter into priſon, there to be ſtarved. And, indeed, this notion has ſo far prevailed, that the pictures of this fact are generally

known

known by the name of Roman Charity. But how they could imagine that Valerius Maximus, who lived in that emperor's time, and dedicated his works to him, ſhould touch upon ſo tender a point, is ſomething ſtrange. — There are others who have juſt got the name, and tell us 'twas Cimon the Athenian, the ſon of Miltiades, who when his father's creditors would not ſuffer him to be buried, the ſon piouſly offered himſelf up to them, and was conducted to priſon, whilſt the father's corps was carried to the funeral pile; but being ſoon enabled to pay off the debts, he became chief of the Athenians. To this they add, that in proceſs of time, he was by the ſtate ſentenced to be ſtarved to death; but that heaven, who would not leave his filial piety unrewarded, had given him a daughter endued with the ſame generous and divine qualities, and who ventured her life to ſave her father. — Mr. Murphy, on the circumſtance of a daughter preſerving her father in the manner here mentioned, has produced a very popular tragedy called the Grecian Daughter.

IN Rome, I read, a nobleman
The emperor did offend,
And for that fault he was adjudg'd,
Unto a cruel end:
That he ſhould be in priſon caſt,
With irons many a one,
And there be famiſh'd unto death,
And brought to ſkin and bone.

And more, if any one were known,
By night, or yet by day,
To bring him any kind of food,
His hunger to allay,
The emperor ſwore a mighty oath,
Without remorſe, quoth he,
They ſhall ſuſtain the cruelеſt death
That can deviſed be.

This cruel ſentence once pronounc'd,
The nobleman was caſt
Into a dungeon dark and deep,
With irons fetter'd faſt:
Where, when he had with hunger great
Remained ten days ſpace,
And taſted neither meat nor drink,
In a moſt woeful caſe;

The tears along his aged face
Moſt piteouſly did fall,
And grievouſly he did begin
For to complain withal:
O Lord quoth he, What ſhall I do,
So hungry, Lord, am I?
For want of bread, one bit of bread
I periſh, ſtarve and die!

How precious is one grain of wheat,
Unto my hungry ſoul,
One cruſt, or crumb, or little piece,
My hunger to controul!
Had I this dungeon heap'd with gold,
I would forego it all,
To buy and purchaſe one brown loaf,
Yea, were it ne'er ſo ſmall.

O that I had but ev'ry day
One bid of bread to eat,
Tho' ne'er ſo mouldy, black or brown,
My comfort would be great;
Yea, albeit I took it up,
Trod down in dirt and mire,
It would be pleaſing to my taſte,
And ſweet to my deſire.

Good lord! how happy is the hind,
That labours all the day,
The drudging mule, the peaſant poor,
That at command do ſtay,
They have their ordinary meals,
They take no heed at all,
Of thoſe ſweet crumbs and cruſts that they
Do careleſsly let fall.

How happy is that little chick,
That without fear may go
And pick up thoſe moſt precious crumbs
Which they away do throw:
O that ſome pretty little mouſe
So much my friend would be,
To bring ſome old forſaken cruſt
Into this place to me.

But oh! my heart, it is in vain,
No ſuccour can I have,
No meat, nor drink, nor water eke,
My loathed life to ſave:
O bring ſome bread for Chriſt his ſake,
Some bread, ſome bread for me;
I die, I die for want of food,
None but ſtone walls I ſee.

Thus day and night he cried out,
In moſt outragious ſort,
That all the people far and near
Were griev'd at this report.
And tho' that many friends he had
And daughters in the town,
Yet none durſt come to ſuccour him,
Fearing the emperor's frown.

Yet now behold one daughter dear
He had, as I do find,
Who liv'd in his diſpleaſure great,
For matching 'gainſt his mind.
Altho' ſhe liv'd in mean eſtate,
She was a virtuous wife,
And for to help her father dear,
She ventur'd thus her life.

She quickly to her ſiſters went,
And of them did intreat,
That by ſome ſecret means they would
Convey their father meat.
Our father dear doth ſtarve, ſhe ſaid,
The emperor's wrath is ſuch,
He dies, alas! for want of food,
Whereof we have too much.

Pray, ſiſters, therefore, uſe ſome means
His life for to preſerve,
And ſuffer not your father dear
In priſon for to ſtarve.
Alas! quoth they, what ſhall we do
His hunger to ſuſtain?
You know 'tis death for any one
That would his life maintain.

And tho' we wiſh him well, quoth they,
We never will agree
To ſpoil ourſelves; we had as lief
That he ſhould die as we.
And, ſiſter, if you love yourſelf,
Let this attempt alone,
Tho' you do ne'er ſo ſecret work,
At length it will be known.

Oh! hath our father brought us up
And nouriſh'd us, quoth ſhe,
And ſhall we now forſake him quite,
In his extremity?
No, I will venture life and limb,
To do my father good;
The worſt that is, I can but die,
To fit a tyrant's mood.

With that in haſte, away ſhe hies,
And to the priſon goes,
But with her woeful father dear
She might not ſpeak, God knows;
Except the emperor would grant
Her favour in that caſe,
The keeper would admit no wight
To enter in that place.

Then

Then ſhe unto the emperor hies,
And falling on her knee
With wringed hands, and bitter tears,
Theſe words pronounced ſhe
My hopeleſs father, ſovereign lord,
Offending of your grace,
Is judg'd unto a pining death,
Within a woeful place,

Which I confeſs he hath deſerv'd,
Yet, mighty prince, quoth ſhe,
Vouchſafe in gracious ſort, to grant
One ſimple boon to me:
It chanced ſo, I match'd myſelf
Againſt my father's mind,
Whereby I did procure his wrath,
As fortune hath aſſign'd.

And ſeeing now the time is come,
He muſt reſign his breath,
Vouchſafe that I may ſpeak to him
Before his hour of death:
And reconcile myſelf to him,
His favour to obtain;
That when he dyes, I may not then
Under his curſe remain.

The emperor granted her requeſt
Conditionally, that ſhe
Each day unto her father came,
Should thoroughly ſearched be.
No meat nor drink ſhe with her brought
To help him there diſtreſt,
But every day ſhe nouriſh'd him
With milk from her own breaſt.

Thus by her milk he was preſerv'd
A twelvemonth and a day,
And was as fair and fat to ſee,
Yet no man knew which way:
The emperor muſing much thereat,
At length did underſtand
How he was fed, and not his law
Was broke at any hand.

And much admired at the ſame;
And her great virtue ſhone:
He pardon'd him, and honour'd her
With great preferments known.
Her father ever after that,
Did love her as his life,
And bleſt the day that ſhe was made
A loving wedded wife.

XXI.

WARS OF EDWARD III.

By Laurence Minot, who was Chaucer's cotemporary.

EDWARD oure cumly king
In Braband has his woning,
With mani a cumly knight,
And in that land, trewly to tell,
Ordains he ſtill for to dwell,
To time he think to fight.

Now God that es of mightes maſte,
Grant him grace of the Haly Gaſte,
His heritage to win;
And Mari moder of mercy fre,
Save oure king, and his menze,
Fro ſorow, and ſchame, and ſyn.

Thus in Braband has he bene,
Whare he bifore was ſeldom ſene,
For to prove thaire japes;
Now no langer wil he ſpare,
Bot unto Fraunce faſt will he fare,
To comfort him with grapes.

Furth

Furth he ferd into France,
God ſave him fro miſchance,
And all his cumpany;
The nobill duc of Braband
With him went into that land,
Redy to lif or dye.

Than the riche floure de lice
Wan thare ful litill priſe,
Faſt he fled for ferde;
The right aire* of that cuntree
Es cumen with all his knightes fre
To ſchac† him him by the berd.

Sir Philip the Valayſe,
Wit his men in tho dayes,
To batale had he thoght;
He bad his men tham purvay
Withowten longer delay,
Bot he ne held it noght.

He broght folk ful grete wone,
Ay ſevyn ogains one,
That ful wele wapind were;‡
Bot ſone when he herd aſcry,
That king Edward was nere thereby,
Than durſt he noght cum nere.

* Heir. † Shake. ‡ Weaponed; armed.

In

In that morning fell a myſt;
And when oure Inglifs men it wiſt,
It changed all thaire chere:
Oure king unto God made his bone,
And God ſent him gude confort ſone,
The weder wex ful clere.

Oure king and his men held the felde,
Stalworthy with ſpere and ſchelde,
And thoght to win his right;
With lordes and with knightes kene,
And other doghty men bydene,
That war ful frek to fight.

When ſir Philip of France herd tell,
That king Edward in feld walld dwell,
Than gayned him no gle;
He traiſted of no better bote,
Bot both on hors and on fote,
He haſted him to fle.

It ſemid he was ferd for ſtrokes,
When he did fell his grete okes
Obout his pavilyoune.
Abated was than all his pride,
For langer thare durſt he noght bide,
His boſt was broght all doune.

The

The king of Beme had cares colde,
That was fur, hardy, and bolde,
A ſtede to amſtride:
The king als of Naverne
War faire feld in the ferene,
Thaire heviddes for to hide.

And leves wele, it is no lye,
And feld hat Flemangrye
That king Edward was in;
With princes that war ſtif and bolde,
And dukes that war doghty tolde,
In batayle to begin.

The prinees that war rich on raw,
Gert nakers ſtrikes and trumpots blaw,§
And made mirth at thaire might;
Both arblaſt and many a bow,
War redy railed upon a row,
And full frek for to fight.

Gladly thai gaf mete and drink,
So that thai ſuld the better ſwink,
The wight men that thar ware:
Sir Philip of Fraunce fled for dout,
And hied him hame with all his rout,
Coward God giff him care.

§ In glittering ranks, made the drums, &c.

For

For thare than had the lely flowre
Lorn all halely his honowre,
That ſo gat fled for ferd;
Bot oure king Edward come ful ſtill,
When that he trowed no harm till,
And keped him in the berde.

XXII.

A rufull lamentation on the death of queen Elizabeth, wife of Henry VII. and mother of Henry VIII. who died in childbed in 1503.

By Sir Thomas Moore.

WHERE are our caſtels now, where are our towers?
Goodly Rychemonde,* ſone art thou gone from me!
At Weſtmynſter that coſtly worke of yours
Myne owne dere lorde, now ſhall I never ſe!†
Almighty God vouchſafe to graunt that ye
For you and your children well may edify,
My palace byldyd is, and lo now here I ly.——

* The palace of Richmond.

† King Henry VII.'s chapel, begunne in the year 1503. The year before the queen died.

Farewell

Farewell my doughter, lady Margaret! §
God wotte, full oft it greved hath my mynde
That ye ſhould go where we ſhould ſeldom mete,
Now I am gone and have left you behynde.
O mortall folke, that we be very blynde!
That we leſt feere, full oft it is moſt nye:
From you depart I muſt, and lo now here I lye.

Farewell, madame, my lordes worthy mother! ‖
Comforte your ſon, and be ye of good chere.
Take all a worth, for it will be no nother,
Farewell my doughter Katharine, late the fere
To Prince Arthur myne owne chyld ſo dere. †
It boteth not for me to wepe and cry,
Pray for my ſowle, for lo now here I lye.

Adew lord Henry, my loving ſonne adew, *
Our lord encreaſe your honour and eſtate,
Adew my doughter Mary, bright of hew, ‡
God make you vertuous, wyſe, and fortunate.

§ Married in 1503 to James IV. king of Scotland.

‖ Margaret counteſs of Richmond.

† Catharine of Spain, wife of her ſon prince Arthur, now dead.

* Afterwards king Henry VIII.

‡ Afterwards queen of France, re-married to Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk.

Adew,

Adew, ſwete hart, my little doughter Kate,‖
Thou ſhalt, ſwete babe, ſuch is thy deſtiny,
Thy mother never know, for lo now here I ly.§

XXIII.

Marriage of Margaret, daughter of Henry VII. to James IV. king of Scotland, in 1502, of whom it is related, that having taken arms againſt his own father, he impoſed on himſelf the voluntary penance of continually wearing an iron chain about his waiſt.†

O FAYER, fayreſt of every fayre,
Princes moſte pleſaunte and preclare,
The luſticſt on lyve that bene,
Welcum of Scotland to be quene.

Yong

‖ The queen died within a few days after ſhe was delivered of this infant, the princeſs Catharine, who did not long ſurvive her mother's death.

§ WORKES, ut ſupr.

† Buchanan relates that in the reign of this prince, viz. in the year 1489, was born in Scotland a creature reſembling a man-child from the navel downward, but of both ſexes upward. By the ſpecial order of the king it was educated and inſtructed

Yong tender plant of pulchritude,
Deſcendith of imperial blood,
Freſh fragrant flower of fayrehode ſhene,
Welcum of Scotland to be quene.

Sweet luſty imp of bewtie clere,
Moſte mighty kings dowghter dere,
Borne of a princes moſt ſerene,
Welcum of Scotland to be quene.

Welcum the roſe both red and whyte,
Welcum the flower of our delyte,
Our ſpirit rejoicing from the ſplene,
Welcum of Scotland to be quene.

in languages, and in muſic particularly, in which it arrived to an admirable degree of ſkill. This creature, as it had two diſtinct bodies upwards, had alſo ſeveral wills and appetites, the one often adviſing and conſulting, and at other times differing, and even quarrelling, with the other. It lived twenty-eight years. Buchanan's relation is founded on the teſtimony of many honeſt and credible perſons living in his time, who he ſays were eye-witneſſes of this prodigy. Rer. Scot. lib. XIII.

Doleful

XXIV.

Doleful complaints of Anne Boleyn.

The two following ſhort poems appear, by the manuſcript from which they were taken, to have been compoſed about the time of Henry VIII. They were communicated by a very judicious antiquary lately deceaſed, whoſe opinion of them was, that they were written either by, or in the perſon of Anne Boleyn; a conjecture which her unfortunate hiſtory renders very probable.

I.

DEFILED is my name full ſore,
Through cruel ſpyte and falſe report,
That I may ſay for evermore,
Farewell, my joy! adewe, comfort!

For wrongfully ye judge of me,
Unto my fame a mortall wounde:
Say what ye lyſt it will not be,
Ye ſeek for that cannot be found.

II.

O death, rocke me on ſlepe,
Bringe me on quiet reſte,
Let paſſe my very giſtleſs goſte,
Out of my carefull breſt;
Toll on the paſſinge bell,
Ringe out the dolefull knell,
Let the ſounde my dethe tell,
For I muſt dye,
There is no remedy,
For now I dye.

My paynes who can expres?
Alas! they are ſo ſtronge,
My dolor will not ſuffer ſtrength,
My lyfe for to prolonge;
Toll on the paſſinge bell,
Ringe out the dolefull knell,
Let the ſound my dethe tell,
For I muſt dye,
There is no remedye,
For now I dye.

Alone in priſon ſtronge,
I wayle my deſtenye;
Wo worth this cruel hap that I
Should taſte this miſerye.

Toll

Toll on the paſſinge bell,
Ringe out the dolefull knell,
Let the ſounde my dethe tell,
For I muſt dye,
There is no remedy,
For now I dye.

Farewell my pleaſures paſt,
Welcum my preſent payne,
I fele my torments ſo increſe,
That lyfe cannot remayne.
Ceaſe now the paſſing bell,
Rong is my doleful knell,
For the ſound my deth doth tell,
Deth doth draw nye,
Sound my end dolefully,
For now I dye.

XXV.

The earl of Surrey's lamentation on his impriſonment in Windſor caſtle.

The following was written in the reign of Henry VIII. by Henry Howard, earl of Surrey, that ornament of a boiſterous yet not unpoliſhed court. The earl has been celebrated by Drayton, Dryden, Fenton, and Pope; illuſ-

trated by his own muſe, and lamented for his unhappy and unmerited death. "*A man,*" *as Sir Walter Raleigh ſays,* "*no leſs valiant than learned, and of excellent* "*hopes.*" *On the 15th of January, 1547, the earl of Surrey was tried at Guildhall, on a frivolous charge of high treaſon, by a jury of commoners, before the lord chancellor, the lord mayor, and other commiſſioners. He defended himſelf with great eloquence and ſpirit, but the jury found him guilty, and the unfortunate nobleman was, by the king's command, a few days after, beheaded on Tower-hill.—Vide Walpole's catalogue of royal and noble authors, vol. I. p.* 100.

SO cruel priſon, how coulde betyde, alas,
As proude Windſor! * where I, in luſt and joye,†
With a kynges ſonne ‡ my childiſhe yeres did paſſe,
In greater feaſt than Priam's ſonnes of Troye.

Where eche ſwete place returnes a taſte full ſower:
The large grene courtes where we were wont to hove, §

* How could the ſtately caſtle of Windſor become ſo miſerable a priſon.

† In unreſtrained gaiety and pleaſure.

‡ With the young duke of Richmond.

§ To hover, to loiter in expectation. So Chaucer, TROIL. CRES. B. 5. ver. 33.

But at the yate there ſhe ſhould outride
With certain folk he *lovid* her t' abide.

With eyes caſt up into the mayden's tower,*
And caſie ſighes, ſuch as men drawe in love:

The ſtately ſeates, the ladies bright of hewe,
The daunces ſhorte, long tales of great delight,
With wordes and lookes that tigers could but rewe;†
Where ech of us did pleade the others right.

The palme-play,‡ where, diſpoyled for the game,§
With dazed yies,‖ oft we by gleames of love,

* Swift's joke about the maids of honour being lodged at Windſor in the round tower, in queen Anne's time, is too well known and too indelicate to be repeated here. But in the preſent inſtance, Surrey ſpeaks looſely and poetically in making the MAIDEN-TOWER, the true reading, the reſidence of the women. The Maiden-tower was common in other caſtles, and means the principal tower, of the greateſt ſtrength and defence. MAIDEN is a corruption of the old French *Magne*, or *Mayne*, great. Thus Maidenhead, (properly Maidenhithe) in Berkſhire, ſignifies the *great* port or wharf on the river Thames. So alſo *Mayden-Bradley* in Wiltſhire is the *great Bradley*. The old Roman camp near Dorcheſter in Dorſetſhire, a noble work, is called *Maiden Caſtle*, the capital fortreſs in thoſe parts. We have Maiden-down in Somerſetſhire with the ſame ſignification. A thouſand other inſtances might be given. Hearne, not attending to this etymology, abſurdly ſuppoſes, in one of his Prefaces, that a ſtrong baſtion in the old walls of the city of Oxford, called the MAIDEN-TOWER, was a priſon for confining the proſtitutes of the town.

† Pity.

‡ At ball.

§ Rendered unfit, or unable, to play.

‖ Dazzled eyes.

Have miſt the ball, and got ſight of our dame,
To bayte * her eyes which kept the leads above.†

The gravell grounde,‡ with ſleves tied on the helme,§
On fomyng horſe, with ſwordes and frendly hartes;
With cheare || as though one ſhould another whelme,¶
Where we have fought and chaſed oft with dartes.—

The ſecret groves, which ofte we made reſounde
Of pleſaunt playnt, and of our ladies praiſe,
Recording oft what grace ** eech one had founde,
What hope of ſpeede,†† what drede of long delayes.

* To tempt, to catch.

† The ladies were ranged on the leads, or battlements, to ſee the play.

‡ The ground, or area, was ſtrown with gravel, where they were trained in chivalry.

§ At tournaments they fixed the ſleeves of their miſtreſſes on ſome part of their armour.

|| Looks.

¶ Deſtroy.

** Favour with his miſtreſs.

†† Or, Succeſs.

The

The wilde foreſt, the clothed holtes with grene,
With raynes avayled,* and ſwift ybreathed horſe,
With crie of houndes, and merry blaſtes betwene
Where we did chaſe the fearful harte of force.

The wide vales eke, that harboured us ech night,
Wherewith, alas, reviveth in my breſt
The ſweete accorde! Such ſlepes as yet delight:
The pleaſant dreames, the quiet bed of reſt.

The ſecret thoughtes imparted with ſuch truſt;
The wanton talke, the divers change of play;
The frendſhip ſworne, eche promiſe kept ſo juſt,
Wherewith we paſt the winter night away.

And

* The holtes, or thick woods, clothed in green. So in another place he ſays, fol. 3.

My ſpecled cheeks with Cupid's hue.

That is, "Cheeks ſpeckled with," &c.

† With looſened reins. So in his fourth Aeneid, the fleet is "ready to AVALE." That is, to LOOSEN from ſhore. So again in Spenſer's FEBRUARIE;

They wons in the wind wagge their wriggle tayles,
Pearke as a peacocke, but now it AVAYLES.

"AVAYLE their tayles," to drop or lower. So alſo in his DECEMBER:

By that the welked Phebus gan AVAYLE
His wearie waine. ——

And with this thought the bloud forſakes the face;
The teares berayne my chekes of deadly hewe,
The whych as ſone as ſobbing ſighes, alas,
Upſupped have, thus I my plaint renewe!

And in the Faerie Queene, with the true ſpelling, i. 1. 21. Of Nilus:

But when his latter ebbe gins to AVALE.

To VALE, or *avale, the bonnet*, was a phraſe for lowering the bonner, or pulling off the hat. The word occurs in Chaucer. TR. CRESS. iii. 627.

That ſuch a raine from heaven gan AVAILE.

And in the fourth book of his BOETHIUS: "The light fire ariſeth "into height, and the hevie yerthes AVAILEN by their weightes." pag. 394. col. 2. edit. Urr. From the French verb AVALER, which is from their adverb AVAL, *downward*. See alſo Hearne's GLOSS. ROB. BR. p. 524. Drayton uſes this word, where perhaps it is not properly underſtood. ECL. iv. p. 1404, edit. 1753:

With that, ſhe gan to VALE her head,
Her checks were like the roſes red,
But not a word ſhe ſaid, &c.

That is, ſhe did not veil, or cover, but VALED, held down her head for ſhame.

Probably the true reading is *wales* or *walls*. That is, lodgings, apartments, &c. Theſe poems were very corruptly printed by Tottel.

"O place

" O place of bliſſe, renewer of my woes!
" Give me accompt, where is my noble fere,*
" Whom in thy walles thou doſt †ech night encloſe,
" To other leeſe,‡ but unto me moſt dere!"

Eccho, alas, that doth my ſorrow rew§
Returnes therto a hollow ſounde of playnte.
Thus I alone, where all my fredom grewe,
In priſon pine, with bondage and reſtrainte.
And with remembrance of the greater greeſe
To baniſh th' leſſe, I find my chief releefe.‖

* Companion.

† We ſhould read, *didſt*.

‡ Dear to others, to all.

§ Pity.

‖ Fol. 6. 7.

Caveat

XXVI.

Caveat againſt idle rumours.

Written about the year 1550.

CONSIDERING this world, and th' increſe of vyce,
Stricken into dump, right much I muſed,
That no manner of man be he never ſo wyſe,
From all ſorts thereof can be excuſed.

And one vyce there is, the more it is uſed,
Mo inconveniens ſhall grow day by day,
And that is this, let it be refuſed,
Geve no ſure credens to every hereſay.

Lyght womens thoughts wyll runne at large,
Whether the tayle be falſe or juſt:
Tydyngs of alehouſe or Graveſend barge,
Bere-baytings or barbers ſhopes is not to truſt.

An enemies tayle is ſone diſtruſt,
Ye ſhall perceve it parſhall alway,
To all the foreſayd refrayn we muſt,
To geve ſure credens to every hereſay.

Though hereſay be trew, as perchaunce may fall,
Yet fyr not thy credens to high,
And though the teller ſeem right ſubſtantial,
And tell but hereſay, why may he not lye?

Then betwyxt lyght credens and a tonge haſty,
Surely the gyltles is caſt away,
Condempnyng the abſent, that is unworthy,
So paſſyth a lyfe from hereſay to hereſay.

Good Lord! how ſome wyll wyth a loud voyce,
Tell a tale after the beſt ſorte,
And ſome herers how they wyll rejoyce,
To here of theyr neybours ill report!

As though it were a matter of comfort,
Herein our charite doth dekay,
And ſome maketh it but game and ſport,
To tell a lye after the hereſay.

Tell a good tale of God or ſome ſaynt,
Or of ſome mirakels lately done;
Some wyll beleve it hard and ſtent,
And take it after a full lyght facyon:

We here ſay Chriſt ſuffrid paſſion,
And man ſhall revert to earth and clay,
The rycheſt or ſtrongeſt know not how ſoone,
Beleve well now this, for true is that hereſay.

XXVII.

THE LOVER's INDIFFERENCE.

IF reaſon did rule,
And witt kept ſcoole,
Diſcretion ſhoulde take place,
And heave our heavines,
Which baniſhed quietnes,
And made hym hide his face.

Sith time hath tried,
And truth hath ſpied,
That fained faith is flatterie,
Why ſhould diſdaine
Thus over me raigne,
And hold me in captivity?

Why ſhoulde cauſe my harte to brake,
By favoring fooliſhe fantazie;
Why ſhould diſpare me all to teare,
Why ſhoulde I joyne with jeloſie?

Why

Why ſhould I truſt,
That never was juſte,
Or love her that loves manye;
Or to lament
Time paſt and ſpente,
Whereof there is no recoverie?

For if that I
Should thus applye,
Myſelfe in all I can;
Truth to take place,
Where never truth was,
I weare a fooliſh man.

Sett foorth is by ſcience,
Declare it doth experience,
By the frute to know the tree;
Then if a fáininge flatterer,
To gaine a faithful lover,
It may in no wiſe be.

Therefore farewell flatterie,
Fained faith and jeloſie,
Truth my tale ſhall tell;
Reaſon now ſhall rule,
Witt ſhall kepe the ſcoole,
And bed you all farewell.

XXVIII.

The batchelor's plea againſt matrimony.

THE batchelor moſt joyfullye,
In pleaſant plight doth paſſe his daies,
Good fellowſhipp and companie
He doth maintaine and kepe alwaie.

With damſells brave he maye well goe,
The maried man cannot doe ſo,
If he be merie and toy with any,
His wife will frowne, and words geve manye;

Her yellow hoſe ſhe ſtrait will put on,
So that the married man dare not diſpleaſe his wife Joane.

XXIX.

The batchelor's plea for matrimony.

DOWN to the vale of life I tend;
Where hoary age creeps ſlowly on:
And with the burd'ning thought I bend,
That youth and all its joys are gone!

Succeſſive years have roll'd away
In fancied views of future bliſs:
But—'twere the phantom of a day—
And all that future dies in this.

Now with a retroſpective eye,
I look far back to early life,
When Hymen promis'd to ſupply
My higheſt wiſhes in—a wife.

I waited, hop'd, and truſted ſtill
That time would bring th' expected day:
But never, happ'ly, to my will,
Did fortune throw it in my way.

Too nice, too wiſe, too proud was I,
To wed as taught by nature's rule;
The world was ſtill to chuſe for me—
And I—the condeſcending fool.

Hence are my days a barren round
Of triſling hopes, and idle fears:
For life, true life, is only found
In ſocial joys, and ſocial tears.

Let moping monks, and rambling rakes,
The joys of wedded love deride:
Their manners riſe from groſs miſtakes,
Unbridled luſt, or gloomy pride.

Thy ſacred ſweets, connubial love,
Flow from affections more refin'd;
Affections ſacred to the dove,
Heroic, conſtant, warm and kind.

Hail, holy flame! hail, ſacred tye!
That binds two gentle ſouls in one!—
On equal wings their troubles fly,
In equal ſtreams their pleaſures run.

Their duties ſtill their pleaſures bring;
Hence joys in ſwiſt ſucceſſion come:
A queen is ſhe, and he's a king,
And their dominion is—their home.

Happy

Happy the youth who finds a bride
In ſprightly days of health and eaſe:
Whoſe temper to his own allied,
No knowledge ſeeks but how to pleaſe.

A thouſand ſweets their days attend!
A thouſand comforts riſe around!
Here huſband, parent, wife, and friend,
In every deareſt ſenſe is found.

Yet think not, man, 'midſt ſcenes ſo gay,
That clouds and ſtorms will never riſe;
A cloud may dim the brighteſt day,
And ſtorms diſturb the calmeſt ſkies.

But ſtill their bliſs ſhall ſtand its ground;
Nor ſhall their comforts hence remove;
Bitters are oft ſalubrious found,
And lovers' quarrels heighten love.

The lights and ſhades, and goods, and ills,
Thus finely blended in their fate,
To ſweet ſubmiſſion bow their wills,
And make them happy in their ſtate.

XXX.

THE SYMPATHISING LOVER.

Written about 1550.

JHONE is ſike and ill at eaſe,
I am full ſorry for Jhone's diſeaſe;
Alak good Jhone what may you pleaſe?
I ſhall beare the coſt be ſweet ſent Denys.

She is ſo prety in every degre,
Good lord who may a goodlyer be
In favoure and in facyon lo will ye ſe,
But it were an angell of the Trinite.
Alak good Jhone what may you pleſe?
I ſhal beare the coſt be ſwete ſent Denys.

Her countynaunce with her lynyacion,
To hym that wolde of ſuch recreacion,
That God hath ordent in his firſt formacion,
Myght wel be called conjuracion.
Alak good Jhone what may you pleaſe?
I ſhall beare the coſt be ſwete ſent Denys.

She is my lytel prety one,
What ſhulde I ſay? my mynde is gor-
Yff ſhe and I were togethir alone,
I wis ſhe will not gyve me a bone,
Alas good Jhone ſhall all my mon
Be loſt ſo ſone?*

I am a fole,
Leve this array,
Another day
We ſhall both play,
When we are fole.†

XXXI.

THE AMOROUS DISTRESS.

Written about 1550.

HAVE I not cauſe to mourn, alas!
Ever whiles that my lyfe do dure;
Lamenting thus my ſorrowful caſe
In ſighes deepe without recure?
Now remembrying my hard adventure,

* i. e. treat me with contempt.

† Together, or by ourſelves.

Mervellouſly makyng my hart wo:
Alas! her lokes have perſed me ſo!
Sad is her chere with color chryſtyne,
More fairer of loke than fayer Elyn,
Eyes gray, clerer than columbyne,
Never a ſweter of nature femynyne;
Goodly in port, O what a paſtyme and joy
Have I when I behold her!

Wofully oppreſſed wyth ſorrow and payne,
Wyth ſyghing my hart and body in diſtreſs,
Grevouſly tormented through diſdayne,
Lackyng the company of my lady and myſtres,
Whych to atayne is yet remedyles;
But God of his grace ſurely me ſend
By ſorrows importunate joyfully to amend.

Is it not ſure a dedly payne,
To you I ſay that lovers be,
When faythful harts muſt needs refrayn
The one the other for to ſee?
I you aſſure ye may truſt me,
Of all the paynes that ever I knew,
It is a payne that moſt I rewe.

XXXII.

THE LOYAL LOVER.

Written about 1550.

AS I lay ſlepynge,
In dremes fletynge,
Ever my ſwetyng
Is in my mynd;
She is ſo goodly,
With looks ſo lovely,
That no man truly
Such one can fynd.

Her bewty ſo pure,
It doth under lure,
My pore hart full ſure
In governance;
Therfor now wyll I
Unto hyr apply,
And ever will cry,
For remembraunce.

Her fayer eye perſyng,
My pore hart bledyng,
And I abydyng,
In hope of mede;
But thus have I long
Entunyd this ſonge,
With paynes ful ſtronge,
And cannot ſpede.

Alas wyll not ſhe
Now ſhew hyr pytye,
But thus wyll take me
In ſuche dyſdayne;
Methynketh I wys
Unkynde that ſhe is,
That byndeth me thus,
In ſuch hard payne.

Though ſhe me bynde,
Yet ſhall ſhe not fynde
My pore hart unkynd,
Do what ſhe can;
For I wyll hyr pray,
Whiles I leve a day,
Me to take for aye,
For hyr owne man.

XXXIII.

THE LOVER's EXPOSTULATION.

Written about 1550.

COMPLAYN I may,
And right well ſay,
Love goth aſtray,
And waxeth wilde;
For many a day
Love was my pray,
It wyll alway,
I am begylde.

I have thankles
Spent my ſervyce,
And can purches
No grace at all;
Wherefore doubtleſs,
Such a myſtres,
Dame Pitcles
I may her call.

For ſikerly,
The more that I
On her do try
On me to thinke;
The leſſe mercy
In her fynd I,
Alas I dye,
My hart doth ſynke.

Fortune pardye,
Aſeineth me
Such cruelte,
Wythouten gylt;
Owght not to be,
I twis pitee,
O ſhame to ſee,
A man ſo ſpilt.

That I ſhuld ſpyll
For my good wyll,
I thynke gret ill,
Agaynſt all ryght;
It is more ill,
She ſhuld me kyll,
Whom I love ſtyll,
Wyth all my myght.

But

But to expreſſe
My heavynes,
Syth my ſervyce
Is thus forſake;
All comfortles;
Wyth much dyſtres,
In wyldernes,
I me betake.

And thus adewe,
Deth doth enſewe,
Wythout reſcue,
Her * * * *
I trow a Jew
On me wold rew,
Knowing how trew
That I have bene.

XXXIV.

THE RENUING OF LOVE.

IN going to my naked bedde
As one that would have ſlept,
I heard a wife ſing to her child,
That long before had wept.
She ſighed ſore and ſang full ſweete,
To bring the babe to reſt,
That would not ceaſe but cried ſtill,
In ſucking at her breſt.
She was full wearie of her watch,
And greued with her child,
She rocked it and rated it
Till that on her it ſmilde.
Then did ſhe ſaie, now have I founde
This prouerbe true to proue,
The falling out of faithfull frends,
Renuing is of loue.

Then

Then tooke I paper, penne and ynke
This prouerbe for to write,
In regeſter for to remaine
Of ſuch a worthie wight:
As ſhe proceded thus in ſong
Unto her little bratte,
Muche mattor uttered ſhe of waight
In place whereat ſhe ſatte,
And proued plaine there was no beaſt
Nor creature bearing life,
Could well be knowne to liue in loue,
Without diſcorde and ſtrife:
Then kiſſed ſhee her little babe
And ſware by God aboue,
The falling out of faithfull frends
Renuing is of loue.

She ſaied that neither king ne prince,
Ne lord could liue aright,
Untill their puiſſance they did proue
Their manhode and their might.
When manhode ſhal be matched ſo
That feare can take no place,
Then weatie works makes warriours
Eche other to embrace,
And leaue their forſe that failed them,
Which did conſume the rout,
That might before haue liued their tyme
And their fulle nature out:

Then did ſhe ſyng as one that thought
No man could her reproue,
The falling out of faithfull frendes
Renuing is of loue.

She ſaid ſhe ſawe no fiſhe ne foule,
Nor beaſt within her haunt,
That mett a ſtraunger in their kinde,
But could geue it a taunt;
Since fleſhe might not indure,
But reſt muſt wrathe ſuccede,
And forſe who fight to fall to play,
In paſture where they feede.
So noble nature can well ende
The works ſhe hath begone
And bridle well that will not ceaſe
Her tragedy in ſome;
Thus in her ſonge ſhe oft reherſt,
As did her well behove,
The falling out of faithfull frendes
Renuing is of loue.

I maruaile much pardy quoth ſhe,
For to beholde the route,
To ſee man, woman, boy and beaſt
To toſſe the world about.

Some

Some knele, ſome crouch, ſome beck, ſome check,
And ſome can ſmoothly ſmile,
And ſome embrace others in arme,
And there thinke many a wile.
Some ſtande aloufe at cap and knee,
Some humble and ſome ſtoute,
Yet are they neuer frend indeede
Vntil they once fall out:
Thus ended ſhe her ſong and ſaid
Before ſhe did remoue,
The falling out of faithfull frends
Renuing is of loue.

XXXV.

THE PLEASURES OF LOVE.

I PASS all my hours in a ſhady old grove,
But I live not the day when I ſee not my love;
I ſurvey ev'ry walk now my Phillis is gone,
And ſigh when I think we were there all alone;
O then, 'tis O then, that I think there's no hell
Like loving too well.

But each ſhade and each conſcious bow'r, when I find
Where I once have been happy, and ſhe has been kind;
When I ſee the print left of her ſhape in the green,
And imagin the pleaſure may yet come agen;
O then 'tis I think that no joys are above
The pleaſures of love.

While alone to myſelf I repeat all her charms,
She I love may be lockt in another man's arms,
She may laugh at my cares, and ſo falſe ſhe may be,
To ſay all the kind things ſhe before ſaid to me;
O then, 'tis O then, that I think there's no hell
Like loving too well.

But when I conſider the truth of her heart,
Such an innocent paſſion, ſo kind without art,
I fear I have wrong'd her, and hope ſhe may be
So full of true love to be jealous of me:
And then 'tis I think that no joys are above
The pleaſures of love.

Sonnet

XXXVI.

Sonnet ſung before queen Elizabeth, ſuppoſed to have been written by the earl of Eſſex.

Sir William Segar, in his account of a ſolemn tilt or exerciſe of arms held in the year 1590, before queen Elizabeth, in the Tilt Yard at Weſtminſter, with emblematical repreſentations and muſic, mentions, that Mr. Hale ſung the following ſong. He alſo remarks of Mr. Hale, that he was her majeſty's ſervant, a gentleman in that art excellent, and for his voice both commendable and admirable. — Treatiſe of honour, civil and military, lib. III. cap. 54. And Sir Henry Wotton, in his parallel between the earl of Eſſex and the duke of Buckingham, ſays, that a ſonnet of the earl's was, upon a certain occaſion, ſung before the queen, by one Halle, in whoſe voice ſhe took ſome pleaſure.

MY golden locks time hath to ſiluer turn'd
(O time too ſwift, and ſwiftnes neuer ceaſing)
My youth 'gainſt age, and age at youth hath ſpurn'd.
But ſpurn'd in uaine; youth waineth by encreeſing,
Beauty, ſtrength, youth, are flowers that fading beene,
Duety, faith, loue, are roots and euer greene.

My

My helmet now ſhall make an hiue for bees,
And louers ſongs ſhall turn to holy pſalmes;
A man at armes muſt now ſit on his knees,
And feed on prayers that are old ages almes;
And tho from court to cottage I depart,
My ſaint is ſure of mine unſpotted hart.

And when I ſadly ſit in homely cell,
I'll teach my ſwaines this carrol for a ſong
Bleſt be the hearts that thinke my ſouereigne well,
Curs'd be the ſoules that thinke to doe her wrong.
Goddeſſe, vouchſafe this aged man his right,
To be your beadſman now, that was your knight.

Sonnet

XXXVII.

Sonnet on Elizabeth Markhame.

From a MS. of John Harington, dated 1564.

WHENCE comes my love, O hearte, diſcloſe,
'Twas from cheeks that ſhamed the roſe:
From lips that ſpoyle the rubies prayſe;
From eyes that mock the diamond's blaze.
Whence comes my woe, as freely owne,
Ah me! 'twas from a hearte lyke ſtone.

The bluſhyng cheek ſpeakes modeſt mynde,
The lipps befitting wordes moſte kynde;
The eye does tempte to love's deſyre,
And ſeems to ſay, 'tis Cupid's fire;
Yet all ſo faire, but ſpeake my moane,
Syth noughte dothe ſaye the hearte of ſtone.

Why thus, my love, ſo kynde beſpeake,
Sweet lyppe, ſweet eye, ſweet bluſhynge cheeke,
Yet not a hearte to ſave my paine,
O Venus, take thy giftes again:
Make not ſo faire to cauſe our moane,
Or make a hearte that's lyke our owne.

XXXVIII.

Black Sanctus, or monke's hymn to Saunte Satane.

In a letter from Sir John Harrington to the Lord Treaſurer Burleigh, mention is made of certain old monkiſh rhymes called "The Black Sanctus, or Monke's Hymn to Saunt Satane." The father of Sir John Harrington, who had married a natural daughter of Henry VIII. named Eſther, and was very well ſkilled in muſic, having learned it, as the letter ſays, "in the fellowſhip of good maiſter Tallis, who ſet this hymn to muſic in a canon of three parts," and the author of the letter ſays, "that king Henry was uſed in pleſaunt moode to ſing it." — Nugæ Antiquæ, edit. 1769.

O TU qui dans oracula, ſcindis cotem novacula,
Da noſtra ut tabernacula, lingua canant vernacula,
Opima poſt jentacula, hujuſmodi miracula,
Sit ſemper plenum poculum, habentes plenum loculum,
Tu ſerva nos ut ſpecula, per longa et læta ſæcula,
Ut clerus ut plebecula, nec nocte nec de cula,

Curent

Curent de ulla recula, ſed intuentes ſpecula,
Dura vitemus ſpicula, jacentes cum amicula,
Quæ garrit ut cornicula, ſeu triſtis ſeu ridicula,
Tum porrigamus oſcula, tum colligamus floſcula,
Ornemus ut cœnaculum, et totum habitaculum,
Tum culy poſt ſpiraculum, ſpectemus hoc ſpectaculum.

XXXIX.

Tranſlation of the foregoing.

O THOU who utt'ring myſtic notes,
The whetſtone cut'ſt with razor,
In mother-tongue permit our throats,
Henceforth to ſing and ſay, Sir!

To rich, materſal breakfaſts join
Theſe miracles more funny —
Fill all our cups with laſting wine,
Our bags with laſting money!

To us a guardian tow'r remain,
Through ages long and jolly;
Nor give our houſe a moment's pain,
From thought's intruſive folly!

Ne'er let our eyes for loſſes mourn,
Nor pore on aught but glaſſes;
And ſooth the cares that ſtill return,
By couching with our laſſes;

Who loud as tatling magpies prate,
Alternate laugh and lour;
Then kiſs we round each wanton mate,
And crop each vernal flow'r,

To deck our rooms, and chiefly that
Where ſupper's charms invite!
Then cloſe in chimney-corner ſquat,
To ſee ſo bleſt a ſight!

XL.

The praiſe of wine, by Walter de Mapes, archdeacon of Oxford, of the eleventh century.

Tranſlated by Mr. Derby, of Fordingbridge, Hants.

I'M reſolv'd in a tavern with honour to die:
At my mouth place a full flowing bowl,
That angels, while round me they hover, may cry,
"Peace, O God, peace to this jolly ſoul!"

By toping the mind with freſh vigour is fraught,
The heart, too, ſoars up to the ſkies;
Give me wine that's unmix'd --- not that watery draught
Which the preſident's butler ſupplies.

To each man his gift Nature gives to enjoy;
To pretend to write well is a jeſt
When I'm hungry; I yield, overcome by a boy;
And a faſt like the grave I deteſt.

My verſes all taſte of the wine that I ſtow;
While I'm empty my muſe is unkind;
But, with bumpers enliven'd, how ſweet does ſhe flow!
Fam'd Ovid I leave far behind.

Till my belly's well filled, truths I ne'er can divine;
But when Bacchus preſides in my pate,
The ſtrong impulſe I feel of the great god of rhime,
And wonderful things I relate.

XLI.

THE INDOLENT MAN.

I CANNOT eat,
But lyttyl meat,
My ſtomach ys not good;
But ſure I think
That I can drynke
With any that were a hode.

Though

Though I go bare,
Take ye no care,
I am nothing a cold;
I ſtuff my ſkyn
So full within
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and ſydes go bare,
Both fote and hand go cold,
But belly God ſend thee good ale ynough
Whether it be new or ould.

I love no roſt,
But a nut-brown toſte,
And a crab laid in the fire,
A little bread
Shall do me ſtead,
Much bread I not deſire;
No froſt or ſnow,
No winde I trow
Can hurte me if I wolde,
I am ſo wrapt,
And throwly lapt,
Of joly good ale and old.

Back and ſides go bare, &c.

And Tib my wife,
That as her life,
Loveth well good ale to ſeek,
Full oft drinkes ſhee,
Till ye may ſee
The teares run down her cheeke;
Then doth ſhe trowle
To me the bowle,*
Even as a mault-worm † ſhuld;
And faith ſweet heart
I took my part
Of this joly good ale and old.

Back and ſides go bare, &c.

* TROWLE, or trole the bowl, was a common phraſe in drinking, for paſſing the veſſel about, as appears by the following beginning of an old catch:

Trole trole the bowl to me,
And I will trole the ſame again to thee.

And in this other in Hiltons's collection:

Tom Bouls, Tom Bouls,
See'ſt thou not how merrily this good ale trowles?

† MAULT-WORM is a humourous appellation for a lover of ale or ſtrong drink.

Now

Now let them drink,
Till they nod and wink,
Even as good fellows ſhould do,
They ſhal not miſſe
To have the bliſſe
Good ale doth bring men to:
And all poor ſouls,
That have ſcowred boules,
Or have them luſtely trolde,
God ſave the lives
Of them and their wives,
Whether they be young or old.

Back and ſides go bare, &c.*

* This ſong is to be found in the old comedy of Gammer Gurton's Needle, which was firſt printed in 1551, and is even now well known in many parts of England.

XLII.

THE POOR CHILD.

Tuſſer, the author of The Five Hundred Points of good Huſbandry, and who was born in the reign of Henry VIII. relates, that, being a child, and having been ſent by his father to a muſic ſchool, as was the practice in thoſe times, he was removed to Wallingford college, where he remained till he was ſeized by virtue of one of thoſe placards which at that time were iſſued out to ſundry men, empowering them to impreſs boys for the ſervice of the ſeveral choirs in this kingdom, and that at laſt he had the good fortune to be ſettled at St. Paul's, where he had Redford, a ſkilful muſician, for his maſter. The Poor Child ſeems to have had a hard time of it, as appears by his account in the following ſtanzas. The life of this poor man was a ſeries of misfortune. From Eton he went to Trinity-hall in Cambridge, but ſoon left the Univerſity, and at different times was reſident in various parts of the kingdom, where he was ſucceſſively a muſician, ſchool-maſter, ſerving man, huſbandman, grazier, and poet, but never throve

throve in any of theſe ſeveral vocations. The Five Hundred Points of Huſbandry is written in familiar verſe, and abounds with many curious particulars that beſpeak the manners, the cuſtoms, and modes of living in this country, from the year 1520 to about half a century after, beſides which it diſcovers ſuch a degree of œconomical wiſdom in the author, ſuch a ſedulous attention to the honeſt arts of thriving, ſuch a general love of mankind, ſuch a regard to juſtice, and a reverence for religion, that we not only lament his misfortunes, but wonder at them; and are at a loſs to account for his dying poor who underſtood ſo well the method to become rich. — See Sir John Hawkins's Hiſtory of Muſic, vol. III.

IT came to paſs, that borne I was,
Of linage good and gentle blood,
In Eſſex laier in village faier
that Rivenhall hight:
Which village lide by Banktree ſide,
There ſpend did I mine infancy;
There then my name in honeſt fame
remained in ſight.

I yet but yoong, no ſpeech of tong,
Nor teares withall that often fall
From mothers eies when child out cries
to part her fro;

Could

Could pitty make good father take,
But out I muſt to ſong be thruſt;
Say what I would, do what I could,
his mind was ſo.

O painefull time! for every crime
What tooſed eares, like baited beares!
What bobbed lips, what perkes, what nips,
what helliſh toies!
What robes! how rare! what colledge fare!
What bread how ſtale! What penny ale!
Then Wallingford how wert thou abhor'd
of ſilly boies!

Thence for my voice, I muſt (no choice)
Away of forſe like poſting horſe,
For ſundrie men had placards then
ſuch child to take:
The better breſt, the leſſer reſt *
To ſerve the queere, now there now here;
For time ſo ſpent I may repent,
and ſorrow make.

But

* This expreſſion is worthy of a critical obſervation:

'The better breſt, the leſſer reſt.'

In ſinging, the ſound is originally produced by the action of the lungs; which are ſo eſſential an organ in this reſpect, that

to

But marke the chance, myſelf to vance,
By friendſhip's lot to Paule's I got;
So found I grace a certain ſpace
ſtill to remaine
With Redford * there, the like no where
For cunning ſuch and vertue much,
By whom ſome part of muſicke art
ſo did I gaine.

From Paule's I went, to Eaton ſent
To learn ſtreightwayes the latin phraies,
Where fiftie three ſtripes given to mee
at once I had

to have a good breaſt was formerly a common periphraſis to denote a good ſinger. The Italians make uſe of the terms *voce di petto* and *voce di teſta* to ſignify two kinds of voice, of which the firſt is the beſt. In Shakeſpeare's comedy of Twelfth Night, after the clown is aſked to ſing, Sir Andrew Aguecheek ſays,

'By my troth the fool hath an excellent breaſt.'

And in the ſtatutes of Stoke college in Suffolk, founded by Parker, archbiſhop of Canterbury, is a proviſion in theſe words: 'of which ſaid queriſters, after their breaſts are changed [i. e. 'their voices broke] we will the moſt apt of wit and capacity 'be helpen with, exhibition of forty ſhillings, &c.' — Strype's Life of Parker, page 9.

* John Redford, organiſt and almoner of St. Paul's. See Vol. II. page 526.

For

For fault but ſmall or none at all,
It came to pas thus beat I was;
See Udall * ſee the mercie of thee
to me poore lad.

XLIII.

Poetical chronicle of England, from William the Conqueror to the Revolution in 1688.

By Thomas Mytton, Eſq.

WHEN years one thouſand and threeſcore and ſix
Had paſs'd, ſince Chriſtim Bethlem's manger lay,
Then the ſtern Norman, red from Haſtings' field,
Bruis'd Anglia's realms beneath his iron ſway.

* This Udall was Nicholas Udall, ſtyled by Bayle, 'Elegantiſſimus omnium bonarum literarium magiſter, et earum feliciſſimus interpres;' and that maſter of Eaton ſchool whoſe ſeverity made divers of his ſcholars run away from the ſchool for fear of beating. Roger Aſcham tells the ſtory in the preface to his Scholemaſter; and a ſpecimen of Udall's elegance both in verſe and proſe may be ſeen in the appendix to Aſcham's works in quarto, publiſhed by John Bennet, 1761.

One

One thouſand eighty-ſeven, ſee Rufus king!
That tyrant who, transfix'd by Tyrrel's dart,
(No more to ſpoil and ſcourge the groaning land)
* "Bled in the foreſt like a wounded hart."

When centuries eleven had roll'd away,
Then the Firſt Henry mounted England's throne:
Twice fourteen winters, Cardiff's gloomy tow'rs
Heard his poor eyeleſs captive brother's moan.

When centuries eleven, years thirty-five,
Were gone, the brave uſurper Stephen's hand
The ſceptre ſeiz'd: to keep the glitt'ring prize,
How oft he drench'd in blood th' afflicted land!

When centuries eleven, years fifty-four,
Were gone, came Second Henry, he whoſe ſword
Made the fierce Cambrian tremble, and compell'd
Hibernia's ſavage ſons to call him lord.

With Roſamunda oft, in fragrant bow'rs,
Still by the muſe kept verdant and romance,
He toy'd the ſummer day. — O! † "only weak
"Againſt the charms of beauty's pow'rful glance."

* Pope's Windſor Foreſt, p. 184.

† Milton's Paradiſe Loſt, lib. viii. p. 530.

Years

Years eighty-nine, and centuries elev'n,
Lo! Richard, he who Cœur de Lion hight:
* "Againſt whoſe fury and unmatched force
"The lawleſs lion could not wage the fight."

Since the Redeemer of mankind was born,
Now centuries twice ſix were almoſt gone,
When, to young Arthur due, ſee England's crown
Uſurped by the bluſt'ring daſtard, John!

Perfidious, bloody wretch! the glorious band
Of barons, arm'd in freedom's ſacred cauſe,
Ere long ſhall make thee, baffled tyrant, know,
Britons are only ſubject to the laws.

Th' indignant heroes, preſſing to thy throne,
Shall force thee, burſting with thy ſmother'd rage,
To give the charter of fair liberty.
Dear be their fame to each ſucceeding age!

Twelve hundred years, and ſixteen, then began
Third Henry's feeble minion-guided rule:
A ſoft, irreſolute, good-natur'd prince;
† "Ah! what is mere good-nature but a fool?"

* Shakeſpeare's King John, Act I.

† Armſtrong's Art of preſerving Health, p. 267.

Not

Not ſuch was Edward. — Red with Paynim gore,
The ſun-burnt chief, from Syria's parching ſtrand,
Is, in twelve hundred ſev'nty two call'd home,
To ſway the ſceptre of his native land.

How does a breaſt, black cruelty's abode,
Debaſe the ſage's and the hero's name!
O ruthleſs king! thro' each ſucceeding age,
The vengeful ghoſt of Wallace haunts thy fame.

The Muſes, too, ſhall curſe that jealous rage
Which doom'd to death, in Cambria's fatal day,
Their ſweeteſt ſons: — For ever then were mute
* "High Hoel's harp, and ſoft Llewellyn's lay."

In thirteen hundred ſeven, the fatal crown
Encircled ſecond Edward's youthful head!
Ah me! how Mis'ry ſcowls behind his throne!
Ah me! what fury mounts his bridal bed!

How wept old Berkley's ſtern and flinty tow'rs
To hear, poor king! thy agonizing roar,
While, at thy ſavage conſort's dire command,
The glowing ſteel thy frying entrails tore!

* Gray's Ode II.

O'er thirteen hundred years and twenty ſix,
On rapid pinions, Time has wing'd his way;
Lo! the third Edward reigns.—Ah! too, a thirſt
For martial glory, and extended ſway!

O! think to thy depopulated realms
What ills from this thy falſe ambition flow;
But heroes, whirl'd in Vict'ry's thund'ring car,
Nor hear the widow's cry, nor orphan's woe.

Thy trophies, rear'd on Creſſy's crimſon field,
Calm Reaſon, with undazzled eye, ſurveys:
"Are theſe the monuments of Edward's fame?"
She cries, "which havock and injuſtice raiſe?"

Soft Pity weeps while Hiſtory relates
How ſoon the envy'd monarch's joys are fled;
War, ever wont to wreath his brow with bays,
Now rends thoſe honours from his hoary head.

Death tears his dear Philippa from his arms;
Low in his grave the ſable warrior lies:
Oppreſs'd with care and grief, himſelf expires,
No friend to ſooth his woes, or cloſe his eyes!

In thirteen hundred ſeventy-ſeven the throne
Receives the ſable chief's degen'rate boy:
His people's rights, which he had ſworn to guard,
The perjur'd traitor labour'd to deſtroy.

But vain the labour, —and for ever vain
May Britiſh valour make each black deſign
To ſhackle freedom, in th'infernal plot
With impious kings tho' * venal ſenates join;

Tho' venal judges † ſtrive to render law
The pliant ſlave of a deſpotic lord;
Tho' venal armies ‡ page the tyrant's heels,
And round his pomp terrific flames the ſword.

§ What now avails the feaſt that wont to roar
With laughter? What the blaze of rich attire?
The jocund dance, and Muſic's melting voice,
And mirth that ſaw the lamps of night expire?

* Richard had a parliament as ready as any of more modern times to ſacrifice the liberties of the people to the crown.

† At the opening of the parliament which met in September, 1397, the lord chancellor made a ſpeech, in which he told the members, that kings were maſters of the law. See Guthrie's Hiſtory of England. — The judges were prevailed upon to declare, that the king was above the laws. See Rapin. His chief juſtice every body has heard of.

‡ He modelled his guards, ſo that he thought them fit for every purpoſe of blood and barbarity. Guthrie.

§ He was exceſſively fond of theſe triſling amuſements of pomp, pageantry, and all the tawdry externals of royalty.

Drag'd from his throne, in Pomfret's darkſome tow'rs,
Immur'd, he groan'd the heavy hours away,
Till, freed from all his woes, at Exton's feet,
A breathleſs corſe the murder'd monarch lay.

In thirteen hundred ninety-nine the crown
From Richard wreſted, the fourth Henry wore;
Soon Civil Diſcord calls, "the dogs of war"
From hell, to riot on Britannia's ſhore.

In fourteen hundred thirteen, graceful, young,
Brave, learn'd, and poliſh'd, the fifth Harry reigns:
But ah! what grim attendants! Sword and fire
Ere long to rage on weeping Gallia's plains.

See War, tremendous fiend! gives to his hand
The weapon forg'd by fate to deal the blow,
That ſoon, on Agincourt's enſanguin'd field,
*"Shall lay Alanzon's haughty helmet low."

Not ſuch the train that erſt with Harry trod
The flow'ry verge of Iſis gentle tide,
When, for the ſtudent's gown, he deign'd a while
To throw the purple robes of ſtate aſide.

* Warton's poem on the king's marriage.

Attendant

Attendant ever on his ſtudious walks
Was Contemplation, tranquil matron, there;
The peaceful Muſes, with their ſilver lyres,
And Science, with high converſe, charm'd his ear.

In fourteen hundred twenty-two, behold
Britannia's crown become an infant's toy:
'Tis the ſixth Harry's — How the man ſhall rue
The fatal ſplendors that delight the boy!

Thou know'ſt not, gentle babe! that, from thy birth,
Miſhap and Sorrow mark'd thee for their own;
Doom'd, at capricious Warwick's lordly will,
To pine in dungeons, or to fill a throne.

How long ſhall Civil Diſcord, loos'd from hell,
Lead Fire and Slaughter o'er thy wide domain,
Bid kindred hoſts deal mutual deaths, and lie
† "Mixt in inceſtuous murders" o'er the plain!

In fourteen hundred ſixty one, the throne
Fourth Edward mounts, and feaſts his brutal eye
On ſcaffolds crimſon with Lancaſtrian gore;
And makes the regal dome ‡ "a ſenſual ſtye."

† Armſtrong's Art of preſerving Health, book III.

‡ Milton's Comus.

Could not fifth Edward's "childhood innocence",
His life, alas! from bloody Richard ſave?
The year that ſaw him mount Britannia's throne,
Saw Murder hide him in th' untimely grave.

In fourteen hundred eighty-three, what fiend
Miſhapen, hideous, meets the ſtartled eye?
'Tis the third Richard, drunk with human gore:
* Dogs bay the monſter as he paſſes by.

In fourteen hundred eighty-five the crown
He won on Boſworth's bloody plain, behold
On the ſeventh Henry's head. —Demure, ſevere,
† "Proud, dark, ſuſpicious, brooding o'er his gold."

Fierce with his pow'r, and ‡ frolick of his prime,
Dreadful and gay, in fifteen hundred nine,
The youthful lion, the eighth Harry comes,
And boaſts his high deſcent from either § line.

* Dogs bark at me as I halt by them. — Shakeſpeare's Richard the Third.

† Thompſon's Liberty, book IV.

‡ — ripe, and frolick of his full-grown age. Milton's Comus.

§ The lines of York and Lancaſter.

That

That Gothic church by ſuperſtition rear'd,
In whoſe dark cells, in hideous durance bound,
Lay groaning Reaſon, dauntleſs he aſſail'd,
And tore the maſſy fabrick to the ground.

Rome heard the fall aſtounded. — Britons now
Deride her thunders. — May the lateſt age
Hear Britons glory in the great event,
And hail * "the brutal tyrant's uſeful rage!"

Array'd in ev'ry bluſhing charm of youth,
Who comes in fifteen hundred forty ſev'n?
'Tis the ſixth Edward, virtuous, learned, mild,
Ah! only ſhewn, † then ſnatch'd away to heav'n.

‡ "Th' inaudible and noiſeleſs foot of Time"
O'er fifteen hundred centuries had ran,
And ſummers fifty-three. — Fell Mary then,
A fury ſure! her direful reign began.

The fury calls, — and from the central gloom
Of hell the demon Perſecution hies;
Quick o'er the realms his iron whips reſound,
His fetters rattle, and his flames ariſe.

* Thomſon's Summer.

† Oſtendunt terris hunc tantum fata. Virgil.

‡ Shakeſpeare.

O God! o'er all the wide-extended earth
Make, make ſuch bigot-race for ever ceaſe!
Let Truth exulting call the Chriſtian world,
The gentle houſhold of the "Prince of peace."

Who comes in fifteen hundred fifty-eight,
Begirt with ſages, and with heroes round?
'Tis great Eliza.— Raptur'd Fame her praiſe
Shall to the ears of dying Time reſound.

From the dread luſtre of her piercing eye
See fraudful Pop'ry ſhrinks diſmay'd away!
While Arts and Learning, and celeſtial Truth
Burſt on the nation, in a flood of day.

On proud Iberia's fleets her vengeful arm
Thunder, and terror, and deſtruction hurl'd:*
And dauntleſs Drake, immortal hero, bore
Her awful name around the trembling world.

Not ſuch her heir.—In ſixteen hundred three
Comes Scottiſh James, extinct the Tudor line;
Hark! how vile Flatt'ry ſooths his pedant ears
With "ſapient king!" and "king by right divine!"

* The deſtruction of the Spaniſh armada.

In

In action feeble, in the wordy war
Content is he his prowess to display:
"Content to teach the subject-herd how great,
How sacred he! how despicable they!"*

Was ev'ry other act forgot that gives
To detestation and contempt thy name,
Yet know, that Raleigh's murder, wretched king!
Alone would † "damn thee to eternal fame."

In sixteen hundred twenty-five, see Charles
With haughty step ascends Britannia's throne;
Beset by flatt'ring priests, to teach mankind
‡ "Th' enormous faith of many made for one."

As if our father God, who ever joys
To see his creatures happy, he who gave
To man a front and mind sublime, were pleas'd
To see him some proud tyrant's trembling slave!

As if the social state, and civil plan
Could be by either God or man design'd,
For what? — to wait the nod, and swell the pomp
§ Of one, and oft the vilest of mankind!

* Thomson's liberty, book IV.

† Pope. ‡ Pope.

§ As if for one, and sometimes for the worst,
Heav'n had mankind in vengeance only made.—Thomson's Liberty.

Such

Such weak and impious doctrines reaſon ſcorns,
Religion damns. — May Britons ever be
Both learn'd to know, and dauntleſs to aſſert
* The right divine that man has to be free!

And ſuch were Britons, of this nobleſt gift
Of heav'n, when Charles, with ſacrilegious hand,
Aſſay'd to ſpoil them, and her iron chain
Bid ſlav'ry ſhake inſulting o'er the land.

Stung by oppreſſion into rage, to arms
The nations ruſh. — How fall the brave and good!
O Charles! not all the powers of Eaſtern kings
Is worth an Hampden's, or a Falkland's blood.

Curs'd Flatt'ry's work! — "Charles, had thy regal frown
Forbade that Syren audience," Candor cries,
"Peace o'er thy throne had ſpread her wings, and thee
Had wafted from thy pillow to the ſkies."

That worthleſs ſenſualiſt, the ſecond Charles
In ſixteen hundred forty-nine, behold!
To God and man ingrate; † "a penſion'd king,
Againſt his country brib'd by Gallic gold."

* It may be demonſtrated, from the attributes of God, that man has a divine right to liberty.

† Thomſon's Liberty, book IV.

Amidſt

Amidſt acclaiming monks, the ſecond James,
In ſixteen hundred eighty-five, the throne
Aſcends, while Popʼry on her bigot ſon
Show'rs bleſſings, and accounts his realms her own.

And ſo he vow'd they ſhou'd be,—and he vow'd,
(Warn'd by his father's tragic fate, in vain,
How perilous th' attempt) with feeble arm,
To bind on Freedom's martial limbs the chain.

Mad, mad with tyrant pride, the ſacred code
Of law he daſhes furious to the ground:
Freed from its high controul, ſee Jeff'ries rage,
Fierce o'er the land, and ſpread his murders round!

But hark! — what ſudden peals of joy? —
Th' invited fleet, in all the glorious pride
Of war, approaches, and triumphant bears
Immortal Naſſau o'er the briny tide.

To reſcue nations from a tyrant's fang,
To heal their wounds, and lenient bid them riſe
In more than wonted vigour, godlike work!
The hero comes. — The daſtard tyrant flies:

And

And with him fly the ſhades of papal night,*
(Ne'er may they ſadden Britiſh ſkies again!)
And ſtern Oppreſſion, with his iron arm,
And Slav'ry, howling with her broken chain.

XLIV.

An excellent ballad of the mercer's ſon of Midhurſt, and the cloathier's daughter of Guilford.

To the tune of Dainty come to me.

THERE was a wealthy man,
In Suſſex he did dwell,
A mercer by his trade,
As many yet can tell:
He had a youthful ſon,
Whom fancy did ſo move,
He cried night and day,
Alack, I die for love.

* Milton's Paradiſe Loſt, book IV.

Alack I die for love,
Beauty diſdaineth me,
The cloathier's daughter dear
Works my calamity:
She hath my heart in hold,
That did moſt cruel prove,
Thus cried he night and day,
Alack, I die for love.

Alack, I die for love,
Fortune ſo ſore doth frown,
The jewel of my heart
Dwelleth in Guilford town:
There lives the lamp of life,
For whom this pain I prove,
Fair Phillis pitty me,
Alack, I die for love.

Alack, I die for love,
And can no comfort find,
The cloathier's daughter dear,
Beareth too high a mind:
Sweet beuties paragon,
Fair Venus ſilver dove,
Fair Phillis pitty me,
Alack, I die for love.

Alack I die for love,
  Whilſt thou doſt laugh and ſmile,
Let not thy pleaſure be
  True love for to beguile:
My life lies in your hand,
  Then as it doth behove,
Slay not the mercer's ſon,
  Alack, I die for love.

If that my beauty bright
  Doth grieve thy heart (quoth ſhe)
Then let the mercer's ſon
  Turn ſtill his face from me;
I do no man diſdain,
  Nor can I cruel prove,
My heart muſt ſtill ſay nay
  Where my heart cannot love.

Where my heart cannot love,
  Lovers all muſt I ſhun,
The cloathier's daughter thus
  Anſwered the mercer's ſon;
I bear no lofty mind,
  Yet pitty cannot move
My mind to fancy him,
  Where my heart cannot love.

Where my heart cannot love,
I muſt his love deny,
Although I laugh and ſmile,
Yet falſhood I deſie:
Thou art too fond a man
Life danger thus to prove,
I'll not wed, good friend John,
Where my heart cannot love.

What good can there befall,
To that new married wife,
Where goods and wealth is ſmall,
Want cauſeth deadly ſtrife:
But where wealth is at will,
Experience oft doth prove,
Though love at firſt is ſmall,
Yet goods increaſeth love.

Yet goods increaſeth love,
And I will never wed,
But where the key of gold
Opens the door to bed:
For ſhe may merry be,
What chance ſoever hap,
Where bags of money comes
Tumbling within her lap.

Tumbling within her lap,
  Whilſt ſhe her gold doth tell,
With ſuch a huſband, ſir,
  I do delight to dwell:
Were he young, were he old,
  Deform'd or fair in ſhow,
My pleaſure ſtill ſhould be,
  Where pleaſure ſtill doth flow.

Where pleaſure ſtill doth flow,
  Is that your mind (quoth he)
My father will beſtow
  As much as comes to thee:
Hadſt thou five hundred pound,
  Five hundred more beſide,
My father will beſtow,
  If thou wilt be my bride.

If thou wilt be my bride,
  Thus much I underſtand;
My father will give me
  His houſe and eke his land:
So while that he doth live,
  With us he may remain,
What ſays my heart's delight,
  Is this a bargain plain?

This

This is a bargain plain,
(Quoth ſhe) I am content,
So he perform this thing
I give thee my conſent,
And I will merry be,
My mind ſhall not remove,
Thou ſhalt be my ſweet-heart,
I'll be thy own true love.

I'll be thy own true love,
Then make no more delay,
I greatly long to ſee
Our marriage happy day.
To Midhurſt in all haſte
Goeth the mercer's ſon,
He told his father dear,
His true love he had won.

The old man hearing this,
Conveyed out of hand,
Aſſurance to his ſon,
Of all his houſe and land,
When he had done this deed,
He wept moſt bitterly,
Saying, my deareſt ſon,
Thou muſt be good to me;

Well worth two hundred pounds
This morning was I known,
But the cloaths of my back
Now nothing is my own:
And all this I have done
Dear ſon, to pleaſure thee,
Think on thy father's love,
And deal thou well with me.

Dear father, (quoth the ſon)
If I do not do ſo,
God pour upon my head,
Hot vengeance, grief and woe.
The young man wedded was
To his fair lovely bride,
But wondrous grief and woe
Therefore there did betide.

As after you ſhall hear,
In the old man's complaint,
A tale of greater grief
Cannot your heart attaint.
A warning by this thing
All men may underſtand,
Leſt they do come to live
Under their children's hand.

A moſt

XLV.

A moſt notable example of an ungracious ſon, who in pride of his heart denyed his own father, and how God for his offence turned his meat to loathſome toads.

To the tune of Lord Derby.

IN ſearching famous chronicles,
It was my chance to read,
A worthy ſtory ſtrange and true,
Whereto I took good heed:
Betwixt a father and a ſon,
This rare example ſtands,
Which well may move the hardeſt heart
To weep and wring their hands.

A farmer in the country liv'd,
Whoſe ſubſtance did excel,
He ſent, therefore, his eldeſt ſon,
In Paris for to dwell.
Where he became a merchant man,
And traffick great he uſed,
So that he was exceeding rich,
Till he himſelf abuſed:

For having now the world at will,
His mind was fully bent
To gaming, wine, and wantonneſs,
Till all his goods were ſpent:
Yet through exceſſive ſioutneſs,
By him was ſhewed forth,
That he was three times more in debt,
Than all his wealth was worth.

At length his credit was quite crackt,
And he in priſon caſt,
And every man againſt him then
Did ſet his action faſt:
Then he lay lockt in irons ſtrong,
For ever and for aye,
Unable while his life did laſt,
This grievous debt to pay.

And living in this woful caſe,
His eyes with tears he ſpent,
The lewdneſs of his former life
Too late he did repent:
And being void of all relief,
Of help and comfort quite,
Unto his father at the laſt,
He thus began to write:

Bow down awhile your heedful ear,
My loving father dear,
And grant, I pray, in gracious ſort,
My piteous plaint to hear;
Forgive the foul offences all
Of your unworthy ſon;
Which, through the lewdneſs of his life,
Hath now himſelf undone:

O my good father, take remorſe,
On this my extream need,
And ſuccour his diſtreſſed caſe,
Whoſe heart for woe doth bleed:
In direful dungeon here I lye,
My feet in fetters faſt,
Where my moſt cruel creditors
In priſon have me caſt.

Let pitty, therefore, pierce your breaſt,
And mercy move your mind,
And to relieve my miſery,
Some ſhift, dear father, find:
My chiefeſt chear is bread full brown,
The boards my ſofteſt bed,
And flinty ſtones my pillows ſerve,
To reſt my troubled head.

My garments are all worn to rags,
My body ſtarves with cold,
And creeping vermin eat my fleſh,
Moſt grievous to behold:
Dear father, come therefore with ſpeed,
And rid me out of thrall,
And let me not in priſon dye,
Sith for your help I call.

The good old man no ſooner had
Perus'd this written ſcroul,
But trickling tears along his cheeks
Moſt plenteouſly did rowl;
Alas my ſon, my ſon, quoth he,
In whom I joyed moſt,
Thou ſhalt not long in priſon lye,
Whatever it may coſt.

Two hundred head of well-fed beaſt,
He changed into gold,
Four hundred quarters of good corn,
For ſilver eke he ſold:
But all the ſame could not ſuffice,
This hainous fact to pay,
Till at the laſt conſtrained was,
To ſell his land away.

Then

Then was his ſon releaſed quite,
His debt diſcharged clean,
And he as like and well to live,
As he before had been:
Then, when his loving father dear,
Who, for to help his ſon,
Had ſold his living quite away,
And eke himſelf undone:

So that he lived poor and bare,
And in ſuch extream need,
That many times he wanted food,
His hungry corps to feed.
His ſon, mean time, in wealth did grow,
Whoſe ſubſtance now was ſuch,
That ſure within the city then,
Few men were found ſo rich.

But as his goods did ſtill increaſe,
And riches it did ſlide,
So more and more his hardened heart
Did ſwell in hateful pride.
It fell out upon a time,
When ten years woe was paſt,
Unto his ſon he did repair,
For ſome relief at laſt.

And being come unto his houſe,
In very poor array;
It chanced ſo that with his ſon
Great ſtore ſhould dine that day.
The poor old man with hat in hand,
Did then the porter pray,
To ſhew his ſon, that at the gate
His father there did ſtay.

Whereat this proud diſdainful wretch,
With taunting ſpeeches ſaid,
That long ago his father's bones
Within the grave was laid:
What raſcal, then, is this? quoth he,
That ſtaineth thus my ſtate,
I charge thee, porter, preſently,
To drive him from my gate.

Which anſwer when the old man heard,
He was in mind diſmay'd,
He wept, he wail'd, and wrung his hands,
And thus at length he ſaid:
O curſed wretch, and moſt unkind,
And worker of my woe,
Thou monſter of humanity,
And eke thy father's foe.

Have I been careful of thy caſe,
Maintaining ſtill thy ſtate,
And doſt thou now moſt doggedly
Enforce me from thy gate?
And have I wrong'd thy brethren all,
From thrall to ſet thee free,
And brought myſelf to beggar's ſtate,
And all to ſuccour thee!

Woe worth the time that firſt of all
Thy body I eſpy'd,
Which hath, in hardneſs of thy heart,
Thy father's face deny'd.
But now behold, how God that time
Did ſhew a wonder great,
Then, when his ſon and all his friends
Were ſitting down at meat:

For when the faireſt pye was cut,
A ſtrange and dreadful caſe,
Moſt ugly toads came crawling out,
And leaped in his face:
Then did this wretch his fault confeſs,
And for his father ſent,
And for his great ingratitude,
Full ſore he did repent.

All

All vertuous children, learn by this,
Obedient hearts to ſhew,
And honour ſtill your parents dear,
For God commanded ſo.
And think how he did turn his meat
To poyſonous toads indeed,
Which did his father's face deny,
Becauſe he ſtood in need.

XLVI.

HENRY AND CATHERINE.

Mr. Biſhop has publiſhed an excellent Latin tr lation of this ballad. — Vide Feriæ Poeticæ, ſive C mina Anglicana, Elegiaci plerumque Argumenti Latin reddita a Sam. Biſhop. Quarto edit. Lond. 1766.

IN antiente times in Britain's iſle
Lord Henrie was well knowne;
No knight was in his day more fam'd,
Nor more deſerv'd renowne;
His thoughts on honoure always ranne;
He never bow'd to love;
No ladie in the lande had charmes,
His frozen heart to move.

Midſt all the nymphs where Catherine wente,
The faireſt face ſhe ſhowes;
She was as brighte as morning ſunne;
And ſweet as any roſe.
Altho' ſhe was of lowe degree,
She ſtill did conqueſtes gaine;
For ſcarce a youth who her beheldе,
Eſcap'd her pow'rfulle chaine:

But ſoone her eys their luſtre loſt,
Her checkes grew pale and wan;
For pininge ſeiz'd her beauteous face,
And every grace was gone:
This ſickneſſe was to all unknowne;
Thus did the fair one waſte
Her time in ſighs, and floodes of tears,
Or broken ſlumbers paſte.

Once in a dreame ſhe called aloude,
"O! Henry! I'me undone!
"O cruel fate! O helpleſſe maide!
"My love can ne'er be knowne.
"But 'tis the' fate of woman kinde
"The truth we muſt conceale;
"I'll die ten thouſande thouſande deathes,
"Ere I my love reveale."

A tender

A tender friend who watch'd the fair,
To Henrie hied away;
"My lorde, ſhe cries, we've found the cauſe
"Of Catherine's quicke decay.
"She in a dreame the ſecret tolde,
"Till now no mortal knew;
"Alas! ſhe now expiring lies,
"And dies for love of you."

The gentle Henrie's ſoul was ſtrucke,
His hearte began to flame:
"O! poor unhappy maid," he cried!
"Yet am I not to blame.
"O! Catherine! too, too modeſt maid;
"Thy love I never knewe,
"I'll eaſe thy paine." — As ſwifte as winde,
To her bedſide he fiewe.

"Awake, he cried, thou lovely maid,
"Awake, awake, my dear!
"If I had only gueſt thy love,
"Thou hadſt not ſhedde a tear.
"'Tis Henrie calls; deſpair no more;
"Renew thy wonted charmes:
"I'm come to call thee back from deathe,
"And take thee to my arms."

That

That word reviv'd the lifeleſſe maide,
She rais'd her drooping head,
And ſmiling on her long-lov'd lorde,
She ſtarted from the bed;
Her armes about his neck ſhe flung,
In extacy ſhe cried,
"Will you be kind? Will you indeede?
"Oh! love!" —— And ſo ſhe died.

XLVII.

THE MAD SHEPHERDESS.

The following ballad was originally ſung in a play called the Rivals, by Mrs. Davis, which King Charles the Second hearing, he was ſo pleaſed, that he took her off the ſtage, and had a daughter by her, who was named Mary Tudor, and was married to Francis Lord Radcliffe, afterwards Earl of Derwentwater.

MY lodging it is on the cold ground,
and very hard is my fare;
But that which troubles me moſt is
the unkindneſs of my dear;
Yet ſtill I cry, O turn love,
and I prethee love turn to me,
For thou art the man that I long for,
and alack what remedy

I'll

I'll crown thee with a garland of ſtraw then,
and I'll marry thee with a ruſh ring,
My frozen hopes ſhall thaw then,
and merrily we will ſing;
O turn to me my dear love,
And I prethee love turn to me,
For thou art the man that alone canſt
procure my liberty.

But if thou wilt harden thy heart ſtill,
and be deaf to my pittyful moan,
Then I muſt endure the ſmart ſtill,
and tumble in ſtraw all alone;
Yet ſtill I cry, O turn love,
and I prethee love turn to me,
For thou art the man that alone art
the cauſe of my miſery.

Celadon

XLVIII.

CELADON AND LYDIA.

By Mrs. Robinſon.

SECLUDED from the world's ignoble ſtrife,
By ſtorms unruffled, and unknown to care,
Fair Lydia paſs'd a ſolitary life,
Stranger to poverty and ſad deſpair.

One noiſeleſs tenor of ſerene repoſe
Her boſom own'd, from pain and trouble free;
She never ſought ambition's gilded woes,
Content to follow nature's ſoft decree.

Foe to deceit — truth only was her guide,
From virtue's laws ſhe never learnt to rove;
Each ſhepherd's wonder, and the village pride,
No ſwain beheld her and forbore to love.

Her

Her form was freſher than the new-blown flow'r,
No borrow'd artifice her charms conceal'd,
Unconſcious of her beauty's matchleſs power,
She knew no wiſh that might not be reveal'd.

Young Celadon, the pride of ****** plain,
Whoſe untaught boſom ſcorn'd deceit or art,
For blooming Lydia own'd a faithful flame,
And prov'd the feelings of a gen'rous heart.

Each ſhar'd the grief or joy the other prov'd,
Their hearts were one; their wiſhes were the ſame;
In calm ſerenity they meekly mov'd,
Nor barter'd ſweet content for glitt'ring fame.

But fate, unfriendly to their matchleſs truth,
With envious eye beheld their ſoft repoſe,
Repell'd the tranſports of their early youth,
And plung'd them in a ſea of endleſs woes.

By the green margin of a neighb'ring wood,
Adorn'd on every ſide with verdant fields,
Near their kind cot a ſtately manſion ſtood,
Replete with every gem that nature yields.

Its fair inhabitant, whoſe bounteous hand,
Thro' the wide country largely ſpread her fame,
Whoſe virtues echoed thro' the diſtant land,
And every voice proclaim'd Celinda's name.

Each ſhepherd ſtrove the wealthy maid to pleaſe,
With all that art or nature could invent;
Thoughtleſs that gold could never purchaſe eaſe,
Or gay magnificence inſure content.

Ambition Celadon's ſoft boſom fires,
He pants for luxury and all its woes;
No longer meek humility admires,
But Lydia's artleſs love, and peace foregoes.

To pleaſe Celinda now he tunes his lays,
And weaves the garland of ambroſial flowers;
At her fair ſhrine he conſtant tribute pays,
To her alone devotes the fleeting hours.

But who can paint the pangs in Lydia's breaſt,
Where every racking conflict was combin'd;
Her tender boſom was no more at reſt,
And melancholy prey'd upon her mind.

No more ſhe cheriſhes ſleep's balmy hour,
No more ſhe feels the joy of ſoft repoſe;
She breathes her anguiſh in the roſeate bower,
And to the murmuring ſtream reveals her woes.

Oft by the moon's pale luſtre was ſhe ſeen,
In penſive mood upon the dewy lawn,
Or wand'ring lonely in the midnight ſcene,
Or proſtrate low beneath the ſilver thorn.

Pale was her cheek, — once like the roſe's hue;
Her eyes no more could boaſt their wonted pow'r;
The trickling tear ſat like the pearly dew,
When op'ning morn reveals the May-born flow'r.

But Celadon, unmindful of her pain,
Unmindful of that form he once ador'd,
With calm indifference heard her complain,
Nor would one tender pitying ſigh afford.

Till by the ſilver moon's pale trembling light,
She ſought a neighbouring current's limpid tide;
When all was wrapt in ſolitary night,
And cheering hope her golden ray deny'd.

All penſive on the margin as ſhe ſtood,
Contending paſſions tear her woe-fraught breaſt;
With tearful eye ſhe gazes on the flood,
With longing eagerneſs ſhe pants for reſt.

Forewel, ſhe cry'd, — Farewel, ungrateful youth,
Thy plighted conſtancy, and form divine;
I ſoon ſhall quit thy broken vows of truth,
And all thy once-lov'd beauties now reſign.

May all thy moments glide in ſoft repoſe,
And may each hour ſome new-born pleaſures prove;
Unmindful of ſad Lydia's poignant woes,
Unmindful of her fond, her artleſs love.

And may Celinda ever keep that heart
Which I ſo dearly priz'd. Ah, luckleſs maid!
And may ſhe never feel that killing ſmart,
Which rends the breaſt by broken vows betray'd.

The love-taught notes ſweet echo ſoon conveys,
To an adjacent hermit's lonely cell,
Where heav'n-born peace her conſtant tribute pays,
And ſolitude ſerene delights to dwell.

The aged ſire directs his weary feet
To the dark ſpot where hopeleſs Lydia ſtood;
And bids her follow to his calm retreat,
Secure retirement for the juſt and good.

There, hid obſcure, a few long tedious days,
She bid the world and all its cares adieu;
At length, by grief oppreſs'd, ſhe gladſy pays
That awful tribute which to nature's due.

Hard by his cell he laid her faded form,
And bath'd the turf with many a tender tear;
Renew'd the pious taſk each op'ning morn,
And deck'd with faireſt flow'rs her ſable bier.

But heav'n, for ever to the injur'd juſt,
To Celadon reveal'd its mighty pow'r;
Humbled his boſom to its native duſt,
And ſhorten'd luxury's uncertain hour.

Chill penury, and yellow pining care,
Blaſted his hopes in one ill-fated day;
Reduc'd him to a ſtate of black deſpair,
And baniſh'd from his breaſt hope's cheering ray.

For when Celinda heard the ſwains relate,
In mournful ſtrains and ſighs of heart-felt grief,
Of Lydia's conſtant love, and hapleſs fate,
Her generous confidence, and fond belief,

No more, ſhe cry'd, ſhall Celadon receive
One partial glance from theſe deluded eyes;
For the hard wretch deſerves not e'en to live,
Who to diſtreſs the pitying tear denies.

In the receſſes of a cavern deep,
Clad in a pious hermit's ſable veſt,
Thither he liv'd, in ſolitude to weep,
And breathe the anguiſh of his tortur'd breaſt.

Of late he wander'd from his dreary cave,
In the lone moments of departing day:
And o'er his once-lov'd Lydia's ruſtic grave,
In mournful numbers ſigh'd his ſoul away.

Remember that benevolence is due,
E'en to the meaneſt animal that lives;
Heav'n's ſure to recompenſe the gen'rous few,
Who to the wretched mild compaſſion gives.

Till

Till the warm ſtream which animates my heart
Shall ſtop its current, and forbear to flow.
Teach me, ye pow'rs, ſoft pity to impart,
And ſooth the tumults of oppreſſed woe.

XLIX.

CADWALLO AND ELMIRA.*

THE thorn, ſtill ſpringing with the flow'r,
Is ſeen in blytheſt May;
And oft, too oft, a gloomy hour
O'ercaſts the brighteſt day.

Sweet was Elmira, peerleſs maid!
As op'ning ſpring that blows;
And on her cheek were bright diſplay'd
The lily and the roſe.

* Printed in the year 1774, in the name of Dr. Goldſmith, but probably not written by him.

Of mighty chiefs, of noble race,
Full many a love had ſhe;
But, till ſhe view'd Cadwallo's face,
Her virgin heart was free.

Faireſt of all the Saxon train,
The nymphs Elmira crown'd;
And firſt of Britain's valiant ſtrain
Was fam'd Cadwallo found.

'Twas in a ſad and luckleſs hour
That dire contention roſe,
And call'd to arms the Britiſh pow'r,
And made the Saxons foes.

With ſteely ſquadrons ſhining bright,
While Medway's ſhore appears,
Cadwallo thro' the ſhades of night
His lov'd Elmira bears.

When as a cruel hoſtile band
Their bootleſs flight purſu'd;
Reſign'd to heav'ns almighty hand,
They plung'd into the flood.

The billows roſe, the winds blew high,
And chang'd its peaceful form;
While hover'd o'er with diſmal cry,
The ſpirit of the ſtorm.

Far

Far off the elemental ſtrife
The weak Elmira bore:
And caſt Cadwallo, loathing life,
Upon the naked ſhore.

The Britons theſe afford relief,
But ſooth the youth in vain;
A prey to heart-corroding grief,
He quits the friendly train.

Nor arms amongſt the martial hoſt,
The mourning chieftain bears;
But ſighing for Elmira loſt,
To gloomy ſhades repairs.

No hermit of the lonely cell
From lofty thoughts more free,
Nor ſaints with ſolitude who dwell,
Were more recluſe than he.

And oft times by the bubbling brook
Contemplative he lay,
And por'd upon ſome ancient book,
Or ſigh'd the hours away.

Now twice ſix times her blunted horns
The waning moon renew'd,
And the glad earth the ſweet returns
Of varying ſeaſons view'd.

When, as at noon, the ſun blaz'd high,
Cloſe ſtanding by his ſide,
With penſive air, and down-caſt eye,
A comely youth he ſpy'd.

And though he wont from human face
To fly with wild amaze,
Charm'd with ſome ſtrange and unknown grace,
He ſtopp'd a while to gaze.

"What mak'ſt thou here, O youth," he ſaid,
"Where ſorrow ſeeks repoſe?
"Art thou by faithleſs friends betray'd,
"Or fly'ſt from foreign foes?

"Or for ſome maid with love and truth,
"Say, doſt thou ſigh in vain?"
While thus he ſpoke, the fainting youth
Sunk proſtrate on the plain.

His needful aid he haſtes to give,
And opes the tighten'd veſt;
When Zephyr bade the fair revive,
Elmira roſe confeſt.

'Twas ſhe! in more than wonted charms,
By rip'ning Time array'd,
And ſinking in his circling arms,
Cadwallo claſps the maid.

Sav'd from the ſtorm by cruel friends,
Foes to the man ſhe lov'd,
Her courſe thro' circling guards ſhe bends,
And thus her faith approv'd.

To-day ſhe ſtands in man's attire,
Faſt by Cadwallo's ſide;
To-morrow, with a lover's fire,
He claſps his blooming bride.

L.

THE PROPHECY OF QUEEN EMMA.

Said to be written by Mr. Mickle, the very ingenious tranſlator of the Luſiad, author of Almada Hill, an excellent poem, &c. &c.

O'ER the hills of Cheviot beaming,
Roſe the ſilver dawn of May;
Hoſtile ſpears and helmets gleaming,
Swell'd along the mountains gray.

Edwin's

Edwin's warlike horn reſounded
Thro' the winding dales below,
And the echoing hills rebounded
The defiance of the foe.

O'er the downs like torrents pouring,
Edwin's horſemen ruſh'd along;
From the hills like tempeſts louring,
Slowly march'd ſtern Edgar's throng.

Spear to ſpear was now portended,
And the yew bows half were drawn,
When the female ſcream aſcended,
Shrilling o'er the crouded lawn.

While her virgins round her weeping,
Wav'd aloft their ſnowy hands,
From the wood queen Emma ſhrieking,
Ran between the dreadful bands.

Oh, my ſons, what rage infernal
Bids you graſp th' unhallow'd ſpear;
Heav'n deteſts the war fraternal;
Oh, the impious ſtrife forbear!

Ah, how mild and ſweetly tender
Flow'd your peaceful early days!
Each was then of each defender,
Each of each the pride and praiſe.

O my firſt-born Edwin, ſoften,
Nor invade thy brother's right;
O, my Edgar, think how often
Edwin dar'd for thee the fight.

Edgar, ſhall thy impious fury
Dare thy guardian to the field!
O, my ſons, let peace allure ye;
Thy ſtern claims, O Edwin, yield.

Hah, what ſight of horror waving,
Sullen Edgar, clouds thy rear!
Bring'ſt thou Denmark's banners, braving
Thy inſulted brother's ſpear?

Ah, bethink how thro' thy regions
Midnight horror fearful howl'd;
When, like wolves, the Daniſh legions
Thro' thy trembling foreſts prowl'd.

When, unable of reſiſtance,
Denmark's lance thy boſom gor'd ——
And ſhall Edwin's brave aſſiſtance
Be repaid with Denmark's ſword!

With that ſword ſhalt thou aſſail him,
From whoſe point he ſet thee free,
While his warlike ſinews fail him,
Weak with loſs of blood for thee!

Oh, my Edwin, timely hearken,
And thy ſtern reſolves forbear!
Shall revenge thy councils darken,
Oh, my Edgar, drop the ſpear!

Wiſdom tells, and Juſtice offers,
How each wound may yet be balm'd:
O, revere theſe holy proffers,
Let the ſtorms of hell be calm'd.

Oh, my ſons — But all her ſorrows
Fir'd their impious rage the more:
From the bow-ſtrings ſprung the arrows;
Soon the valleys reekt with gore.

Shrieking wild, with horror ſhivering,
Fled the queen all ſtain'd with blood,
In her purpled boſom quivering,
Deep a feather'd arrow ſtood.

Up the mountain ſhe aſcended,
Fierce as mounts the flame in air;
And her hands, to heav'n extended,
Scatter'd her uprooted hair.

Ah, my ſons, how impious, cover'd
With each other's blood, ſhe cried:
While the eagles round her hover'd,
And wild ſcream for ſcream replied —

From

From that blood around you ſtreaming,
Turn, my ſons, your vengeful eyes;
See what horrors o'er you ſtreaming,
Muſter round th' offended ſkies.

See what burning ſpears portended,
Couch'd by fire-ey'd ſpectres glare,
Circling round you both, ſuſpended
On the trembling threads of air!

O'er you both Heav'n's lightning vollies,
Wither'd is your ſtrength ev'n now;
Idly weeping o'er your follies,
Soon your heads ſhall lowly bow.

Soon the Dane, the Scot, and Norman
O'er your dales ſhall havoc pour,
Every hold and city ſtorming,
Every herd and field devour.

Ha, what ſignal new ariſing
Thro' the dreadful group prevails!
'Tis the hand of Juſtice poiſing
High aloft th' eternal ſcales.

Loaded with thy baſe alliance,
Rage and rancour all extreme,
Faith and honour's foul defiance,
Thine, O Edgar, kicks the beam!

Opening

Opening mild and blue, reverſing
O'er thy brother's waſted hills,
See the murky clouds diſperſing,
And the fertile ſhow'r diſtils.

But o'er thy devoted valleys
Blacker ſpreads the angry ſky;
Thro' the gloom pale lightning ſallies,
Diſtant thunders groan and die.

O'er thy proudeſt caſtles waving,
Fed by hell and magic pow'r,
Denmark tow'rs on high her raven,
Hatch'd in Freedom's mortal hour.

"Curſed be the day deteſted,
"Curſed be the fraud profound,
"When on Denmark's ſpear we reſted,"
Thro' thy ſtreets ſhall loud reſound.

To thy brother ſad imploring,
Now I ſee thee turn thine eyes —
Hah, in ſettled darkneſs louring,
Now no more the viſions riſe!

But thy ranc'rous ſoul deſcending
To thy ſons from age to age,
Province then from province rending,
War on war ſhall bleed and rage.

This thy freedom proudly boaſted,
Hapleſs Edgar, loud ſhe cried ——
With her wounds and woes exhauſted,
Down on earth ſhe ſunk and died.

LI.

THE DEATH OF EARL OSWALD,

FAR ſhelter'd in a woody vale,
Cloſe by a babbling flood,
For heav'nly contemplation meet,
A lonely cottage ſtood.

Brave Oſwald, Scotia's warlike lord,
Unvanquiſh'd in defeat,
From all the horrid pomp of war
There whilom ſought retreat.

Not love of philoſophic lore
Reſtrain'd the hero's rage;
Nor yet on want, or ſecret dread,
Or impotential age.

'Twas

'Twas Lydia's matchleſs charms that found
With paſſion meek to move
His breaſt, which dar'd full well to fight,
Yet knew as well to love.

Such beauteous bloom as crowns the May
When vernal mornings break,
Suffuſing ſpread its orient bluſh,
To tinge her damaſk cheek.

Long had the neighb'ring hamlets rung
With praiſes of the fair;
Her charms had fill'd each ſwain with love,
Each maiden with deſpair.

Earl Oſwald long had caught each tale,
The love-lorn lover he;
At length in admiration vow'd
The lovely maid to ſee.

The maid, in whom the Graces vied,
The lily and the roſe;
And from whoſe mind benignly bright
Shone forth ſerene repoſe.

Leaving the ſoldier's rugged life,
He ſecret ſought the vale;
Where center'd all his future views
Of happineſs or wail.

Let not th' impetuous warrior ſpurn,
Or deem the earl to blame;
The hope that makes their fury blaze,
Gave ardour to his flame.

His pilgrim feet with weary tread
Now reach'd the long-ſought place;
Where, in a ſhepherd's friendly guiſe,
He veil'd his royal race.

Tending his flock with ceaſeleſs care,
Beneath th'umbrageous grove;
By kindly acts he often found
To recommend his love.

His kindly acts beſpoke him well,
To pleaſe the gentle maid;
Who in a virgin's ſoul-fraught ſigh
His manly warmth repaid.

But ſure a virgin's ſighs too dear,
When bliſs in love was woe;
Too dear th' extatic joy is bought,
When fortune proves a foe.

As to th' accuſtom'd place they roam'd,
All on a fatal day,
Northumbria's troops, a warlike band,
Swift came a croſſing way.

With ſavage rage they ſtrove to tear
The maiden from his breaſt;
His warlike arm thrice forc'd the band,
He ſunk in endleſs reſt.

She ſcream'd aloud — the damps of death
Quick mantling o'er her cheek;
I come, my long-lov'd friend, I come,
Nor more could ever ſpeak.

LII.

Elfrida and Sir James of Perth.

WHERE Scone diſplays its moſs-crown'd tow'rs,
That riſe in ſolemn pride;
Where Tay in many a winding maze,
Conducts his limpid tide,

There liv'd a valiant hardy knight,
A knight of mickle fame,
The braveſt of the northern chiefs,
Sir James of Perth his name.

Scarce

Scarce twenty years had pour'd their bloom
Upon his youthful face;
His perſon was full meet to view,
Adorn'd with ev'ry grace.

Whene'er he led his dauntleſs clan,
Some rebel to confound,
His glitt'ring blade mow'd down whole ranks,
And dealt deſtruction round.

Each vallant chief, and wealthy laird
To gain his friendſhip ſtrove;
Each tyrant trembled at his name,
Except that tyrant Love.

For long he woo'd a tender laſs,
Elfrida of the vale,
An equal flame the laſs betray'd,
And heard his am'rous tale.

A piercing glance her eyes did ſhoot,
And ev'ry heart engroſs;
Full many a lover hopeleſs ſigh'd,
And eke Sir John of Roſs.

His mind by ſordid av'rice rul'd,
No virtue e'er confeſs'd,
Whilſt ev'ry vice that blackens man,
Reign'd lawleſs in his breaſt.

Oft did Sir John his paſſion urge,
But fix'd the maid remain'd;
For Perth ſhe kept her maiden vow,
And plighted troth maintain'd.

Fir'd with diſdain his boſom glow'd,
His eyes with choler bright
Darted revenge: his ſoul employ'd
To ſlay the rival knight.

Elfrida's page, by money lur'd,
Her ſecrets to unfold,
In haſte repair'd to John of Roſs,
And joyful tidings told.

"That young Elfrida, longing maid,
Appoints to meet her love,
When night begins to hold her ſway,
And ſplendid ſtars to rove.

Where yonder tuft of fir-trees riſe,
And lord it in the air,
Sir James of Perth with many a vow,
Expects his blooming fair."

"And will they meet (then Roſs abrupt)
This meeting is their laſt;
If by my ſword Perth doth not bleed,
May heav'n my body blaſt."

Ten

Ten of his hardy clan he choſe,
Then plac'd them in the ſhade;
And he himſelf with purpoſe vile,
In ſecret ambuſh laid.

'Twas night: each whiſpring breeze was huſh'd,
The moon in argent robe,
Diffuſing glory on her throne,
Illum'd the glowing globe.

Around the vaſt etherial lamp,
Unnumber'd luſtres ſhine;
The planets, tides of glory, blaz'd,
And ſtamp'd the hand divine.

When lo! the wiſh'd-for chief advanc'd,
Elate with joy his mind,
His ſoul in tender thoughts diſſolv'd,
And all to love reſign'd.

Impatient of delay, Sir John
Ruſh'd forward from the ſhade;
"Yield to our arms, thou dog of Perth,
Renounce the peerleſs maid."

Swift from the ſheath out flew the ſword,
That glitter'd at his ſide,
"Perdition ſeize me if I do,"
The knight of Perth reply'd.

"I know thy voice, Sir John of Roſs,
And you my wondrous might,
When in the van at Flodden-field,
I dar'd the bleeding fight.

Now hand to hand let's here engage,
My ſingle arm to thine,
Or I ſhall own thy hardy force,
Or thou ſhalt bow to mine.

Think not, Elfrida, I'll reſign
Or tamely yield the prize,
Vaniſh the thought; for while I breathe,
I'll live but in her eyes."

Struck with his ſpeech, the knight of Roſs
His temper'd falchion drew;
To aid their laird againſt the youth,
Sprung forth his ſervile crew.

But valiant Perth, by rage inſpir'd,
His blows with fury dealt,
Till three, the braveſt of his foes,
The deadly weapon felt.

Two more unluckly gallant wights
With crimſon dy'd his ſword;
But ſtill he ſcorn'd ignoble blood,
And thirſted for their lord.

Whilſt

Whilſt valour, dancing on his blade,
United force defy'd,
Behind him vilely ſtepp'd Sir John,
And pierc'd him in the ſide.

Fir'd with the baſe unmanly deed,
Tho' rack'd with deadly pain,
The youth attack'd the chief of Roſs,
And ſtretch'd him on the plain.

The purple gore ruſh'd out apace,
And Roſs extended fell;
His men, by favour of the night,
Eſcap'd the hoſtile ſteel.

The victor, faint with loſs of blood,
His knees no more ſuſtain;
He dimly eyes the varied light,
Then ſinks upon the plain.

Now arm'd with ſmiles Elfrida parts,
To meet her inmoſt ſoul,
Her paſſions burn, her tender flames
With rapid fury roll.

The ſcene of death at length ſhe reach'd,
And trembled at the view,
She ſhudder'd at the ſtreams of blood,
And pale with horror grew.

Too ſoon ſhe kenn'd the diſmal news,
Too ſoon perceiv'd the fray;
Her ſoul with inward horror bled,
And all diſſolv'd away.

Each lifeleſs corps ſhe duly ſcann'd,
At each ſhe ſorely ſigh'd;
At laſt ſhe ſaw Sir James of Perth,
And Roſs adorn'd his ſide.

"One parting look, ere veil'd in clouds
You fill the arms of Death;
Your lov'd, once-lov'd Elfrida calls;
Regard her ſuppliant breath."

The well-known voice awak'd the chief,
Juſt wing'd for endleſs night;
The ſound he heard with dawning glee,
And breath'd with new delight.

He op'd his eyes, which faintly ſhone,
And ſigh'd; he could no more:
Whilſt fair Elfrida beat her breaſt,
And plaited garments tore.

Her diſmal plaints, from woods and caves,
And hills and rocks rebound,
Whilſt Perth, the loſt, lamented Perth,
All nature's works reſound.

Baring her boſom, white as ſnow,
Elyſium heav'd confeſt,
Then ſnatch'd his ſword, yet warm with gore,
And plung'd it in her breaſt.

"And is it thus!" with many a tear,
Exclaim'd the fair divine;
"Not death ſhall tear thee from my arms:
Sir James, I will be thine."

Thus fell Elfrida, faireſt flow'r
That nature e'er brought forth;
Thus fell the Wallace of the age,
The brave Sir James of Perth.

LIII.

Hume and Murray, or fair Roſaline's eſcape.

STOUT Hume, he dwelt in fair Scotland,
A worthy wight was he;
Whene'er he rais'd his burniſh'd brand,
He caus'd his foes to flee.

And yet he was in prime of youth,
Of years ſcant twenty-five;
In deeds of war, to ſay the truth,
He fear'd no man alive.

Of years ſcant twenty-five was he,
And comely was his face;
His yellow locks, in ringlets free,
Hung down his neck with grace.

Blue

Blue were his eyes, and ſtreams of fire,
When angry, from them came;
Not ſo when urg'd by ſoft deſire,
He woo'd the yielding dame.

His cheeks were red, for health was there,
And taught the blood to flow;
His limbs were ſtrong, yet light as air
He chac'd the bounding roe.

Stout Hume to youthful Murray ſaid,
My ſoul is ſick with love;
I'm vanquiſh'd by an Engliſh maid;
Thy faith I mean to prove.

Oft haſt thou told me, truſt my aid,
In any bold emprize;
Quoth Murray, what he once hath ſaid,
Accurs'd be who denies!

The word which once I promis'd have,
I ſtill will keep to death:
Thou ſhalt not frown upon my grave;
I'm thine while I have breath.

Then ſaddle ſtraight thy dapple ſteed,
And take thy bow in hand;
While I, to ſerve in time of need,
Gird on my truſty band.

And let us ſtraight to Langley's haſte,
A churliſh knight, and bold;
Fair Roſaline, his daughter chaſte,
Is ſhe I long t'enfold.

He is a knight of Percy's train;
And when a hoſtage there,
I ſtrove fair Roſaline to gain,
But he refus'd my pray'r.

O Roſaline! how paſſing fair,
How beautiful art thou!
Like cluſt'ring bloſſoms waves thy hair
Upon the ſummer bough.

Thy forehead mocks the mountain ſnow,
Thy lips the ſcarlet thread;
Thy cheeks, where blooming roſes grow,
Is Cupid's fragrant bed.

In her ſweet eyes his form he ſhrouds,
And whets his darts of war;
Her eyebrows are the heav'nly clouds
Whence breaks the morning ſtar.

Her teeth the iv'ry laugh to ſcorn,
Her neck the chryſtal clear,
Thro' which, in azure channels borne,
The ſtreams of life appear.

The

The down of whiteſt ſwans 'twere ſhame
To ſay her breaſt exceeds;
Its ſwelling orbs the tender flame
Of love and virtue feeds.

Why ſit we here, quoth Murray, then,
And ſpend our time in words?
Let us together call our men,
And bid them take their ſwords.

Nay, Murray, nay, but thou and I
Muſt do this deed alone;
Let us, brave Murray anſwered, fly,
The deed it ſhall be done.

Each mounted then his dapple ſteed,
They left the Scottiſh ſtrand;
Thro' Langley's wood they now proceed,
In fair Northumberland.

They reach'd the gate at morning tide,
The gate of Langley place;
When thro' a window Roſaline ſpy'd
Her ſtately lover's pace.

What light diſpels the morning gloom!
'Tis ſhe! my love! 'tis ſhe!
Then to the ditch-ſide haſted Hume,
And lowly bent his knee.

With

With ſpeed ſhe thro' the window paſt,
And lit upon the ground;
While Hume he croſs'd the ditch with haſte,
He did not ſtay to ſound.

He bore her down the bank ſo ſteep,
He wanted not a guide;
He croſs'd the ditch, both wide and deep,
And landed on t'other ſide.

They ſpurr'd their dapple ſteeds along,
Their ſteeds out-ſtrip'd the wind;
And ſoon was Langley's caſtle ſtrong
Full many a mile behind.

Langley awake! the porter cries,
Your daughter is fled away;
She is fled with Hume; ariſe! ariſe!
Purſue without delay!

Then Langley call'd his four bold ſons,
As bold as bold could be;
They ſpur each ſteed, which ſwiftly runs,
And ſcours acroſs the lee.

They ſpur their ſteeds with mickle might,
Till on a riſing hill,
They ſee the lovers full in ſight,
Yet onward prick they ſtill:

They ſee the lovers ford the Tweed,
To whom thus Murray kind,
Fly on, my friends, with treble ſpeed,
While I remain behind.

Nay, Heav'n forefend! brave Hume reply'd,
That thou alone ſhould'ſt ſtand,
I'll fix my feet thy feet beſide,
And meet yon hoſtile band.

Fly on, fly on, bold Murray cries,
For know, unleſs I dream,
Unleſs my bow-ſtring fail, or eyes,
Not one ſhall croſs the ſtream.

O, ſpare my father's valu'd life,
Quoth Roſaline, with a ſigh;
O, ſpare my breth'ren in the ſtrife —
Quoth Murray, none ſhall die.

The lovers fled—His bow he drew,
And twang'd with utmoſt force,
The arrow from th' elaſtic yew
Strait kill'd the foremoſt horſe.

Again he ſhot, nor miſs'd his aim,
Another horſe fell dead;
Three more fell flound'ring in the ſtream,
And then bold Murray fled.

He join'd the lovers in their flight,
The happy deed he told;
Her cheeks warm bluſhes render bright,
Which fear before made cold.

Bluſhes of joy her cheeks adorn,
Which Hume with rapture ſaw;
The prieſt was called that bleſſed morn,
And ſanction'd love with law.

But Langley and his ſons with ſhame,
From out the water riſe;
On foot, and ſlower than he came,
To Percy now he hies.

A boon, earl Percy, I requeſt!
What boon, ſaid Percy, then?
That all in glitt'ring armour dreſt,
Invade the Scottiſh men.

For Hume, that thief, hath ſtole my child,
My pleaſure and my pride;
He bore her thro' the marſhes wild,
With Murray by his ſide.

Who, as we croſs'd the Tweed, took aim,
Moſt like a traitor Scot,
And all our horſes in the ſtream
With his ſharp arrows ſhot.

God's

God's blood! quoth Percy, wicked Cain!
To ſteal thy Roſaline!
Hath Hume thy bonny daughter ta'en?
I would he had taken mine!

For tho' my foe, I love him well,
And prize his martial fire;
Langley, in ſooth I ſhall not mell,
Would he could call me fire!

LIV.

Love and grief, or the death of the Sutherlands.

The following ballad is founded on fact, and contains the very affecting ſtory of William Earl of Sutherland, and his counteſs. His lordſhip was the twenty-firſt earl of Sutherland, and, betaking himſelf to a military life, was promoted to be a captain of foot. In the year 1750 *he ſucceeded his father in title and eſtate, and in* 1759, *when Britain was threatened with an invaſion from France, he propoſed to the miniſtry to raiſe a regiment of his own vaſſals and followers, which was readily accepted of, and his lordſhip appointed lieutenant-colonel commandant. He compleated his regiment in leſs than two months, which continued in the ſervice till the peace was concluded. He was elected one of the ſixteen Scotch peers to the Britiſh parliament, in the room of the Marquis of Tweedale, deceaſed, in March* 1763. *His Lordſhip married in April,* 1761, *Miſs Mary Maxwell, eldeſt*

eldeſt daugher of William Maxwell, of Reſton, Eſq. and having, in 1765, *loſt an only ſon, they endeavoured to diſpel their grief by a journey to Buth. They had been there a few weeks only, when the earl was taken ill of a violent fever, during which time the counteſs devoted herſelf ſo entirely to the care of her lord, that it is aſſerted ſhe attended him for twenty-one days and nights without ever leaving him or going to bed; and the apprehenſion of his danger ſo affected her ſpirits and appetite, that her ſtomach refuſed all ſuſtenance, and ſhe died, perfectly worn out with fatigue and watching, the beginning of June,* 1766, *and his lordſhip a few days after. This moſt amiable pair were an honour to nobility; their conjugal love was even proverbial. It appeared, from the inſcriptions on their coffins, that the earl was only* 31, *the counteſs* 26.

FROM Caledonia's diſtant bounds,
Beyond the Murray firth,
Where Scottiſh men, with warlike ſounds
Join dance, and ſong, and mirth.

There came the lord of Sutherland,
A youth tall, fair, and free;
His race was aye a gallant band,
A gallant youth was he.

He lov'd his king, his country lov'd;
A truſty blade he bore
To ſmite their foes; by fear unmov'd;
Their foes him dreaded ſore.

Yet gentle was he, too, and kind,
As kindeſt friend might be;
For ſtill in braveſt ſouls, we find,
Dwells ſweet humanity.

A youth ſo brave, a youth ſo mild,
What lady would not love?
Where'er he came, whene'er he ſmil'd,
In vain the fair ones ſtrove

To quench the ſoft, but dang'rous flame
That in their boſoms glow'd;
The kindling bluſh that went and came
The ſecret flame ſtill ſhow'd.

Amid the reſt, a lovely maid,
Maria hight was ſeen;
Lovely her looks, her manners ſtaid,
But moſt her mind, I ween,

Did take who ſaw, meek was that mind
As meekeſt infant's ſmiles;
And wiſe as age, nor yet inclind
To cunning that beguiles.

Nor art nor cunning needed ſhe,
Her ſoul was fill'd with grace;
Sincerely good, and nobly free,
Her ſoul beam'd in her face.

In deſtin'd hour young Sutherland
Beheld the beauteous maid;
Her beauty could his youth withſtand,
Such beauty ſo array'd?

Ah, no! her charms, by Virtue dreſt,
Did ſeize the hero's heart;
He lov'd, he courted, he was bleſt —
Death only could them part: —

Nor that long time! — Liſt to my tale,
A tale of love and woe;
If pity in your breaſt prevail,
Liſt, and a tear beſtow.

Midſt all that worth and wealth combin'd,
Which friends and fame confer,
Of pleaſure on the feeling mind,
Did live this happy pair.

Their happineſs to crown, kind Heav'n
Two pretty babes did lend;
Lent was the bleſſing, not ſo giv'n,
But for it Heav'n might ſend.

And

And ſend Heav'n did, ere long, for part
The eldeſt was recall'd;
Both parents ſorely rue'd the ſmart,
The ſmart them both appall'd.

Now firſt appall'd, our warrior brave
Sunk down in deep diſmay;
And oft he view'd his darling's grave,
His darling torn away.

Till heavy thoughts revolv'd too oft,
Oppreſs'd the ſprings of life;
His ſtrength decay'd, his ſoul was ſoft,
It bow'd beneath the ſtrife.

His friends to flee the ſcene of grief
Their prudent counſel gave;
(From objects new we meet relief)
All ſought the youth to ſave.

Bath's balmy waters gently ſtream'd,
Their genial aid to give;
Each joy-inſpiring naiad ſeem'd
To bid the warrior live.

Nathleſs the lurking ſickneſs gains
Faſt on his weaken'd frame;
Till grown more bold, encreaſing pains
Reveal'd the fever's flame.

Full thirty days and and thirty nights
Maria tends his bed,
To her what are the world's delights,
While there her lord is laid?

To lull his anguiſh, calm his mind,
And hand the healing doſe,
Was all her care: For this ſhe pin'd;
For this ſhe loſt repoſe.

At length her pious care prevail'd,
To quell the fierce diſeaſe ——
Might he but live, whate'er elſe fail'd,
She reck'd not; pain would pleaſe. ——

Ah me! what tidings do I hear?
" She ſickens, faints, and dies:
" Outworn with watching, grief, and fear,
" She falls a ſacrifice."

Huſh! hide the woeful chance, look gay,
And cloſeſt ſilence keep;
Or ſmiling, ſpite of ſorrow, ſay,
" The lady is aſleep."

Say ſo next day, try ev'ry art ——
But ev'ry art is vain:
Prolong'd ſuſpenſe, the wiſhing heart
Refuſeth to ſuſtain.

" Where is Maria dear," he cries,
" My charmer, where is ſhe,
" Whoſe looks were wont to chear my eyes?
" Why doth ſhe fly from me?

" Go, bring her; ſay, poor Sutherland,
" Bereav'd of her, muſt die:
" Make haſte — why do ye ſpeechleſs ſtand?
" What means that ſudden ſigh?

" Alas! alas! Maria's gone;
" I will not here abide;
" We cannot part; we ſtill are one" ——
He ſaid, then groan'd, and died.

THE END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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Isaac Taylor del. et sculp.

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And Strength & Nature made Amends for Art.
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M.DCC LXXXIV.

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A COLLECTION OF OLD BALLADS.

I.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET; a legendary Tale.

By Mr. Hull.

The duty of a patient ſubmiſſion to the deſtinations of Providence in all viciſſitudes and afflictions of life, are ſtrongly inculcated in the following tale. The author has added a few notes to prove the actual exiſtence of ſuch a perſon as Richard Plantagenet, and the chief event of his life to have been inconteſtably certain.

" THE work is done, the ſtructure is complete---
" Long may this produce of my humble toil
" Un-injur'd ſtand, and echo long repeat,
" Round the dear walls, benevolence and Moyle!"*

So

* Sir Thomas Moyle, poſſeſſor of Eaſtwell-Place, in the county of Kent, in the year 1546, gave Richard Plantagenet (who for many

So Richard ſpake, as he ſurvey'd
The dwelling he had rais'd;
And, in the fullneſs of his heart,
His gen'rous patron prais'd.

Him Moyle o'erheard, whoſe wand'ring ſtep
Chance guided had that way;
The workman's mien he ey'd intent,
Then earneſt thus did ſay:

"My mind, I ſee, miſgave me not,
"My doubtings now are clear,
"Thou oughteſt not, in poor attire,
"Have dwelt a menial here.

"To drudgery, and ſervile toil,
"Thou couldſt not be decreed
"By birth and blood, but thereto wrought
"By hard o'er-ruling need.

"Is it not ſo? That crimſon glow,
"That flushes o'er thy cheek,
"And down-caſt eye, true anſwer give,
"And thy tongue need not ſpeak.

years had been his chief bricklayer) a piece of ground, and permiſſion to build himſelf a houſe thereon. The poem opens juſt when Richard is ſuppoſed to have finiſhed this taſk. Eaſtwell-Place hath ſince been in the poſſeſſion of the earls of Winchelſea.

"Oft

" Oft have I mark'd thee, when unſeen
" Thou thought'ſt thyſelf by all,
" What time the workman from his taſk
" The ev'ning bell did call;

" Haſt thou not ſhunn'd thy untaught mates,
" And to ſome ſecret nook,
" With drooping gait, and muſing eye,
" Thy lonely ſtep betook?

" There hath not thy attention dwelt
" Upon the letter'd page,
" Loſt, as it ſeem'd to all beſide,
" Like ſome ſequeſter'd ſage?

" And wouldſt thou not, with eager haſte,
" The precious volume hide,
" If ſudden ſome intruder's eye
" Thy muſings hath deſcried?

" Oft have I deem'd thou couldſt explore
" The Greek and Roman page,
" And oft have yearn'd to view the theme,
" That did thy hours engage.

" But ſorrow, greedy, grudging, coy,
" Eſteems of mighty price
" Its treaſur'd cares, and to the world
" The ſcantieſt ſhare denies;

" All as the miſer's heaped hoards,
" To him alone confin'd,
" They ſerve, at once, to ſoothe and pain
" The wretched owner's mind.

" Me had capricious fortune doom'd
" Thine equal in degree,
" Long, long ere now, I had deſir'd
" To know thine hiſtory;

" But who their worldly honours wear
" With meekneſs chaſte and due,
" Decline to aſk, leſt the requeſt
" Should bear commandment's hue.

" Yet now thy tongue hath ſpoke aloud
" Thy grateful piety,
" No longer be thy ſtory kept
" In painful ſecrecy.

" Give me to know thy dawn of life;
" Unfold, with ſimple truth,
" Not to thy maſter, but thy friend,
" The promiſe of thy youth.

" Now fate in life, 'tis time I ween,
" To give thy labours o'er;
" Thy well-worn implements lay by,
" And drudge and toil no more.

" Here

" Here ſhalt thou find a quiet reſt,
" For all thy days to come,
" And every comfort, that may ſerve
" T'endear thy humble home.

" Haſt thou a wiſh, a hope to frame,
" Beyond this neat abode?
" Is there a good, a higher bliſs,
" By me may be beſtow'd?

" Is there within thine aged breaſt
" The ſmalleſt aching void?
" Give me to know thy longings all,
" And ſee them all ſupply'd.

" All I entreat, in lieu, is this,
" Unfold, with ſimple truth,
" Not to thy maſter, but thy friend,
" The promiſe of thy youth."

So gen'rous Moyle intent beſpake
The long-enduring man*,
Who rais'd, at length, his drooping head,
And, ſighing, thus began.

* The time of Richard's ſervice at Eaſtwell-Place was near ſixty years.

Richard Plantagenet reciteth his Tale.

HARD taſk to any, but thyſelf, to tell
The ſtory of my birth and treach'rous fate,
Or paint the tumults in my breaſt that ſwell,
At recollection of my infant ſtate.

Oft have I labour'd to forget my birth,
And check'd remembrance, when, in cruel wiſe,
From time's abyſs ſhe would the tale draw forth,
And place my former ſelf before my eyes.

Yet I complain not, tho' I feel anew,
All as I ſpeak, fell fortune's bitter ſpite,
Who once ſet affluence, grandeur, in my view,
Then churliſh ſnatch'd them from my cheated ſight.

And yet it may be---is---nay, muſt be beſt,
Whate'er heav'n's righteous laws for man ordain;
Weak man! who lets one ſigh invade his breaſt,
For earthly grandeur, fugitive as vain!

Perchance contentment had not been my mate,
If in exalted life my feet had trod,
Or my hands borne, in tranſitory ſtate,
The victor's truncheon, or the ruler's rod.

My

My courſe, perchance, had been one dazzling glare
Of ſplendid pride, and I in vain had ſought
The quiet comforts of this humble ſphere,
Reſt undiſturb'd, and reaſon's tranquil thought.

But whither roam I? O! forgive, my kind,
My honour'd lord, this undeſign'd delay,
Forgive, while in my new-awaken'd mind
A thouſand vague ideas fondly play..

Enough!--they're flown--and now my tongue prepares,
Thou ſource of every good by me poſſeſt,
To pour a tale into thy wond'ring ears,
Full * three-ſcore years cloſe lock'd within my breaſt.

Of thoſe care-woven, long-protracted years,
Some ſixteen ſummers paſs'd obſcurely on,
A ſtranger to the world, its hopes, and fears,
My name, birth, fortunes, to myſelf unknown.

Plac'd in a rural, ſoft, ſerene retreat,
With a deep-learn'd divine I held abode,
Who ſought, by pious laws and conduct meet,
The way to immortality and God.

* At the time of this relation, Richard is ſuppoſed to be nigh fourſcore years of age; but he did not become acquainted with his own ſtory, till he was near twenty; probably, in his ſixteenth or ſeventeenth year.

By him inſtructed, I attain'd the ſweet,
The precious bleſſings that from learning flow;
He fann'd in my young breaſt the genial heat,
That bids th' expanding mind with ardour glow.

He taught me with delighted eye to trace
The comely beauties of the Mantuan page,
Enraptur'd mix with Tully's poliſh'd grace,
Or catch the flame of Homer's martial rage.

Nor ſtopt he there, preceptor excellent,
Nor deem'd that wiſdom lay in books alone,
But would explain what moral virtue meant,
And bid us make our neighbour's woes our own,

Heav'n's genuine pity gliſt'ning in his eyes,
The ſweets of charity he would inſtill,
And teach what bleſſedneſs of comfort lies
In univerſal mercy and good-will,

So taught this pious man, ſo thought, ſo did,
Squaring his actions to his tenets true;
His counſel or relief to none deny'd,
A gen'ral good, like heav'n's all-chearing dew!

Thus guided, thus inform'd, thus practice-drawn,
In guileleſs peace my ſpring of life was ſpent,
My leiſure hours I ſported o'er the lawn,
Nor knew what reſtleſs care or ſorrow meant.

A cour-

A courteous ſtranger, ever and anon,
My kind inſtructor's due reward ſupply'd;
But ſtill my name, my birth, alike unknown,
Wrapt in the gloom of ſecrecy lay hid.

One autumn-morn (the time I well recall)
That ſtranger drew me from my ſoft retreat,
And led my footſteps to a lofty hall,
Where ſtate and ſplendor ſeem'd to hold their ſeat.

Thro' a long range of ſpacious gilded rooms
Dubious I paſs'd, admiring as I went,
On the rich-woven labours of the looms,
The ſculptur'd arch, or painted roof intent.

My guide, at length, withdrew; wrapt in ſuſpenſe
And fear I ſtood, yet knew not what I fear'd;
When ſtrait to my apall'd, aſtounded ſenſe
A man of noble port and mien appear'd.

His form commanded, and his viſage aw'd,
My ſpirit ſunk as he advanced nigh,
With ſtately ſtep along the floor he trod,
Fix'd on my face his penetrating eye.

The dancing plumage o'er his front wav'd high,
Thick-ſtudded ribs of gold adorn'd his veſt,
In ſplendid folds his purple robe did ply,
And royal emblems glitter'd on his breaſt.

I ſought to bend me, but my limbs refus'd
Their wonted office, motionleſs and chill;
Yet ſomewhat, as the figure I perus'd,
A dubious joy did in my mind inſtill.

While thus I cow'r'd beneath his piercing eye,
He ſaw, and ſtrove to mitigate my fear,
Soft'ning the frown of harſh auſterity
In his bold brow, which nature grafted there.

With ſpeeches kind he cheer'd my ſinking heart,
Queſtion'd me much, and ſtroak'd my drooping head;
Yet his whole mind he ſeem'd not to impart,
His looks implied more than his ſpeeches ſaid.

A broider'd purſe, which weighty ſeem'd with gold,
He gave me then, and kindly preſs'd my hand;
And thus awhile did ſtay me in his hold,
And on my face did meditating ſtand.

His ſoul work'd hugely, and his boſom ſwell'd,
As though ſome mighty thing he yearn'd to ſay,
But (with indignant pride the thought repell'd)
He ſtarted, frown'd, and ſnatch'd himſelf away.

My guide return'd, and re-conducted me
Tow'rd the abode of my preceptor kind;
A man he ſeem'd of carriage mild and free,
To whom I thought I might unload my mind.

Without

Without reſerve I told him all that paſs'd,
Striving, by mine, his confidence to gain;
Then my enquiries frank before him caſt,
Hoping ſome knowledge of myſelf t' attain.

I aſk'd what wond'rous cauſe, yet undiſcry'd,
Urg'd him his time and zeal for me t' employ;
And why that man of dignity and pride
Had deign'd his notice to a ſtranger-boy.

Confus'd, yet undiſpleas'd, my guide appear'd,
Nought he divulg'd (tho' much he ſeem'd to know),
Save this, which he with earneſt look averr'd,
"No obligation, youth, to me you owe;

"I do but what my place and duty bid,
"With me no kindred-drops of blood you ſhare,
"Yet (hard to tell!) your birth muſt ſtill be hid;
"Enquire no farther—honour bids, forbear."

Thus he reprov'd, yet did it with a look,
As tho' he pitied my ſenſations keen;
Patient I bow'd me to his mild rebuke,
And pledg'd obedience, with ſubmiſſive mien.

He left me at my tutor's ſoft abode,
And parting bleſs'd me by the holy croſs;
My heart wax'd ſad, as he re-trac'd the road,
And ſeem'd to have ſuſtain'd ſome mighty loſs.

But

But ſoon tumultuous thoughts began give way,
Lull'd by the voice of my preceptor ſage;
Unquiet boſoms he could well allay,
His looks could ſoften, and his words aſſuage.

Unruly care from him was far remov'd,
Grief's wildeſt murmurs at his breath would ceaſe;
O! in his blameleſs life how well he prov'd
The houſe of goodneſs is the houſe of peace!

Here I again enjoy'd my ſweet repoſe,
And taught my heart, with pious wiſdom fill'd,
No more with anxious throb to ſeek diſcloſe
What ſtubborn fate had doom'd to lie conceal'd.

But long theſe fond deluſions did not laſt,
Some ſterner pow'r my riſing life controul'd,
My viſionary hopes too ſwiftly paſt,
And left my proſpects, dreary, dark, and cold.

When rugged March o'er-rules the growing year,
Have we not ſeen the morn, with treach'rous ray,
Shine out awhile, then inſtant diſappear,
And leave to damp and gloom the future day?

So dawn'd my fate, and ſo deceiv'd my heart,
Nor wean'd me from my hopes, but cruel tore;
In one unlook'd-for moment, bade me part
From all my comforts, to return no more.

My

My guide once more arriv'd, tho', as of late,
Of ſoft deportment he appear'd not now,
But wild impatience flutter'd in his gait,
And care and thought ſeem'd buſy on his brow.

"Riſe, youth," he ſaid, "and mount this rapid ſteed"—
I argued not; his bidding ſtrait was done;
Proud-creſted was the beaſt, of warlike breed,
Arm'd at all points, with rich capariſon.

We commun'd not—ſuch heat was in our ſpeed,
Scantly would it allow me pow'r of thought,
Till eve, deep-painted with a burning red,
To * Boſworth field our panting courſers brought.

Who hath not heard of Boſworth's fatal plain,
Where baſe advent'rers did in compact join
'Gainſt chiefs of prowes high, and noble ſtrain,
And low'r'd the creſt of York's imperial line?

Now verging on that memorable ground,
Our courſe we ſtay'd—yet we alighted not;
Fill'd with aſtoniſhment I gaz'd around,
While in my glowing breaſt my heart grew hot.

Thick-ſtation'd tents, extended wide and far,
To th' utmoſt ſtretch of ſight could I behold,
And banners flutt'ring in the whiſtling air,
And archers trimly dight, and prancers bold.

* Boſworth, in Leiceſterſhire.

The

The ſinking ſun, with richly-burniſh'd glow,
Now to his weſtern chamber made retire,
While pointed ſpears, quick-ſhifting to and fro,
Seem'd all as ſpiral flames of hotteſt fire.

Promiſcuous voices fill'd the floating gale,
The welkin echoed with the ſteed's proud neigh:
The bands oft turn'd and ey'd the weſtern vale,
Watching the cloſure of departing day.

Light vaniſhed now apace, and twilight grey
With ſpeed unuſual mantled all the ground,
The chieftains to their tents had ta'en their way,
And centinels thick-poſted watch'd around.

As ſable night advanced more and more,
The mingled voices leſſen'd by degrees,
Sounding at length, as, round ſome craggy ſhore,
Decreaſing murmurs of the ebbing ſeas.

Now tow'rd the tents awhile we journey'd on
With wary pace, then lighted on the ground,
Be-friended by the ſtars, that ſhimm'ring ſhone,
And fires, that caſt a trembling gleam around,

With haſty foot we preſs'd the dewy ſod,
Fit anſwer making to each ſtation'd guard;
When full before us, as we onward trod,
A martial form our further progreſs barr'd.

He

He ſeem'd as tho' he there did liſt'ning ſtand,
His face deep-muffled in his folded cloak;
Now threw it wide, ſnatch'd quick my dubious hand,
And to a neighb'ring tent his ſpeed betook.

With glowing crimſon the pavilion ſhone,
Reflected by the lofty taper's ray,
The poliſh'd armour, bright and deft to don,
Beſide the royal couch in order lay.

The crown imperial glitter'd in mine eye,
With various gems magnificently grac'd,
Nigh which, as meant to guard its dignity,
A weighty curtelax unſheath'd was plac'd.

The chief unbonnetted, and drew me nigh,
Wrapt in a deepen'd gloom his face appear'd,
Like the dark low'rings of the clouded ſky,
Ere the big-burſting tempeſt's voice is heard.

Revenge, impatience, all that mads the ſoul,
All that deſpair and frenzy's flame inſpires,
Shewn by the tapers, in his eyes did roll,
Hot meteors they amid the leſſer fires.

Tho' each dark line I could not truly ſcan,
Yet thro' the veil of his diſtemper'd mien
Broke forth a likeneſs of that lofty man,
Whom, whilom, at the palace I had ſeen.

To quell his feelings huge he ſternly try'd,
Strong combat holding with his fighting ſoul,
Creſting himſelf with more than earthly pride,
As tho' from pow'r ſupreme he ſcorn'd controul.

At length (in part ſubdu'd his troubled breaſt)
On my impatient ear theſe accents broke,
(I pale and trembling as th' attentive prieſt,
Who waits th' inſpirings of his myſtic oak!)

"Wonder no more why thou art hither brought,
"The ſecret of thy birth ſhall now be ſhewn;
"With glorious ardour be thy boſom fraught,
"For know thou art imperial Richard's * ſon.

"Thy father I, who fold thee in my arms,
"Thou royal iſſue of Plantagenet! ‡
"Soon as my pow'r hath quell'd theſe loud alarms,
"Thou ſhalt be known, be honour'd, and be great.
"Riſe

* Richard the Third.

‡ It may not, perhaps, be unacceptable to ſome of our readers, if we ſubjoin the etymology of this name, which has been borne by ſeveral of our Engliſh kings. George Buck, Eſq. compiler of the Life of Richard the Third, in Kennet's Hiſtory of England, ſays, it rather ſhould be called, Plantageneſt, being derived from the two words, Planta Geneſta or Geniſta, that is, the plant Broom. It was firſt given to Fulke, earl of Anjou, who lived an hundred years before the Norman conqueſt. He, having been guilty of ſome enormous crimes, was enjoined, by way of penance, to go to the Holy

" Riſe from the ground, and dry thy flowing tears,
" To nature's dues be other hours aſſign'd!
" Beſet with foes, ſolicitude, and cares,
" Far other thoughts muſt now poſſeſs the mind.

" To-morrow, † boy, I combat for my crown,
" To ſhield from ſoil my dignity and fame:
" Preſumptuous Richmond § ſeeks to win renown,
" And on my ruin raiſe his upſtart name;

" He leads yon ſhallow renegado band,
" Strangers to war and hazardous emprize,
" And 'gainſt the mighty chieftains of the land,
" Vain and unſkill'd, a deſp'rate conflict tries.

Holy Land, and ſubmit to a ſevere caſtigation. He readily acquieſced, dreſſed himſelf in lowly attire, and, as a mark of his humility, wore a piece of broom in his cap, of which virtue this plant is a ſymbol, in the hieroglyphick language; and Virgil ſeems to confirm it, by calling it *humilis geniſta*, the humble broom. This expiation finiſhed, Fulke, in remembrance of it, adopted the title of Plantageneſt, and lived many years in honour and happineſs. His deſcendants accordingly inherited the name; and many ſucceſſive nobles of the line of Anjou not only did the ſame, but even diſtinguiſhed themſelves by wearing a ſprig of broom in their bonnets.

† This deciſive battle, which terminated the contentions between the houſes of Lancaſter and York, was fought on Monday, Auguſt 22d, 1485. This interview, conſequently, was on the preceding ſabbath-night.

§ Henry earl of Richmond, afterwards king Henry VII.

" Yet ſince aſſurance is not giv'n to man,
" Nor can ev'n kings command th' event of war,
" Since peeviſh chance can foil the ſubtleſt plan
" Of human ſkill, and hurl our ſchemes in air,

" To-morrow's ſun beholds me conqueror,
" Or ſees me low among the ſlaughter'd lie;
" Richard ſhall never grace a victor's car,
" But glorious win the field, or glorious die.

" But thou, my ſon, heed and obey my word;
" Seek not to mingle in the wild affray:
" Far from the winged ſhaft and gleaming ſword,
" Patient await the iſſue of the day.

" North * of our camp there ſtands a riſing mound,
" (Thy guide awaits to lead thee on the way,)
" Thence ſhalt thou rule the proſpect wide around,
" And view each chance, each movement of the fray.

* The encampment and action were three miles diſtant from the town of Boſworth, and the place obtained the name of Boſworth Field, from that memorable battle. Camden, in his account of Leiceſterſhire, ſays, "The exact place is frequently more and more "diſcovered by pieces of armour, weapons, and other warlike ac-"coutrements, digged up; and eſpecially a great many arrow-"heads were found there, of a long, large, and big proportion, far "greater than any now in uſe."

" If

" If righteous fate to me the conqueſt yield,
" Then ſhall thy noble birth to all be known;
" Then boldly ſeek the centre of the field,
" And 'midſt my laurell'd bands my ſon I'll own:

" But if blind chance, that feld' determines right,
" Rob me at once of empire and renown,
" Be ſure thy father's eyes are clos'd in night,
" Life were diſgrace when chance had reft my crown.

" No means are left thee then, but inſtant flight,
" In dark concealment muſt thou veil thy head;
" On Richard's friends their felleſt rage and ſpite
" His foes will wreak, and fear ev'n Richard dead.

" Begone, my ſon! This one embrace! Away!
" Some ſhort reflections claims this awful night:
" Ere from the eaſt peep forth the glimm'ring day,
" My knights attend to arm me for the fight."

Once more I knelt, he claſp'd my lifted hands,
Bleſs'd me, and ſeem'd to check a ſtruggling tear;
Then led me forth to follow his commands,
O'erwhelm'd with tend'reſt grief, ſuſpence, and fear.

What need of more? Who knows not the event
Of that dread day, that * deſp'rate-foughten field,

* The whole continuance of this action is ſaid to have been but two hours, during which the king's perſonal bravery was aſtoniſhingly great.

Where, with his wond'rous deeds and proweſs ſpent,
By numbers over-pow'r'd, my ſire was kill'd!

A ſon no more, what courſe was left to tread,
To whom apply, or whither ſhould I wend?
Back to my tu'or's roof, by inſtinct led,
My orphan footſteps did I penſive bend.

O'er-ruling fate againſt my wiſhes wrought;
That pious man, ſnatch'd from this frail abode,
Had found the bleſſing he ſo long had ſought,
The way to immortality and God.

With flowing eyes I left the ſacred door,
And with relying heart to heav'n did bend;
To God my ſupplication did I pour,
To God, the mourner's beſt and ſureſt friend.

That he would guide me to ſome ſafe retreat,
Where daily toil my daily bread might earn,
Where pious peace might ſoothe ambition's heat,
And my taught heart ſublimer ardour learn.

He heard me—All I aſk'd in thee was lent,
Thou lib'ral proxy of my gracious God!
Thou paid'ſt my induſtry with rich content,
And giv'ſt my weary age this ſoft abode.*

The

* Richard Plantagenet died in December, 1550, (the fourth year of Edward the Sixth's reign,) aged 81; conſequently he enjoyed his little comfortable retreat barely four years.

The

The work is done, the ſtructure is complete ——
Long may the produce of my humble toil
Un-injur'd ſtand! and echo long repeat,
Round the dear walls, Benevolence and Moyle!

The following is ſtill to be found in the old regiſter of the Pariſh of Eaſtwell.

" Richard Plantagenet was buryed the 22d daye of December, 1550."

This laſt piece of intelligence was tranſmitted to the editor by a very ſenſible and worthy clergyman now living, who kindly went from Wye to Eaſtwell, to collect as many circumſtances as he could, to confirm the authenticity of this ſingular ſtory. To the tranſcript of the regiſter he ſubjoined as follows:

" It is obſervable that in the old regiſter there is prefixed to the " name of every perſon of noble blood ſuch a mark as this, " ⌒. At the name of Richard Plantagenet there is the " ſame mark, (and it is the firſt that is ſo diſtinguiſhed,) only with " this difference, that there is a line run acroſs it, thus ⌒—.

" There is ſtill remaining in Eaſtwell park the ruin of a build- " ing, which, they ſay, was his houſe; and a well near it, which, " to this day, is called Plantagenet's well.

" There is alſo a tomb in the wall of Eaſtwell church, under " which he is ſaid to be buried; but it appears to me of much older " date."

The editor of this poem holds it incumbent on him to return his moſt grateful thanks to the gentleman who ſent him theſe curious particulars, for the trouble he took, and the politeneſs of his letter; the whole of which he ſhould be proud to make public, together with the name, could he preſume ſuch a liberty to be warrantable.

The editor conjectures the line, which is mentioned to run acroſs the mark of nobility, to be what is ſtiled in heraldry the bar of baſtardy.

II.

The CAVE of MORAR, the Man of Sorrows.

A legendary Tale.

In two Parts.

By J. Tait.

The characters in the following tale are not rendered conſpicuous by the ſplendor of riches, or the empty glare of honorary titles.—The author is hopeful the ſtory he has told is not altogether unnatural; becauſe, though he has taken the liberty of placing in the laſt century ſeveral incidents which happened in the preſent age, yet the ſorrows which compoſe the life of the hermit, are ſuch as he himſelf has once witneſſed; for the birth of Morar, and the death of his parents, are almoſt literally copied from his own life, and the incident of Maria's death is taken from a very affecting ſcene of which he was an eye-witneſs: ſo that the circumſtance of Morar's becoming a hermit, and the diſcovery made at the end of the poem, are the only imaginary incidents in the ſecond part of it; and for theſe the author can offer no apology.

Part Firſt.

"HERE, Emma, in this lonely grot,
"Thy wearied limbs awhile repoſe;
"I go to meet yon warlike Scot,
"Whoſe threat'ning horn ſo loudly blows.

"Here

" Here reſt with Mora r in his cell,
" Where wild ambition ne'er annoys;
" For here content and virtue dwell,
" Far from the world's tumultuous joys.

" Behold he comes from yonder rock,
" I ſee him wending o'er the plain,
" Where the blythe ſhepherd feeds his flock,
" And ſweetly pours his artleſs ſtrain.

" His rev'rend age will guard thy charms,
" With pleaſing tales he'll ſoothe thy ear,
" Whilſt, 'mid the battle's loud alarms,
" I boldly puſh my conqu'ring ſpear.

" See in yon vale my troops await,
" Keen for the field, a choſen band,
" Who ne'er will ſeek a baſe retreat
" While foes invade their native land.

" Aided by them, I'll ſoon return,
" With conqueſt and with glory crown'd;
" Then why theſe tears? why doſt thou mourn?
" Why doſt thon dread the trumpet's ſound?

" Such ſounds as theſe exalt the ſoul,
" And fit my warriors for the field;
" Then ſmile, my love, thy fears controul,
" The bold intruders ſoon ſhall yield."

" Go, Edgar, go," fair Emma cried,
" I know the valour of thy arm;
" Go check yon haughty Scotſman's pride,
" Whoſe trumpets give the loud alarm.

" I know you never fear'd a foe,
" I know you never ſu'd for peace;
" Then bravely ſtrike the 'vengeful blow,
" And let theſe bold incurſions ceaſe.—

" Yet whilſt thou'rt abſent, ſhould a ſigh
" From Emma's anxious boſom ſteal,
" Or ſhould a tear fall from my eye,
" And tell too plainly what I feel:

" Can I that ſigh, that tear controul?—
" Affection prompts that tear to fall,
" And grateful love, which fills my ſoul,
" Inſpires that ſigh, and ſweetens all."

She ſpoke, brave Edgar ſeized his ſpear,
And quickly join'd the troops below,
Who march'd along, devoid of fear,
To meet the faſt-advancing foe.

With placid ſmile and ſober pace,
At length old Morar reach'd his cell;
Tho' melancholy mark'd his face,
His breaſt no boiſt'rous paſſions ſwell.

When

When beauteous Emma caught his eye,
What ſoft emotions fill'd his breaſt!
He ſympathis'd in every ſigh,
And thus the lovely fair addreſt:

" Fair Virgin, whither doſt thou ſtray,
" Along this unfrequented road;
" For ſcarce a pilgrim turns this way
" To viſit me or my abode?

" And what was he I lately ſaw,
" Who march'd ſo ſwiftly o'er the green,
" With manly looks, commanding awe,
" With ſtately port, and graceful mein?"—

" Hermit," ſhe ſaid, " that gallant youth
" Is Edgar, fam'd for martial deeds,
" Whoſe boſom glows with love of truth,
" Whoſe friendly heart with pity bleeds.

" Wilt thou attend while I impart
" By what ſtrange means he gain'd my love,
" And how he won my grateful heart
" Amid the ſhades of Mareſham's grove.

" The tale to me is wond'rous dear,
" It brings my joys again to view"—
The hermit bow'd, well pleas'd to hear,
And bid the maid her tale purſue.

" One

" One day," ſhe ſaid, " I ſtray'd along
" The flow'ry banks of Rona's flood,
" Intent to hear the linnet's ſong,
" That echo'd from a neighbouring wood.

" The chearful ſhepherd tun'd his reed,
" The ſportive flocks rejoic'd around,
" And from the flower-beſpangl'd mead
" Iſſu'd at once the pleaſing ſound.

" Each rural object ſweetly ſmil'd,
" All nature wore the face of joy,
" And long I roam'd 'mid proſpects wild,
" Where ſtrangers us'd not to annoy.

" But Ratcliffe's ſon, who long had tried
" To gain my youthful heart in vain,
" Swift from the mountain's ſummit hied,
" And met me on the lonely plain.

" He warmly preſs'd me to be kind,
" He told me many an artful tale,
" By which he meant to taint my mind,
" But all his arts could not prevail.

" At laſt he caught me in his arms,
" And, ſtruggling, ſtrove to crown his flame—
" My cries proclaim'd my juſt alarms,
" And Edgar to my reſcue came.

" He

" He heard my voice, he curs'd the ſwain,
" In my defence his ſword he drew;
" But Edgar drew his ſword in vain,
" For o'er the plains baſe Ratcliffe flew.—

" Yet Edgar ſwore he'd check his pride,
" He ſwore he'd have a juſt revenge,
" And oft wou'd watch on Noreham's ſide,
" Where worthleſs Ratcliffe us'd to range.

" And ſwore, if e'er he met the youth,
" His baſe, his treacherous heart ſhould feel
" The ſafe-guard of the ſoldier's truth,
" The point of his avenging ſteel.—

" I thank'd him for his friendly aid,
" I lov'd him for his dauntleſs ſoul;
" For while we ſtray'd beneath the ſhade,
" A tender ſigh had often ſtole.

" To Mareſham's hall we bent our way,
" Where oft my honour'd ſire reſorts,
" In calm content to paſs the day,
" Or ſhare the huntſman's manly ſports.

" Edgar, at his requeſt remain'd
" Three ſummer's days in Mareſham's vales;
" By feats of arms my ſire he gain'd,
" He won me by his artleſs tales.

" My

"My father bleſs'd the riſing flame,
"At Hymen's ſhrine he join'd our hands;
"And told the youth he then might claim
"His wealth, his far-extended lands.

"But Edgar, with expreſſive ſmile,
"Refus'd the gift my ſire deſign'd:
"Be mine," he ſaid, "the warrior's ſpoil,
"Be mine the joy thy foes to bind.

"When the rough Scots, with lawleſs might,
"Victorious often, threat the brave,
"In thy defence let Edgar fight,
"A higher boon he ne'er ſhall crave.

"My father granted his requeſt,
"He prais'd him for his matchleſs zeal,
"And warmly preſs'd him to his breaſt,
"When he remov'd from Mareſham's vale.

"Now in yon plain he meets the foe,
"I hear the battle's dreadful ſound,
"Hark! hark! the conqu'ring trumpets blow,
"Edgar with glory now is crown'd.

"Watch him, ye powers who rule above,
"Shield him from all impending harms;
"Hear, hear the fervent prayers of love,
"And bring him ſafe to Emma's arms."—

"No,

" No, Emma, no, he'll ne'er return,"
(With fault'ring voice, a pilgrim ſaid)
" Unhappy fair, well may'ſt thou mourn,
" For Edgar lies among the dead.

" Deſerted by his friends he fell,
" And left with me this dread command,
" Go, pilgrim, go to Morar's cell,
" And give this ſword to Emma's hand.

" Tell her, when pale diſtreſs ſhall ſeize,
" When ſhe demands relief in vain,
" This truſty blade will give her eaſe,
" And quickly baniſh all her pain."

" Give me the ſword," ſhe wildly ſaid,
" What comes from Edgar muſt be dear;
" Now let me try the truſty blade,
" I feel diſtreſs, but know not fear."—

She ſpoke, ſhe lifted up the ſteel,
In vain old Morar caught her hand:
" Forbear," ſhe cried, " the pains I feel
" From Edgar's ſword relief demand."

With dread intent ſhe rais'd her arm,
But Edgar's ſelf reſtrain'd the blow;
" My love," he cried, " what fears alarm?
" I've overcome the boaſtful foe."

Her

Her lips grew pale, ſhe wildly gaz'd,
And lifeleſs dropp'd upon the ground:
But ſoon again her head ſhe rai'd,
Heav'd a deep ſigh, and look'd around.

"And art thou ſtill alive!" ſhe ſaid,
"Do I ſtill preſs thee to my breaſt?
"Or art thou an illuſive ſhade,
"Come to diſturb my promis'd reſt?

"A pilgrim told me thou wert ſlain,
"Deſerted by thy faithleſs bands;
"He ſaid he left thee on the plain,
"And brought from thee theſe dread commands:

"When pale diſtreſs ſhall Emma ſeize,
"When ſhe demands relief in vain,
"This truſty blade will give her eaſe,
"And quickly baniſh all her pain."

"What wretch!" he cried, "with lying tongue
"Told thee my brave aſſociates fled?
"For boldly they oppos'd the ſtrong,
"And Scotland's choiceſt warriors bled.

"Where is the wretch who told my love
"I fell inglorious in the field?
"On him this faithful arm ſhall prove,
"That Edgar never ſtoop'd to yield."—

Indignant,

Indignant, thus brave Edgar ſpoke,
And caſt his fiery eyes around,
When he beheld, behind a rock,
The pilgrim ſtretch'd upon the ground.

His boſom glow'd with ruthleſs ire,
For boiſt'rous paſſions rule the brave;
He ſeiz'd the wretch, whoſe mean attire,
From threat'ned vengeance could not ſave.

He plung'd a dagger in his breaſt,
"Let this," he cried, "my rage ſuffice."
When lo! the pilgrim ſhone confeſt
Old Ratcliffe's ſon in baſe diſguiſe.—

"Edgar," he ſaid, "'twas juſtly done,
"For long, too long, I've envied thee,
"Becauſe that matchleſs maid you won,
"And gain'd her heart, who ſlighted me.

"A ſpy inform'd me, that to-day
"You went to meet the warlike Scot,
"And left that helpleſs fair, to ſtay
"Till you return'd, at Morar's grot.

"To Morar's grot I ſwiftly came,
"For baſe-born paſſions fill'd my mind;
"But Morar's preſence check'd my aim,
"And ſtopp'd the crime I firſt deſign'd.

"Then,

" Then, full of guile, I told the tale,
" Which cred'lous Emma ſoon believ'd;
" With joy I ſaw my arts prevail,
" And ſmil'd while Emma was deceiv'd.

" But you reſtrain'd the fatal blow,
" And on my head thy vengeance fell;
" Edgar, tho' long I've liv'd thy foe,
" My parting breath bids thee farewell."—

He ſpake; he died;—old Morar turn'd
Where beauteous Emma hung her head:
" In death, he ſaid, be Ratcliffe mourn'd,
" For vengeance ne'er purſues the dead.

" Unſeen in ſome ſequeſter'd grot,
" With decent rites his corſe we'll lay,
" Where all his crimes ſhall be forgot,
" And ſoon become oblivion's prey.

" But ſee the ſober ſhades of eve
" In clouds on clouds their glooms unite;
" Say, may an humble hermit crave,
" You'd paſs with him th' approaching night?

" The hermit's food ſhall be your fare,
" Freſh herbs collected from the green,
" And oft, to baniſh gloomy care,
" Some pleaſing tale ſhall intervene.

" Perhaps

" Perhaps the tale of Morar's woes
" May force the friendly tear to ſwell,
" Morar, who long has ſought repoſe
" In the poor hermit's chearleſs cell.

" When morning dawns, you may proceed
" Where liberal fortune caſts your lot."
Conſenting Edgar bow'd his head,
And led fair Emma to the grot.

Part Second.

NOW, when the ſimple feaſt was o'er,
Contentment ſmil'd around the board,
And freſh from nature's bounteous ſtore,
The ſage the cryſtal bev'rage pour'd.

His gueſts enjoyed the ruſtic cheer,
Nor were their kindeſt thanks forgot,
Till beauteous Emma begg'd to hear
The mournful tale of Morar's lot.

" My friends," he ſaid, " though rude my voice,
" And moſt unfit to touch the heart,
" With tales wrapt up in quaint diſguiſe,
" Where modeſt nature yields to art:

" Yet if a ſtory, ſad though true,
" If real grief, which oft I've ſhar'd,
" Can claim a tear as juſtly due,
" You'll weep when Morar's woes are heard.

" Remote from cities liv'd a ſwain,
" Whoſe honeſt heart ne'er felt a care,
" Till artleſs love, with pleaſing pain,
" Told him that Anna's face was fair;

" Told him that virtue fill'd her mind,
" And heighten'd all her youthful charms;
" Told him, perhaps ſhe'd ſoon prove kind,
" And bade him woo her to his arms.

" His ſuit was heard, ſhe bleſs'd his flame,
" They ſoon were join'd in wedlock's bands;
" And from theſe parents Morar came,
" Morar who now your ear demands.—

" Sweet flow'd their hours replete with joy;
" Such was their virtue, ſuch their love,
" That envy's ſelf durſt not annoy,
" Nor ſcandal's tongue their lives reprove.

" I was

" I was the object of their care ;
" For ſoon they ſtrove to warm my breaſt
" With virtue's flame, by fixing there
" Precepts the nobleſt and the beſt.

" With what ſucceſs their toils were crown'd
" It is not fit for me to boaſt,
" Suffice it that they ſometimes own'd
" Their fond endeavours were not loſt.—

" One fatal morn,—forgive this tear,
" For ſad remembrance bids it fall,
" Nor think, though now a hermit here,
" Such ſcenes I calmly can recall;

" One fatal morn, ſerene and gay,
" When ſummer's beauties charm'd the eye,
" My hapleſs ſire reſolv'd to ſtray
" To a ſmall rural village nigh.

" Anna, he ſaid, farewell a while,
" Be joyful till we meet again ;
" It chears my heart to ſee thee ſmile,
" Then ſmile, nor let me aſk in vain.—

" My friends expect me, I muſt go,
" But I'll return before 'tis night :
" Farewell, let pleaſures round thee flow"—
" He ſpoke, and vaniſh'd from her ſight.—

" With jocund tales he chear'd his friends,
" His friends were pleas'd, they laugh'd around;
" But ſoon each earthly pleaſure ends,
" Nor are our joys ſubſtantial found.

" For near, too near a towering pile,
" By ſome unſkilful artiſt rear'd,
" My father ſtood with chearful ſmile,
" It ſhook; it fell; he diſappear'd.

" Ere long his bleeding corſe was found,
" Each remedy was ſoon applied,
" But ah, in vain, the fatal wound,
" The feeble power of art defied.

" Let thoſe whoſe tender hearts can ſhare
" The ſorrows which th' afflicted feel,
" Let thoſe expreſs my mother's care,
" And all her dreadful thoughts reveal;

" When for that huſband, ever gay,
" Who, ſmiling, left her in the morn,
" His corſe mov'd ſlowly on the way,
" By a few weeping friends upborne,

" Deſpair and anguiſh fill'd her ſoul;
" Her words were wild and full of woe,
" And many a ſigh unbidden ſtole,
" And many a tear began to flow.

" Long,

" Long, long beneath oppreſſive grief,
" Chearleſs ſhe paſs'd the lonely hour,
" Nor vainly hop'd to find relief,
" Nor ſought ſweet conſolation's pow'r.

" I too forgot my joys a while,
" And weeping, ſaw my father's bier;
" But trifling pleaſures ſoon beguile,
" And ſoon dry up the childiſh tear.

" Yet pale misfortune mark'd my lot
" With other griefs, with other woes,
" Which drove me to this ſilent grot,
" Where I at laſt enjoy repoſe.

" For ſoon as youth, with boaſtful glee,
" Begun his gay aſpiring reign,
" ('Twas mad ambition prompted me)
" I raſhly left the peaceful plain.

" Amid the city's pompous noiſe,
" A while I join'd the buſtling ring,
" But ſoon I found theſe wiſh'd-for joys
" To me but few delights could bring.

" I ſtraight reſolv'd to quit the town,
" I ſigh'd to tread the flowery dale,
" Nor vainly hop'd to gain renown,
" Where baſeſt arts alone prevail.

" Farewell, I ſaid, ye giddy ſcenes,
" Where vice with artifice is join'd,
" Where, leagu'd with folly, falſehood reigns,
" And baneful flattery taints the mind.

" A long farewell, I'll ne'er return,
" To rural ſcenes I'll bend my way,
" Where honeſt breaſts with candour burn,
" And virtue ſhines with pureſt ray.

" A weeping parent claims my care,
" To her with open arms I'll fly,
" In all her griefs I'll fondly ſhare,
" And wipe the torrent from her eye."—

" Such were my hopes, but ah! how vain
" The hopes which mortals often rear!
" For ſoon I reach'd the wiſh'd-for plain,
" And met, alas! my mother's bier.

" To the lone grave her head I bore,
" And as I laid her in the clay,
" I felt a pang unknown before,
" For there my father's aſhes lay.

" 'Twas ſad indeed, his bones I ſaw,
" I fondly graſp'd them in theſe hands,
" I graſp'd, and felt that ſacred awe,
" Which ev'ry form of death demands.

" My

" My brothers then beſide me ſtood,
" I ſaw them, and I heav'd a ſigh,
" My ſiſters came in mournful mood,
" I wip'd the tear that fill'd my eye.—

" In vain each friend aſſiduous ſtrove
" My plaintive murmurs to controul,
" In vain they ſtruggl'd to remove
" The griefs which harbour'd in my ſoul.

" In vain compaſſion lent her aid,
" In vain ſhe try'd each ſoothing art,
" Ev'n reaſon's ſelf in vain eſſay'd
" To baniſh woe from Morar's heart.

" But time, at laſt, to wonted eaſe
" Reſtor'd my long-afflicted mind;
" Again I felt internal peace,
" Again in feſtive mirth I join'd.

" I mingl'd with the rural ring,
" Who gaily tript along the plain,
" With ſprightly notes I touch'd the ſtring,
" And all the virgins prais'd the ſtrain.

" Yet oft the ſigh of ſorrow ſtole,
" When faithful mem'ry brought to view
" The griefs which lately fill'd my ſoul;
" Sad ſcenes, which fancy often drew.—

" While thus I join'd the mirthful throng,
" Whoſe artleſs breaſts no cares alarm,
" Maria chiefly claim'd my ſong;
" She who could boaſt each matchleſs charm.

" Fair was the maid, and ſweet her air,
" With virtue's flame her breaſt was fir'd,
" Where'er ſhe came, ſhe baniſh'd care,
" Save that alone which love inſpir'd.

" With ev'ry art the ſhepherds ſtrove
" The ſmiles of ſuch a nymph to gain,
" But Morar only ſhar'd her love,
" Morar alone ſu'd not in vain:

" For oft, beneath the woodland's gloom,
" With her in converſe ſweet I've ſtray'd,
" Or thro' the meads, whoſe vernal bloom
" Gay nature's faireſt ſcenes diſplay'd.

" Encourag'd thus, I bade her name
" The bliſsful day when we ſhould join,
" To crown our long-expecting flame,
" And bend at Hymen's holy ſhrine.

" The day was nam'd, her ſire agreed,
" At Hymen's ſhrine we bent the knee,
" While ev'ry youth that trod the mead,
" Approv'd my choice, or envy'd me.

" The

" The higheſt pleaſure now I found,
" I taſted each exalted joy,
" And ſoon my faireſt hopes were crown'd
" With a ſweet-ſmiling, lovely boy.

" Maria then with tranſport ſmil'd,
" And oft her ſire a wiſh expreſt,
" That he might ſee his daughter's child,
" And preſs her offspring to his breaſt.

" His wiſh was heard, my love complied,
" And to her father fondly bore
" The ſmiling object of her pride,
" His grandſire's bleſſing to implore.

" I ſtaid behind, I watch'd my flocks,
" Nor were domeſtic cares forgot,
" I gather'd woodbine from the rocks,
" And deck'd with flow'rs my humble cot:

" I thought Maria would approve
" The ornaments I thus prepar'd,
" I thought a tender look of love
" Would amply all my toils reward.—

" Three days Maria bleſt her ſire,
" And on the fourth, at dawn of morn,
" She ſignified a warm deſire
" To my poor cottage to return.

" Her

" Her father granted her requeſt,
" My infant-ſon was left behind,
" Lock'd in the arms of balmy reſt,
" And to a ſervant's care conſign'd.

" The good old man, with duteous love,
" His child conducted on the way,
" And by each fond endearment ſtrove
" To chear her heart and make her gay.—

" In a deep glen my cottage ſtood,
" Near which a river held its courſe:
" Tho' ceaſeleſs rains had ſwell'd the flood,
" And urg'd it on with threatful force;

" Yet when they reach'd the further ſhore,
" The ſage exclaim'd with chearful voice,
" Our cares, my child, will ſoon be o'er,
" And Morar too will ſoon rejoice.

" Our ſlow approach perhaps he blames,
" I ſee him waiting on the mead,
" What haſte a huſband's tranſport claims!—
" He ſpoke, and onward puſh'd his ſteed.

" They reach'd the middle of the ſtream,
" It roar'd, it foam'd, Maria fell;
" I heard a loud, a dreadful ſcream,
" I knew the plaintive voice too well.

" Soon,

" Soon, ſoon I reach'd the river's ſide,
" I ſaw Maria's floating corſe,
" While all in vain her father tried
" To ſave her from the torrent's force.

" His feeble arm I ſaw him wave,
" Have mercy, heav'n, he faintly ſaid:
" This, this muſt be Maria's grave,
" I can no more!—then join'd the dead.

" What pangs of ſorrow fill'd my ſoul,
" The feeling breaſt alone can know;
" For from my lips no murmur ſtole,
" My mind to eaſe, to tell my woe.

" To ſave the bodies from the flood,
" Long, long in vain I fondly ſtrove,
" While the pale virgins weeping ſtood,
" And mourn'd the fate of Morar's love.

" At laſt I brought them to the ſhore,
" I laid them in one friendly tomb,
" And thus, when ſilent grief was o'er,
" Bewail'd Maria's fatal doom:

" Farewell, Maria, ever dear,
" So late the ſource of Morar's joys,
" Theſe joys which once I deem'd ſincere,
" Tho' adverſe fate my hopes deſtroys.

" Farewell,

" Farewell, my love; though death divide,
" Thy mem'ry ſhall be dear to me,
" Till ſome propitious angel guide
" My wearied ſoul to heav'n and thee.

" Farewell, ye ſcenes I lov'd ſo well,
" Farewell, ye ſhepherds, ever gay,
" For in ſome lone ſequeſter'd cell,
" Remote from you, I'll paſs the day.

" Reflection there ſhall dart her beams,
" In ſcenes from earthly cares remov'd,
" And fancy oft ſhall fill my dreams,
" With pictures of the wife I lov'd.

" My parents too demand a tear,
" A tear affection bids me give;
" I'll let it flow with grief ſincere,
" I'll praiſe their virtues while I live.—

" No more, alas! with heart-felt joy,
" Such as a parent only knows,
" Can I attend my lovely boy,
" And in his ſmiles forget my woes.

" I cannot guard his childiſh years,
" That care, Maria, was thy own,
" Nor, when ambitious youth appears,
" Can I his tow'ring wiſhes crown.

" But

" But I've a kind, a faithful friend,
" Whoſe heart I've always found ſincere,
" And to his love I'll recommend
" The deareſt object of my care.

" He'll guard his youth, he'll form his mind,
" He'll teach him virtue's pureſt laws;
" And like a parent, always kind,
" He'll give, when he deſerves, applauſe.—

" Such were my words, and ſoon I rov'd
" To this ſequeſter'd mountain's ſide;
" I ſaw this grot, I ſaw, I lov'd,
" And here determin'd to reſide.

" The holy hermit's dreſs I choſe,
" And oft I roam thro' yonder wood;
" For well this garb becomes my woes,
" Theſe ſhades befriend a ſerious mood.—

" Such is the life which I have liv'd;
" My fate indeed has been ſevere;
" I've graſp'd at bliſs, and been deceiv'd,
" I've nouriſh'd hope, and found deſpair.

" But now theſe varying ſcenes are o'er,
" Content and I together dwell,
" While health ſits ſmiling at my door,
" And virtue's ſelf protects my cell.

" One anxious wiſh intrudes alone,
" And need I tell you what it is?
" I wiſh to ſee my darling ſon,
" And then I'll die in perfect bliſs.

" But ah! that wiſh I'll ne'er obtain,
" I've ſought him at his guardian's hands,
" I've ſought him, but I ſought in vain,
" The youth has fled to other lands.

" Now bow'd with age, I ſoon muſt fall,
" Nor ſhall my Edwin ſee his ſire,
" Tho' mine and Alford's wiſhes all,
" Oft, oft from heav'n that boon require."—

" He ſees you now!" brave Edgar cried,
" I am the ſon you've ſought ſo long;
" For Alford's care my wants ſupplied,
" When firſt I join'd the youthful throng.

" From him I learn'd the arts of peace,
" He ſhew'd me nature's rural charms,
" But I deſpis'd a life of eaſe,
" And ſought the fame acquir'd by arms.

" I left his cot, I chang'd my name,
" I fought to ſave my native land,
" At laſt fair Emma bleſs'd my flame,
" And crown'd my wiſhes with her hand."

" With

With wild ſurpriſe, the hermit heard,
And thus to heav'n addreſs'd a pray'r:—
" Yes, yes, ye pow'rs, ye will reward
" The man who triumphs over care.

" I thank you for my ſorrows paſt,
" I thank you for my preſent joy,
" And while my days of trial laſt,
" Let me my voice in praiſe employ."

Then in his arms he fondly preſs'd
The happy pair he lov'd ſo well,
While many a tender look expreſs'd
That heart-felt joy which none can tell.

III.

CORIN and OLINDA, a legendary Tale. In three Parts.

By Richard Teade.

Part I.

" BEWARE, my ſon, the luring bait
" Of avaricious gold!
" On which unnumber'd torments wait,
" Thoſe torments yet untold.

" The ſelfiſh miſer's heart deſerves
" It's anguiſh and it's pain;
" He e'en denies what life preſerves,
" And murders all for gain.

" Miſtaken man, to prize the droſs,
" As worthleſs as the clay;
" Who gains, by gold, eternal loſs
" Of virtue's purer ray.

" But if my ſon would glide with eaſe
" The world's moſt rugged road,
" Not gold that will each pang appeaſe,
" But adds unto his load.

" The

" The ſafeſt guide that man can chuſe,
" Is virtue, heav'nly ſtay;
" For, join'd with friendſhip, it purſues
" To joy the only way.

" Friendſhip untainted and ſincere,
" A bleſſing more divine;
" Where heart the aching heart doth chear,
" And ſoul with ſoul doth join.

" Let fools in affluence and power,
" Make boaſt of many friends;
" Droſs may buy flatt'ry for an hour,
" That gone, the friendſhip ends.

" If love, the only ſource from whence
" Th' exalted virtues ſpring,
" Doth once poſſeſs the heart, it thence
" All thought of int'reſt flings.

" The man who ſympathiſing ſheds
" The grief-condoling tear,
" Is moſt our friend; for what beſteds
" The aid of fortune here?

" But thou, my Corin, fondeſt hope,
" Art rais'd 'bove abject ſtate,
" And haſt within thy little ſcope
" Each bleſſing of the great.

" Let not thoſe gifts revert the uſe,
" And be to life a ſtain;
" Man's guard inclining to abuſe,
" Oft proves a dang'rous bane.

" There yet remains another care,
" The chief of all, my ſon;
" Be cautious how you chuſe the fair,
" And lewd allûrements ſhun.

" Think not in wanton love to find
" Of purer flame the joys;
" The guilt, that inward ſtrikes the mind,
" It's ev'ry ſweet annoys:

" And what the momentary bliſs
" That celibates do prove,
" Compar'd to all-ſufficient this,
" The joys of virtuous love?

" But thou doſt not that caution need;
" Superfluous and vain,
" To one, who choſe as love decreed,
" Love link'd with wiſdom's chain:

" For who can boaſt a wife ſo fair,
" So kind, ſo virtuous too?
" Who with Olinda can compare?
" Except her Corin true."

Thus

Thus much he ſaid, by truth inſpir'd,
And long experience taught;
And then from this frail world retir'd,
And one more happy ſought.

As yet the trembling parting breath
Hung hov'ring, loth to go,
He bleſt them all, when calmeſt death,
Reliev'd from worldly woe.

An end like this, ſo calm, ſerene,
And free from guilty fear,
Beſpoke, that Corin's ſire had been
A friend, a father dear.

The virtue, which his heart adorn'd,
In Corin's boſom ſhone;
What the good father ſcorn'd, he ſcorn'd,
And what admir'd, he won.

Now three ſhort years had paſt away,
In happieſt plenty paſt;
Inſenſible of time's decay,
The mourner came at laſt.

For who can count the many wiles
Which wicked men invent;
Or who can ſee, through flatt'ring ſmiles,
The falſe one's ſad intent?

A diſtant claim to his eſtate,
Long time ſuppreſt by law,
Now rais'd afreſh; for they of late
In his had found a flaw.

In court the cauſe awhile remain'd,
Their ſeparate pleas were try'd;
His foes the judges favour gain'd,
His right was ſet aſide.

Dejected now the pair depart
From the once peaceful home;
Whilſt each to each their fears impart,
Of ſorrows yet to come.

"But let us not, my only care,
"My life, my love," he ſaid,
"Give way to abſolute deſpair,
"Tho' thus we've been betray'd.

"For yet a hope I have in ſtore,
"Amanda is our friend;
"She, pitying, will our loſs deplore,
"And kind aſſiſtance lend.

"If not poſſeſt of large domain,
"We ſtill our truth may keep;
"Health and content will ſtill remain,
"But wherefore doſt thou weep?

"Oh!

" Oh! do not weep for fortune loſt,
" At beſt a trifling thing;
" That leaves, like buſy bees when croſt,
" Not honey but a ſting.

" Now to Amanda I'll repair,
" Relate my tale of woe;
" And then returning to my fair,
" All earthly cares forego."

Part Two.

FAR on a ſpacious pleaſant plain
The lofty manſion ſtood;
It's gate, debarring pert and vain,
Flew open to the good.

'Twas here young Corin ſought a friend,
Alas! miſtaken youth:
In her ſoft boſom dwelt a fiend,
An enemy to truth.

Oh! how unſafe, how wretched ſure!
Are thoſe who deviate
From virtue's paths, divine and pure,
And live in envious ſtate.

How doth ungovern'd appetite
Them from themſelves decoy?
How doth the fury, envy's ſpite,
Deny them every joy?

She was by family ally'd,
And held in high eſteem;
Their mutual wiſhes once did glide
In friendſhip's golden ſtream:

But ſince the marriage of the pair,
Herſelf much injur'd thought;
Thus the once chearful, lovely fair
In envy's ſnare was caught.

This jealouſy within her breaſt
She ſuffer'd to corrode;
Nor ſought, with virtue, to moleſt
The fiend, in his abode.

The peace of others gave her pain,
And caus'd an envious ſigh:
Of comfort ev'ry voice was vain,
Except revenge was nigh.

Oh! how unlike what once ſhe'd been,
The prudent and the wiſe;
No more the dimpled ſmile was ſeen,
Nor love-inſpiring eyes.

But in the gloom of diſcontent
Unthinkingly betray'd,
To part the pair was her intent,
And countleſs ſchemes were laid.

At ſight of, Corin, thus forlorn,
Her mantling malice glows,
And envy's ſharp malignant thorn
Encircled pity's roſe.

"Aſſiſt me with thy friendly aid,
"Aſſiſt my virtuous bride;
"Aſſiſt my hapleſs ſon," he ſaid,
He ſaid, and gently ſigh'd.

"Tho' late in fortune's gilded ray,
"Which none but fools adore,
"I paſt in plenty ev'ry day,
"That plenty is no more."

As thus he ſaid, the mournful tear,
Ran trickling down his cheek;
The voice was faint, that late was clear,
The tongue forgot to ſpeak.

"What revelry has thus reduc'd
" The lord of all our plain?
" What from his happineſs ſeduc'd
" Olinda's faithful ſwain?"

The youth replied, " It is not ſo,
" Indeed you do me wrong,
" To think the cauſe of this our woe
" Is wine, or feſtive ſong.

" Not coſtly feaſt, but frugal fare,
" Our chearful board ſupply'd,
" Tho' mirth and innocency there
" Did wrinkled care deride.

" My land is to Amintor giv'n,
" By law's unjuſt decree;
" Whilſt I to ſeek ſupport am driv'n,
" And ſeek it here of thee."

Her heart was deaf to ev'ry pray'r
That miſery could ſay;
Pity no more held empire there,
Nor love his heav'nly ſway.

She paus'd, he wept; but what avail'd
Thoſe floods of heart-felt grief!
Malice o'er mercy ſoon prevail'd,
And thus ſhe tends relief.

" If

" If thou wouldſt now my favour gain,
" My fortune, and my all,
" Divorce thy wife, and then in vain
" The ſtorm of fate ſhall fall.

" Then will I place thee high above
" What malice can deviſe;
" And love and mirth, and mirth and love,
" In endleſs turns ſhall riſe.

" Whilſt ſhe, the worſt of all her ſex,
" From thee thus put away,
" No more Amanda's heart ſhall vex,
" But mingle with the clay."

" Muſt ſhe," her faithful Corin rav'd,
" In bitter anguiſh lie!
" Oh! gracious heav'n! let her be ſav'd,
" And I content will die:

" And know, proud fair, I do deſpiſe,
" The joys that fortune brings;
" Know, I my lov'd Olinda prize,
" Above ſuch paltry things.

" If this muſt be the price of joy,
" Thy fortune thou mayſt keep;
" Sooner than loſe my wife, my boy,
" Oh! let me ever weep!

" Nor

" Nor joy, nor mirth, my heart ſhall know,
" But when they happy are;
" To them, by heav'n ordain'd, I owe
" A huſband's, father's care."

When thus Amanda had perceiv'd
Her richeſt proffers ſpurn'd,
Her heart (by envy ſtill deceiv'd)
With indignation burn'd.

As thro' the heav'ns aërial path
Fantaſtic lightning flies,
So ſwift her new-rous'd vengeful wrath
Darts dreadful from her eyes.

" Can he, thus plung'd in deep diſtreſs,
" Diſdain all-powerful gold?
" And will his heart ne'er pride poſſeſs,
" But ſtill to virtue hold?

" Then rouſe, my ſoul, this love diſclaim,
" To give juſt vengeance room;
" And lead, ſince he rejects thy flame,
" The ſcorner to his doom.

" Yet mercy calls, Oh! hear her not!
" Saith pride, with ſhrill'er ſound,
" Let the fond pair in priſon rot,
" And you revenge have found.

" It

" It ſhall be ſo ; and now my mind
" Will ever be at peace ;
" Within the priſon's cell confin'd,
" I think their joy muſt ceaſe."

Her heart exults, as but in thought
The dreadful ſcheme ſhe plann'd ;
Whilſt Corin his Olinda ſought,
She gave the dire command.

Part Third.

" OH ! Corin, leave me to my care,
" Thy true Olinda leave ;
" I will not aſk thy joy to ſhare,
" Indeed I will not grieve.

" For here within this awful cell,
" In famine's reach you ſtay,
" When thou might'ſt now in plenty dwell,
" By putting me away."

Thus

Thus ſhe propos'd, when riſing fear
Forbad her more to ſpeak;
Ere he return'd, the ſtarting tear
Bedew'd her lovely cheek.

"Think not thy Corin ever means
"Alone thoſe joys to prove;
"Or poverty's moſt ſcanty ſcenes
"Will enervate his love.

"Weep not; for know, thy huſband here,
"Within this priſon pent,
"Doth ſtill enjoy, whilſt thou art near,
"A happy calm content.

"Unknown in heaven's wildy maze,
"In vain we care condole;
"The tear of grief, or fortune's blaze,
"Alike may reach the goal.

"True happineſs is not confin'd
"To temporal purſuits;
"It is content, content of mind,
"And in the heart it roots.

"Content, and reſignation pure
"To heav'ns almighty will,
"The ills of fortune can endure,
"And make us happy ſtill."

By

By truth's exhilarating ray,
Thus Corin chears his wife;
"And what avails," he oft would ſay,
"The luxuries of life?

"When greateſt plenty crowns his board,
"What is the glutton's bliſs?
"Or when the miſer views his hoard,
"What is his joy to this?

"How vain the Bacchanalian ſong,
"Roar'd o'er a flowing bowl!
"Will ſuch exceſs our joys prolong?
"Or eaſe a troubled ſoul?"

Whene'er Olinda ſeem'd depreſt,
Conſoling, thus he ſtrove,
Whilſt each alike their child careſt,
Sweet pledge of wedded love.

A youth unknown, one ſummer's morn,
At Corin's cell attends;
A lovely ſmile his cheeks adorn,
A ſmile that joy portends.

"No more," he ſaid, "the tear ſhall flow,
"You now have nought to dread;
"Amanda, once your direſt foe,
"Lies number'd with the dead.

"A will,

" A will, ſome time ago ſhe wrote,
" Th' eſtate to Damon leaves,
" (Who now reſides in climes remote,)
" And thus your hope deceives.

" This will I have to Corin brought,
" I bring it as a friend;
" Deſtroy'd, her malice turns to nought,
" And all your troubles end."

" And doſt thou think, unmanner'd boy,
" That I this act applaud?
" Know, Corin ſcorns the guilty joy
" Of villainy and fraud.

" Tho' by a long continuance here
" Our little ſtore is ſpent,
" Tho' hunger, thirſt, and death, appear,
" Yet virtue gives content.

" In virtue's pureſt paths I've trod,
" As well as mortals may;
" Nor ſpurn'd affliction's bitter rod,
" Nor ſcann'd almighty ſway.

" Stay, wand'ring tongue, for death is near,
" Self-praiſe becomes thee not;
" Yet will I ever truth revere,
" It muſt not be forgot.

" And

" And thou, miſguided, friendly youth,
" Whoſe pity wildly roſe
" Beyond the pious bounds of truth,
" To ſave me from my woes;

" If dying Corin dar'd preſume,
" One favour he would crave,
" With virtue, pity reaſſume,
" And theſe from ruin ſave."

" Oh! heav'n, my ſupplication hear,"
The weeping ſtranger cries;
" Grant, I may ever hold them dear,
" Their virtue ever prize.

" That mercy, which I once poſſeſt,
" Reneweth in my heart;
" That friendſhip, which I once profeſt,
" Shall joy to all impart."

As thus he ſpoke, exceſs of woe
His borrow'd form betray'd;
'Twas heav'n that did ordain it ſo,
Amanda's ſelf, that pray'd.

" Oh Corin! raiſe thy languid head,
" And pardon wretched me,
" Whoſe heart has been by pride miſled,
" Whoſe pride has ruin'd thee.

" But

" But now no more my envy lives,
" I come to make thee bleſt."
O inda's tender heart miſgives,
She faints on Corin's breaſt.

" Oh bring me aid," Amanda cry'd,
And quickly it arrives;
The pow'r of med'cine ſoon was try'd,
The fainting pair revives.

In tears, ſhe now again entreats
That mercy, undeſerv'd,
From one, who ſtraight her goodneſs greets,
As though it ne'er had ſwerv'd.

Thus happineſs at length they gain,
'Tho' long in woe they dwelt:
In perfect pleaſure, after pain,
What extaſies are felt!

By this we learn, tho' virtue may
Awhile be overthrown,
To glory ſure it leads the way,
To glory and renown.

And tho', by fraud, ſweet innocence
Be for a time ſuppreſt,
Yet, keeping truth for it's defence,
At laſt by heav'n 'tis bleſt.

EDWIN

IV.

EDWIN and ELTRUDA; a legendary Tale.

By Miſs Helen Williams.

WHERE the clear Derwent's waters glide
Along their moſſy bed,
Cloſe by the river's verdant ſide,
A caſtle rear'd its head.

The ancient pile, by time eras'd,
And levell'd with the ground,
Once many a ſculptur'd trophy grac'd,
And banners wav'd around.

There liv'd a chief, to fame well known,
A warlike, virtuous knight,
Who many a well-fought field had won
By valour and by might.

What time in martial pomp he led
His choſen gallant train,
The foe, that erſt had conquer'd, fled,
Indignant fled the plain.

Yet milder virtues he poſſeſt,
More gentle paſſions felt;
And in his calm and yielding breaſt
Each ſoft affection dwelt.

Not all the rugged toils of war
His boſom e'er could ſteel;
He felt for every child of care,
His heart was apt to feel.

And much that heart was doom'd to bear,
And many a grief to prove;
To feel the fulneſs of deſpair,
The woes of hopeleſs love:

To loſe the partner of his breaſt,
Who ſooth'd each riſing care,
And with mild efforts charm'd to reſt
The griefs ſhe ſought to ſhare.

He mark'd the chilling damps of death
O'erſpread her fading charms;
He ſaw her yield her quiv'ring breath,
And ſink in death's cold arms.

From ſolitude he hop'd relief,
And this lone manſion ſought,
To cheriſh there his ſacred grief,
And nurſe the tender thought.

Here,

Here, object of his fondeſt cares,
An infant daughter ſmil'd;
And oft the mourner's falling tears
Bedew'd his Emma's child!

Theſe tears, as o'er the babe he hung,
Would tremble in his eye,
While bleſſings, fault'ring on his tongue,
Were breath'd but in a ſigh.

For many a ſad revolving year
His hopeleſs griefs endure;
For ah! a ſorrow ſo ſevere
'Tis death alone can cure.

Yet time can ſoften the deep wound
It has not power to heal;
And in his child he thought he found
His much-lov'd Emma ſtill.

In his Eltruda's gentle breaſt
His griefs he could repoſe;
With each endearing virtue bleſt,
She ſoften'd all his woes.

'Twas eaſy in her look to trace
An emblem of her mind:
There dwelt each mild attractive grace,
Each gentle charm combin'd.

Soft as the dews of morn ariſe,
And on the pale flower gleam,
So ſoft, ſo ſweet her melting eyes
With love and pity beam.

As far retir'd the lonely flower
Smiles in the deſart vale,
And blooms its balmy ſweets to pour
Upon the flying gale;

So liv'd in ſolitude unſeen
This lovely, peerleſs maid;
So ſweetly grac'd the vernal ſcene,
And bloſſom'd in the ſhade.

Yet love could pierce the lone receſs,
For there he loves to dwell;
He ſcorns the noiſy croud to bleſs,
And ſeeks the lowly cell.

There only his reſiſtleſs dart
In all its power is known;
His empire ſways each willing heart;
They live to love alone.

Edwin, of every grace poſſeſt,
Firſt taught her heart to prove
That gentleſt paſſion of the breaſt,
To feel the power of love.

Tho'

Tho' few the paſtures he poſſeſt,
Tho' ſcanty was his ſtore,
Tho' wealth ne'er ſwell'd his hoarded cheſt,
Edwin could boaſt of more!

Edwin could boaſt the liberal mind,
The gen'rous, ample heart;
And every virtue heav'n inclin'd
To bounty can impart.

The maxims of this ſervile age,
The mean, the ſelfiſh care,
The ſordid views that now engage
The mercenary pair,

Whom riches can unite or part,
To them were all unknown;
For then the ſympathetic heart
Was link'd by love alone.

They little knew that wealth had power
To make the conſtant rove;
They little knew the ſplendid dower
Could add a bliſs to love.

They little knew the human breaſt
Could pant for ſordid ore;
Or, of a faithful heart poſſeſt,
Could ever wiſh for more.

And tho' her peerleſs beauty warms
His heart to love inclin'd,
Not leſs he felt the laſting charms,
The beauties of her mind.

Not leſs his gentle ſoul approv'd
The virtues glowing there;
For ſurely virtue, to be lov'd,
Needs only to appear.

The ſweets of dear domeſtic bliſs
Each circling hour beguil'd;
And meek-ey'd hope, and inward peace,
On the lone manſion ſmil'd.

Oft o'er the daiſy-ſprinkled mead
They wander'd far away,
Some lambkin to the fold to lead,
That haply chanc'd to ſtray.

Her heart, where pity lov'd to dwell,
With ſadneſs oft was wrung;
For the bruis'd inſect as it fell,
Her ſoft tear trembling hung.

As roving o'er the flow'ry waſte,
A ſigh would heave her breaſt,
The while her gentle hand replac'd
The linnet's falling neſt.

Then

Then would ſhe ſeek the vernal bow'r,
And haſte with tender care
To nurſe ſome pale declining flow'r,
Some op'ning bloſſom rear.

And oft with eager ſteps ſhe flies
To chear the lonely cot,
Where the poor widow pours her ſighs,
And wails her hapleſs lot.

Their weeping mother's trembling knees
Her liſping infants claſp;
Their meek imploring look ſhe ſees,
She feels their tender graſp.

Wild throbs her aching boſom ſwell;
They mark the burſting ſigh—
(Nature has form'd the ſoul to feel)
They weep, unknowing why.——

Her hands the lib'ral boon impart,
And much her tear avails
To ſooth the mourner's burſting heart,
Where feeble utterance fails.

On the pale cheek where hung the tear
Of agonizing woe,
She bids the guſh of joy riſe there,
The tear of rapture flow.

If greater plenty to impart
She e'er would heav'n implore,
'Twas only that her ample heart
Still panted to do more.

Thus ſoft the gliding moments flew,
(Tho' love would court their ſtay,)
While ſome new virtue roſe to view,
And mark'd each fleeting day.

Peace, long condemn'd the world to roam,
Like the poor wand'ring dove,
Here ſoftly-reſting found a home,
And wiſh'd no more to rove.

The youthful poet's ſoothing dream
Of golden ages paſt,
The muſes' fond ideal theme,
Was realiz'd at laſt.

Joy ſprings amid encircling cares
To breaſts where virtue glows;
For virtue, in this vale of tears,
A paradiſe beſtows.

But vainly here we hope that bliſs
Unchanging will endure;
Ah, in a world ſo vain as this,
What heart can reſt ſecure?

For now aroſe the death-fraught day,
For civil diſcord ſam'd,
When York from Lancaſter's proud ſway
The royal ſceptre claim'd.

The paſſing moments now were fraught
With deſolating rage;
And now the bloody deeds were wrought
That ſwell th' hiſtoric page.

The good old Albert vows again
To ſeek the hoſtile field;
The cauſe of Henry to maintain,
The ſpear for him to wield.

But oh, a thouſand ſacred ties
That bind the hero's ſoul,
A thouſand tender claims ariſe,
And Edwin's breaſt controul,

And link the youth to Henry's foes—
But ah, it rends his heart
The aged Albert to oppoſe,
And bear an adverſe part.

Tho' paſſion pleads in Henry's cauſe,
And Edwin's heart would ſway,
Yet honour's ſtern imperious laws
The brave will ſtill obey.

Oppreſs'd with many a mingled care;
Full oft Eltruda ſigh'd,
And mourn'd the rugged brow of war
Should thoſe ſhe lov'd divide.

At length the fatal morn aroſe,
In gloomy vapours dreſt;
The penſive maiden's ſorrow flows,
And pale fear heav'd her breaſt.

A thouſand pangs the father feels,
A thouſand tender fears;
While at his feet ſhe trembling kneels,
And bathes them with her tears.

A falling drop bedew'd his cheek,
From the ſad ſcene he flew;
The tender father could not ſpeak—
He could not ſay—adieu!

Then Edwin, hapleſs Edwin came;
He ſaw her pallid look,
And tremblings ſeize her tender frame,
While thus he fault'ring ſpoke:

"This cruel tenderneſs but wounds
"The heart it means to bleſs:
"Thoſe falling tears, thoſe plaintive ſounds,
"Increaſe the ſoft diſtreſs!

"Then

" Then be to wretched Edwin kind,
" Nor mourn, dear tender maid"—
At length, on Edwin's breaſt reclin'd,
Eltruda faintly ſaid:

" If fate relentleſs has decreed,
" On yonder hoſtile plain,
" My Edwin's deſtin'd heart to bleed,
" And ſwell the heaps of ſlain;

" Truſt me, my love, I'll not complain,
" I'll ſhed no feeble tear;
" Nor one weak drop my cheek ſhall ſtain,
" Or tell what paſſes here!

" Ah, let thy fate of others claim
" A tear, a tender ſigh;
" I'll only murmur thy dear name—
" Call on my love—and die."

'Twere vain for feeble words to tell
The pangs their boſoms prov'd;
They only can conceive it well,
Whoſe hearts have trembling lov'd.

The timid muſe forbears to ſay
What laurels Edwin won;
Nor paints the gallant deeds that day
By aged Albert done.

On ſofter themes alone ſhe dwells,
As trembling thro' the grove,
Of friendſhip's woes ſhe ſadd'ning tells,
Or ſings of hapleſs love.

Tho' long the beaming day was fled,
The fight they ſtill maintain,
While night a deeper horror ſhed
O'er the enſanguin'd plain.

The martial trump invades the ear,
And drowns the orphan's cry:
No more the widow's ſhriek they hear,
The love-lorn virgin's ſigh!

The pangs thoſe dear-bought laurels yield,
Alas, what tongue can ſpeak?
Perchance not one that ſtrews the field
But leaves ſome heart to break.

To Albert's breaſt the faulſhion flew—
He felt a mortal wound;
The drops that warm'd his heart bedew
And ſtain the flinty ground.

The foe who aim'd the deadly dart,
Heard his expiring ſighs;
Soft pity touch'd his yielding heart,
To Albert ſtraight he flies—

While

While round the chief his arm he caſt,
  While oft his boſom ſigh'd,
And ſeem'd as if it mourn'd the paſt—
  Old Albert faintly cry'd:

" Tho' nature heaves theſe feeble groans,
  " Without complaint I die;
" Yet one dear care my heart ſtill owns,
  " Still feels one tender tie.

" For York a youth well known to fame
  " Uplifts the hoſtile ſpear;
" Edwin's the blooming hero's name,
  " To Albert's boſom dear:

" Ah, tell him my expiring ſigh,
  " Say my laſt words beſought
" To my deſpairing child to fly,
  " Ere fame the tidings brought."

He ſpoke;—but oh, what mournful ſtrain
  In ſadneſs apt to melt,
What moving numbers can explain
  The pangs that Edwin felt!

For Edwin 'twas himſelf that held
  The dying warrior preſt
(Whom the dark ſhades of night conceal'd)
  Cloſe to his throbbing breaſt.

" Ah,

" Ah, fly" (he cry'd) " my touch profane!
" Oh how the reſt impart?
" 'Twas Edwin plung'd—rever'd old man—
" The dagger in thy heart."

His dying eyes he feebly rais'd,
Which ſeem'd for ever clos'd;
On the pale youth they piteous gaz'd—
And then in death repos'd.—

" I'll go" (the hapleſs Edwin ſaid)
" And breathe a laſt adieu;
" And with the drops deſpair will ſhed,
" My mourning love bedew.

" I'll go the tender maid to ſeek,
" To catch the burſting ſigh,
" To wipe the tear from her pale cheek,
" And at her feet to die."

And as the tender maid to ſeek
The frantic mourner flew,
To wipe the tear from her pale cheek,
And breathe a laſt adieu,

Appall'd his ſtarting fancy ſees
His true love's ſorrows flow,
And hears in every paſſing breeze
The plaintive ſounds of woe.

Mean while the weeping maid, whoſe prayers
In vain would heav'n implore,
Of Albert's fate deſpairing hears,
But yet had heard no more.

She ſaw her much-lov'd Edwin near—
She ſaw, and piteous ſigh'd;
The ſight chill'd every falling tear—
At length ſhe faintly cry'd:

"Eternal woes this heart muſt prove;
"Its tendereſt ties are broke:
"Ah ſay, what ruthleſs arm, my love,
"Could aim the deadly ſtroke!

"Could not thy hand, my Edwin, thine,
"Have warded off the blow?
"For, ah, he was not only mine,
"He was thy father too!"

No longer Edwin could endure
The pangs no ſtrains can tell;
From death he fondly hop'd a cure,
As ſenſeleſs, cold he fell.

She flew—ſhe gave her ſorrows vent—
A thouſand tears ſhe pour'd;
Her mournful voice, her moving plaint,
The youth to life reſtor'd.

"Why

" Why wildly throbs each ſhiv'ring vein ?"
(She cry'd) " my Edwin, ſpeak—
" Or, all unable to ſuſtain
" Theſe pangs, my heart will break."

" Yes—it will break," (he frantic cry'd)
" For me will life reſign—
" Then trembling know thy father died,
" And know the guilt was mine."

" It is enough !"—with ſhort quick breath,
Exclaim'd the mournful maid :
She ſpoke no more, but ſeem'd from death
To hope for inſtant aid.

But lo ! a penſive, ſilent train
With downcaſt looks appear ;
Who Albert's pallid corſe ſuſtain,
Plac'd on a ſable bier.

For hapleſs Edwin fondly thought
It might ſome comfort yield,
If good old Albert's corſe were brought
From off the blood-ſtain'd field.

He thought 'twould ſoothe Eltruda's pains,
O'er the dear hallow'd urn
Which Albert's ſacred duſt contains,
Awhile her griefs to mourn.

But ah, all frantic at the ſight,
A hurried glance ſhe threw;
Then ſtarting wild with pale affright,
That hurried glance withdrew.

Trembling ſhe ruſh'd, and in her arms
The dear remains ſhe preſt;
But ſudden paleneſs veil'd her charms
So late in beauty dreſt.

In plaintive accents Edwin cries;
"And have I murder'd thee?—
"To other worlds thy ſpirit flies,
"And mine this ſtroke ſhall free."

His hand the death-fraught weapon graſp'd,
The ſteel he firmly preſt,
When ſudden ſhe aroſe, and claſp'd
Him wildly to her breaſt.

"Methought" (ſhe cry'd with panting breath)
"My Edwin talk'd of peace;
"I knew 'twas only found in death,
"And fear'd that ſad releaſe.

"I claſp him ſtill—'twas but a dream—
"Help yon wide wound to cloſe,
"From which a father's ſpirits ſtream,
"A father's life-blood flows.

" But ſee, from thee he ſhrinks! nor would
" Be blaſted by thy touch—
" Ah, tho' my Edwin ſpilt thy blood,
" Yet once he lov'd thee much.

" My father, yet in pity ſtay!
" I ſee his white beard wave—
" A ſpirit beckons him away,
" And points to yon cold grave.

" E'en now, my love, I trembling hear
" Him breathe a laſt adieu!
" I ſee, my love, the falling tear
" His furrow'd cheek bedew!

" I feel within his aged arms
" His poor Eltruda preſt:
" I hear him ſpeak the fond alarms
" That wring a parent's breaſt.

" He's gone!—and here his aſhes ſleep;
" I do not heave a ſigh—
" His child a father does not weep,
" For, ah, my brain is dry!

" But come, together let us rove
" At the pale hour of night,
" When the moon, glimm'ring thro' the grove,
" Shall ſhed her fainteſt light.

" We'll

" We'll gather from the roſy bow'r
" The faireſt wreaths that bloom;
" We'll cull, my love, each op'ning flow'r,
" To deck his hallow'd tomb.

" We'll thither from the diſtant dale
" A weeping willow bear;
" And plant a lily of the vale,
" A drooping lily there!

" We'll ſhun the glaring face of day,
" Eternal ſilence keep;
" Thro' the dark wood we'll chearleſs ſtray,
" And only live to weep.

" But hark!—'tis come—the fatal time,
" When, Edwin, we muſt part!
" Some angel tells me 'tis a crime
" To hold thee to my heart.

" My father's ſpirit hovers near:
" Alas, he comes to chide—
" Is there no means, my Edwin dear,
" This fatal deed to hide?

" None, none—for whereſoe'er we go,
" Lo, ſtreams of blood proceed!
" And ſhould the torrent ceaſe to flow,
" Yet ſtill our hearts would bleed.

" Our hearts the ſecret would betray,
" The tale of death reveal ;
" Angels would come in dread array,
" The bloody deed to tell.

" Yet, Edwin, if th' offence be thine,
" Too ſoon I can forgive ;
" But, oh, the guilt would all be mine,
" Could I endure to live.

" Farewell, my love!—for, ah, I faint ;
" Of pale deſpair I die—
" And ſee that hoary murder'd ſaint
" Deſcends from yon blue ſky !

" Poor, weak old man !—he comes, my love,
" To lead to heav'n the way ;
" He knows not heav'n will joyleſs prove,
" While Edwin is away."

" It is too much !" (he frantic cry'd)
Then to his boſom preſt
The dying maid, who piteous ſigh'd—
And ſunk to endleſs reſt.

He ſaw her dying eye-lids cloſe,
He heard her lateſt ſigh,
And yet no tear of anguiſh flows
Faſt ſtreaming from his eye.

For, ah, the fulneſs of deſpair,
The pang of high-wrought woe,
Admits no ſilent trembling tear,
No lenient drop to flow.

He feels within his ſhivering veins
A mortal chilneſs riſe;
Her pallid corſe he feebly ſtrains—
And on her boſom dies!

* * * * * * *

No longer may their hapleſs lot
The mournful muſe engage;
She wipes away the tears that blot
The melancholy page.

For heav'n in love diſſolves the ties
That chain the ſpirit here;
And diſtant far for ever flies
The bleſſing he'd moſt dear;

To bid the ſuff'rer's ſoul aſpire
A higher bliſs to prove;
To wake the pure, refin'd deſire,
The hope that reſts above!

V.

BISHOP THURSTAN, and the KING of SCOTS,

A Ballad.

Now firſt printed.

A. D. 1137. *Soon after Stephen's departure for Normandy, the King of Scots entered England in a hoſtile manner.—— Stephen's government was at this time in no condition to have reſiſted the invaſion, and nothing could have broke the ſtorm, but the venerable Thurſtan (archbiſhop of York) working upon the piety of king David. Though this prelate was now very old, yet he prevailed with David and his ſon to meet him at Roxburgh, a caſtle lying near the frontiers of both the kingdoms; where his remonſtrances had ſuch an effect, that the Scottiſh Princes generouſly put a ſtop to hoſtilities, till Stephen ſhould return to England, and be once more applied to for a definitive anſwer concerning the inveſtiture of Northumberland.*

GUTHRIE, book 5th, page 467.

THRO' the fayre countrie of Tiviotdale,
Kyng David marched forthe;
Kyng David and hys princelye ſonne,
The heroes of the northe,

And

And holye Thurſtan fro' merrye Carlyle,
In haſte hys waye dothe winde;
With manye a croſſe-bearer going before,
And manye a knighte behynde.

And manye did bleſſe that holye byſhopp,
As evermore they maye;
For welle they knewe 'twas for holye peace
That hee dyd wend that waye.

And at the caſtyl of fayre Roxburghe
The kyng and byſhop drewe neare,
Their hornes reſoundyng o'er the hylls,
Their banners ſhyning farre.

"Now welcom, welcom, holye Thurſtan,
"Righte welcom unto mee,
"And ever it cheares mee, ſoothe to ſaye,
"Soe holye a man to ſee."

"No kyng is welcom unto mee,
"Nor for hym wyll I praye,
"Who comes to ravage a helpleſs lande,
"When its kyng is farre awaye."

Oh then beſpake kyng David,
And full of wroth ſpake hee:
"Nowe I ſweare by the roode, th' Engliſh kynge
"Hath evermore injur'd mee.

" Fro' my ſonne hee keepes th' inveſtiture
" Of Northumberlande, hys ryghte:
" And ever I'll harrowe that unjuſte kynge,
" By Chriſte in heav'n hys myghte."

Oh then beſpake the holye Thurſtan,
And full of woe ſpake hee:
" Oh Chriſte, thy kyngdom of heav'nlye blyſſe,
" Alaſſe! when ſall wee ſee?

" For heare on earthe is noughte but ſinne,
" E'en kyngs for pryde doe ill;
" And when they with each other warre,
" The poore folke's bloode muſt ſpill.

" What hath the huſbandman done wrong,
" That yee muſt ſpoile hys grayne?
" And what the poore wydowe, and what the chylde,
" That they muſte alle bee ſlayne.

" And what is the ſymple mayde to blame,
" To bee made of luſte the preye:
" And what the lowelye village prieſte,
" That yee ſoe ofte doe ſlaye?

" Ah! tyrante kyngs, ſhall not the Lorde
" Revenge the poore diſtreſte;
" The ſimple ſwayne, the helpleſſe mayde,
" The wydowe, and the prieſte?

" And

" And when the doleful daye of doome
" Sall calle yee fro' the grave;
" Fro' the crying bloode of thoſe innocents,
" What, tyrantes, ſall yee ſave?

" Thynke yee that Chriſte, (whoſe gentyl lawes
" Aye breathe ſoe mylde a ſtrayne,)
" Thynke you that Chriſte (of mercye kynge)
" Wyll free you fro' the payne?

" Did hee not dye alle on the roode,
" And alle for the love of man?
" And wyll hee then ſave theyr guiltye ſoules,
" Who ſoe manye men have yſlaine?

" Farre ſooner, oh kyng! woulde I laye in myre,
" Than ſyt upon a throne;
" Far ſooner, oh kynge! woulde I beg my breade,
" Than weare a golden crowne.

" For ſall not the judge of alle doe ryghte,
" At the doleful doome's daye?
" Then what wyll avayl your crownes and thrones,
" And your ſtates and courtiers gaye?

" Nowe thynke thee well, oh mortal kyng!
" And thy proude miſdeedes bemoane;
" Oh thynke what wyll ſave thy hapleſs ſoule,
" When thy pompe ſall alle bee gone,

" Nor

" Nor fancye that almes wyll ſave thy ſoule,
" Tho' bounteous they bee giv'n ;
" Nor the rearing of abbies, alle riche endow'de,
" Wyll carrye thy ſoule to heav'n.

" Fulle welle I knowe the craving monkes
" Have manye a one beguil'd ;
" And ofte, when a man's layde on hys deathe bed,
" They robbe the wydowe and chylde.

" But rouze thy reaſon, oh noble kyng!
" Nor heed the cloyſter'd drone ;
" For nothyng ther is a man can doe,
" For bloodeſhedd fall attone :

" Save the meryts of hym, who for our ſynnes
" Dy'd on the precious roode ;
" And ever the cryme that moſt hee hates,
" Is ſheddyng of man's bloode."

All woebegone then ſpoke the kynge,
And the teares ran fro' hys eyne :
" And ever I thanke thee, holye Thurſtan,
" For thy counſayle ſoe dyvyne.

" But heav'n doth knowe that, from my hearte,
" I hate to kylle and ſlaye ;
" And ever I hynder my men at armes,
" As evermore I maye :

" And

" And fayne woulde I ſave the peaſante ſwayne,
" And the wydowe poore diſtreſte :
" And the helpleſſe mayde and ſymple chylde,
" And eke the lowelye prieſte."

Oh then beſpake prince Henrye brave ;
As he ſtoode by the kynge ;
" Father, I knowe thy conſcience cleare
" As water fro' the ſpryng.

" And if, in avenging of our wronges,
" Full manye a one is ſlayne,
" And the bloodye warrioure doth greate ſpoyle,
" Art thou, goode kyng, to blame ?"

" Too haſtye prynce," the byſhopp cry'd,
" To ravage is a ſhame ;
" And when the warriours doe greate ſpoyle,
" Theyr prynce is alle to blame.

" Why not goe meete your royal foe,
" Like men in open fielde ;
" And if he wyll not righte your wrongs,
" Then take to ſworde and ſhielde ?

" And not, when our kyng is farre awaye,
" To ravage the countrie o'er ;
" To murder the weake and the innocente,
" And cruellye ſpoyle the poore."

Oh

Oh then beſpake the Scottiſh kynge,
Lyke a noble kynge ſpake hee:
"Oh, I wyll wayte 'tille your kyng Stephen
"Doth com fro' o'er the ſea.

"Then, reverende Thurſtan, if thy kynge
"No more oure ryghte delayes,
"But wille inveſte my ſonne in Northumberlande,
"Then wylle wee goe our wayes.

"But iff, when hee's come to merrye Englande,
"He wyll not doe us righte,
"Oh then wyll I harrowe that unjuſte kyng,
"By Chriſte in heav'n hys myghte."

"Nowe doſte thou ſpeake like a noble kynge,"
The holye Thurſtan cry'd;
"And now do I welcom thee, royal kynge,
"Of Scotlande aye the pryde.

"And when my leige ſhall com agayne,
"Then maye hee doe thee ryghte!"
"Or hee fall rue," cry'd that valiante kynge,
"By Chriſte in heav'n hys myghte."

And there, whyle the merrye bells dyd ryng,
And the minſtrels blithe dyd playe,
The Scottiſh princes and the goode byſhopp
Did feaſte for manye a daye.

Fulle

Fulle manye dyd bleſſe that holye man,
As hee ſat in the halle,
And merrylye, ſang; for welle they knewe,
Hee had reſcued them fro' thrall.

And manye a huſbandman was blithe
As hee dyd reape hys grayne;
"And but for Thurſtan, that holye biſhopp,
"Thys alle awaye had beene ta'en;

"And I had beene kyll'd, and manye beſyde,
"Wyth our wyffes and chyldren alle:
"And may heav'n aye proſper that holye byſhopp,
"That hath reſcued us fro' thrall!"

VI.

The BATTLE of CUTON MOOR.

Now firſt printed.

This battle was fought in the year of our Lord 1138 *(the third of king Stephen).*

The interview between biſhop Thurſtan and the king of Scots.

From GUTHRIE's *Hiſt. of Eng.*

In the year 1137, *(the ſecond of king Stephen's reign,) David, king of Scotland, invaded England.——Stephen's government was at this time in no condition to have reſiſted him,*

him, and nothing would have broke the ſtorm but the venerable Thurſtan archbiſhop of York's working upon the piety of king David. Tho' this prelate was now very old, he prevailed upon David and his ſon to meet him at Roxburgh caſtle, lying near the frontiers of both the kingdoms, where his remonſtrances had ſuch an effect, that the Scottiſh princes generouſly put a ſtop to all hoſtilities, till Stephen ſhould return to England, to be once more applied to for a definitive anſwer concerning the inveſtiture of Northumberland.

The battle of Cuton Moor.

After Eaſter, 1138, the king of Scotland again invaded Northumberland and the biſhoprick of Durham :---his deſign was probably to draw Stephen from the ſouth parts, and thereby to favour the adherents of the empreſs. But the noblemen of the north, who all held great baronies by military tenures, aſſociated among themſelves to repel him;---at the head of this aſſociation was Thurſtan, the brave old archbiſhop of York: the other barons were, William earl of Albemarle, a young nobleman of great ſpirit, and very active in arms; Walter de Gaunt, who was very old, but of great repute, and at the head of a ſtrong body of Flemings and Normans; Robert de Bruce, and his brother Adam, who (notwithſtanding their perſonal attachment to the Scotch king) brought into the field a numerous body of brave young fellows, all completely armed. Roger de Mowbray, tho' but a child, gave great ſanction to the expedition by the greatneſs of his family and followers. Walter Eſpec is mentioned likewiſe upon the occaſion; a man of gigantic ſtrength and ſtature, and accounted the beſt warrior in the north.---The Engliſh army advanced as far as Thriſk caſtle, under the direction of the old archbiſhop; but there that prelate reſigned his command to Ralph biſhop of the Orkneys.---The army by this time was ſtrengthened by ſeveral noblemen of Nottingham and Derbyſhire; at laſt they marched as far as Northallerton, where they raiſed the famous ſtandard. This was the maſt of a ſmall ſhip, on the top of which was placed

placed a ſilver croſs, and the machine itſelf went upon wheels, and all round it hung the banners of St. Peter, St. John of Beverly, and St. Wilfred. ——— The Scots army, now advancing with long marches, paſſed the river Tees, and encamped on an open plain called Cuton Moor, within two miles of the Engliſh. Early in the morning the two armies drew up in order of battle, when, after a ſevere conteſt, the Scots were routed, being ſaid to have loſt ten thouſand men. The king and his ſon were left to maintain their ground, attended only by their own guards, when they made a reſiſtance worthy themſelves, and at laſt retired to Carliſle. (The Scotch prince Henry is famed in hiſtory for his valour, humility, and the beauty of his perſon.)

THE welkin darke o'er Cuton Moore
With dreatye cloudes dyd low're——
The woeful carnage of that daye
Sall Scotlande aye deplore.

The river Tees' full oft dyd ſighe,
As ſhee roll'd her wynding floode,
That ever her ſylver tyde ſoe cleare
Shoulde bee ſwell'd with human bloode!

Kyng Davyd hee ſtode on the riſing hille,
And the verdante proſpecte view'd;
And hee ſawe that ſweete river that o'er the moore
Roll'd on her ſylver floode.

Oh then beſpake that noble kyng,
And with griefe hys hearte was woo'd:
"And ever I mourne that yon fayre ſtreame
"Shoulde bee ſwell'd with human bloode!"

Kynge Davyd hee ſawe the verdante moore,
With wilde flow'res all beſtrow'de:
"And ever I'm griev'd that ſoe greene a moore
"Sholde bee ſtayn'd with human bloode!

"But more am I griev'd, alas!" he cry'd,
"And more my hearte is woo'd,
"That ſoe manye warriours young and brave
"Muſte thys daye ſhed theyr bloode!"

As princely a hoſte that kyng dyd leade
As ever march'd on playne:
Alas! that ſoe manye a warriour brave
Should be ſoe ſoone yſlayne!

And firſte march'd forthe the Galloway men,
Of the antiente Picts they ſprange;
Theyr ſpeares all ſoe brighte and bucklers ſtrong
For manye myles yrang.

And then cam on the Norman troopes,
With Engliſhe them amonge:
For the empreſſe Maude they cam to fighte,
To righte that ladye's wronge.

And then march'd forthe the Scottiſh foote,
And then march'd forthe the horſe;
In amoure ſtronge, all thoſe warriours came,
A greate and warlike force.

Kynge Davyd look'd athawrt the moore,
And prince Henry hys brave ſonne,
And they were aware of the Engliſhe hoſte,
Com merrilye marching on.

Oh then call'd forthe kynge Davyd,
And loudelye called hee,
"And whoo is heare in alle mye campe,
"Can deſcrybe yon hoſte to mee?"

Then came a bearne, beſyde the tente,
An Engliſheman was hee;
'Twas not long ſince from the Engliſhe hoſte,
That traiterous wighte dyd flee.

"Nowe tell mee yon hoſtes," the kyng hee cry'd,
"And thou ſhalte have golde and fee—
"And whoo is yon chiefe that rydes along
"With hys lockes ſoe aged greye?"

"Oh that is Walter de Gaunte you ſee,
"And hee hath beene greye full long,
"But manye's the troope that hee dothe leade,
"And they are ſtoute and ſtronge."

"And whoo is yon chiefe ſoe brighte of blee,
"With hys troopes that beate the playne?"
"Oh that's the young earle of Albermarle,
"Yleading hys gallante trayne.

"A more gallante warrioure than that lorde
"Is not yon hoſtes among;
"And the gallante troopes that hee dothe leade,
"Like hym, are ſtoute and younge."

"And who yon ſhynny warriours twoo,
"With theyr troopes yclad the ſame?"
"Oh they're the Bruces, that in thys fighte
"Have com t'acquire them fame."

Oh then call'd oute kynge Davyd,
And fulle of woe ſpake hee:
"And ever I hold thoſe Bruces falſe,
"For muche they owe to mee.

"And who's yon chiefe of giante heigthe,
"And of bulke ſoe huge to ſee?"
"Walter Eſpec is that chiefe's name,
"And a potente chiefe is hee:

"Hys ſtature's large as the mountaine oake,
"And eke as ſtrong hys mighte:
"There's ne'ere a chiefe in alle the northe
"Can dare with hym to fighte."

"And

"And whoo's yon youthe, yon youthe I ſee,
"A galloping o'er the moore?
"Hys troopes that followe ſoe gallantelye,
"Proclayme hym a youthe of pow're."

"Young Roger de Mowbraye is that youthe,
"And hee's ſprang of the royal line;
"Hys wealthe and hys followers, oh kyng,
"Are allemoſt as greate as thyne."

"And who's yon aged chiefe I ſee
"All yclad in purple veſte?"
"Oh that's the Biſhoppe o'th' Orkney iſles,
"And hee alle the hoſte hath bleſte.

"And alle the reſte are noblemen,
"Of fortune and fame ech one:
"From Nottingham and from Derbyeſhyre
"Thoſe valiante chiefetaynes com."

"But what's yon glitt'ring tow're I ſee
"I'the centre o' the hoſte?"
"Oh that's the hallow'd ſtandard, of whyche
"The Engliſhe make ſuche boaſte.

"A maſte of a ſhipp it is ſo hie,
"Alle bedeckt with golde ſoe gaye;
"And on the topp is a holye croſſe,
"That ſhynes as brighte as the daye.

" Arounde it hang the holye banners
" Of manye a bleſſed ſaynte;
" Saynte Peter, and John of Beverlye,
" And Saynte Wilfred there theye paynte.

" The aged folke arounde it throng,
" With their old hayres alle ſo greye;
" And manye a chiefetayne there bows ydowne,
" And ſo heart'lye dothe hee praye."

Oh then beſpake the kyng of Scotts,
And ſoe heavylie ſpake hee:
" And had I but yon holye ſtandarde,
" Right gladſom ſholde I bee.

" And had I but yon holye ſtandarde,
" That there ſo hie doth tow're,
" I woulde not care for yon Engliſhe hoſte,
" Nor alle yon chieftaynes pow're.

" Oh had I but yon holie roode,
" That there ſoe brighte doth ſhowe;
" I wolde not care for yon Engliſhe hoſte,
" Nor the worſte that theye colde doe."

Oh then beſpake prince Henry,
And like a brave prince ſpake hee:
" Ah let us but fighte like valiante men,
" And wee'l make yon hoſtes to flee.

"Oh let us but fighte like valiante men,
"And to Chriſte's wyll ybowe,
"And yon hallow'd ſtandarde ſhall bee ours,
"And the victorie alſoe."

Prince Henrye was as brave a youthe
As ever fought in fielde;
Full many a warrioure that dreade day
To hym hys lyfe dyd yeilde.

Prince Henrye was as fayre a youthe
As the ſunne dyd e're eſpye;
Full manye a ladye in Scottiſhe lande
For that young prince dyd ſighe.

Prince Henrye call'd hys yong foot page,
And thus to hym ſpake hee:
"Oh heede my wordes, and ſerve mee true,
"And thou ſall have golde and fee.

"Stande thou on yonder riſing hylle,
"Fulle ſafe I weene the ſyte:
"And from thence oh marke thee well my creſte
"In all the thickeſte fighte.

"And if, o'ercome with woundes, I falle,
"Then take thee a ſwiftè ſwiſte ſteede,
"And from thys moore to Dunfries towne,
"Oh ryde thee awaye with ſpeede.

" There to the ladye Alice wende;
" (You'll knowe that lovelye fayre,
" For the fayreſte mayde in all that towne,
" Cannot with her compare;)

" And tell that ladye of my woe,
" And telle her of my love;
" And give to her thys golden ring,
" My tender faythe to prove.

" And ſtryve to cheare that lovelye mayde
" In alle her griefe and care:
" For well I knowe her gentle hearte
" Dyd ever holde mee deare."

And nowe the Engliſh hoſte drewe neare,
And alle in battle arraye;
Theire ſhyning ſwordes and glitt'ring ſpeares
Shot rounde a brilliante raye.

And nowe both valiante hoſtes cam neare,
Eache other for to ſlaye;
Whyle watchfulle hovered o'er their heades
Full manye a byrde of preye.

The ſun behynde the darke darke cloudes
Dyd hyde each beamy raye,
As fearefulle to beholde the woe
That mark'd that doleful daye.

The thund'ring wyndes of heav'n aroſe,
And ruſh'd from pole to pole,
As ſtryving to drowne the groanes and ſighes
Of manye a dyeing ſoule.

Serne deathe hee hearde the ſhoutes of warre,
That ecchoed arounde ſoe loude;
And hee rouz'd hym to th' embattled fielde,
To feaſte on human bloode.

And fyrſte the Pictiſh race began
The carnage of that daye;
The cries they made were like the ſtorm
That rendes the rockes awaye.

Thoſe fierce fierce men of Gallowaye
Began that day of dole;
And their ſhoutes were like the thunder's roare,
That's hearde from pole to pole.

Nowe bucklers rang 'gainſt ſwordes and ſpeares,
And arrows dimm'd the playne;
And manye a warrioure laye fulle lowe,
And manye a chiefe was ſlayne.

Oh woeful woeful was that daye,
To chylde and wydowe dreare!
For there fierce deathe o'er human race
Dyd triumphe 'farre and neare.

Dreare was the daye—in darke darke cloudes
The Welkin alle endrown'd;
But farr more dreare the woeful ſcene
Of carnage alle arounde.

Dreare was the ſounde of warring wyndes
That foughte along the ſkyes;
But farre more dreare the woeful ſounde
Of dying warrioures ſighes.

Laden with deathe's unpitying arme,
Swordes fell and arrowes flewe;
The wydow'd wyfe and fatherleſſe chylde
That daye of dole ſall rue.

Ten thouſande Scotts, who on that morne
Were marching alle ſoe gaye,
By nighte, alas! on that drearye moore
Poore mangled corps ylaye.

Weepe, dames of Scottlande, weepe and waile,
Let your ſighes reecho rounde;
Ten thouſande brave Scotts that hail'd the morne,
At night laye deade on grounde.

And yee, fayre dames of merrye Englande,
As faſte youre teares muſte poure;
For manye's the valiante Engliſheman,
That yee ſall ſee noe more.

Sighe,

Sighe, dames of Englande, and lamente,
And manye a falſe teare ſhed;
For manye an Engliſhman hail'd that morne,
That ere the nyghte was deade.

The Scotts they fled; but ſtill their kynge,
With hys brave ſonne by hys ſyde,
Foughte long the foe (brave kynge and prince,
Of Scottlande aye the pryde).

The Scotts they fled; but ſtille the kyng,
With hys brave ſonne, foughte full welle,
Till o'er the moore an arrowe yflewe—
And brave prynce Henrye felle.

Alle thys eſpy'd his yong foote page,
From the hille whereon he ſtode;
And ſoone hath hee mounted a ſwifte ſwifte ſteede,
And ſoone from the moore hath rode.

And hee hath croſs'd the Tees fayre ſtreame,
Nowe ſwell'd with human bloode;
Th'affrighted page he never ſtay'de,
Tyll to Dumfries hee hath rode.

Fayre Alice was gon to the holye kirke,
With a ſad hearte dyd ſhee goe;
And ever ſoe faſte dyd ſhe crye to heav'n,
"Prynce Henrye ſave from woe."

Fayre Alice ſhee hied her to the choire,
  Where the prieſtes dyd chaunte ſoe ſlowe;
And ever ſhee cry'd, "May the holye ſayntes
  "Prince Henrye ſave from woe!"

Fayre Alice, with manye a teare and ſighe,
  To Mary's ſhrine dyd goe;
And ſoe faſte ſhee cryde, "Sweete Marye mylde,
  "Prynce Henry ſave from woe!"

Fayre Alice ſhee knelte bye the hallow'd roode,
  Whyle faſte her teares dyd ſlowe;
And ever ſhee cry'd, "Oh ſweete ſweete Savioure,
  "Prynce Henrye ſave from woe!"

Fayre Alice look'd oute at the kirke doore,
  And heavye her hearte dyd beate;
For ſhee was aware of the prince's page,
  Com galloping thro' the ſtreete.

Agayne fayre Alice look'd out to ſee,
  And well nighe dyd ſhee ſwoone;
For nowe ſhee was ſure it was that page
  Com galloping thro' the towne.

"Nowe Chriſte thee ſave, thou ſweete young page,
  "Now Chriſte thee ſave and ſee!
"And howe dothe ſweete prynce Henrye?
  "I praye thee telle to me."

The page hee look'd at the fayre Alice,
And hys hearte was fulle of woe;
The page hee look'd at the fayre Alice,
Tyll hys teares faſte 'gan to flowe.

"Ah woe is me!" ſad Alice cry'd,
And tore her golden hayre;
And ſoe faſte ſhee wrang her lilly handes,
Alle woo'd with ſad deſpayre.

"The Engliſhe keepe the bloodye fielde,
"Fulle manye a Scott is ſlayne,
"But lyves prynce Henry?" the ladye cry'd,
"All elſe to mee is vayne.—

"Oh lives the prince? I praye thee telle,"
Fayre Alice ſtill dyd calle:
"Theſe eyes dyd ſee a keene arrowe flye,
"Dyd ſee prince Henrye falle."

Fayre Alice ſhe ſat her on the grounde,
And never a worde ſhee ſpake;
But like the pale image dyd ſhee looke,
For her hearte was nighe to breake.

The roſe that once ſoe ting'd her cheeke,
Was nowe, alas! noe more;
But the whitenëſſe of her lillye ſkin
Was fayrer than before.

"Fayre

" Fayre ladye, riſe," the page exclaym'de,
" Nor laye thee here thus lowe."—
Shee anſwered not, but heav'd a ſighe,
That ſpoke het hearte ſelte woe.

Her maydens came and ſtrove to cheare,
But in vaine was all their care;
The townesfolke wept to ſee that ladye
Soe 'whelm'd in dreade deſpayre.

They rais'de her from the danky grounde,
And ſprinkled water fayre;
But the coldeſt water from the ſpring
Was not ſoe colde as her.

And nowe came horſemen to the towne,
That the prynce had ſente with ſpeede;
With tydyngs to Alice that he dyd live,
To eaſe her of her dreade.

For when that hapleſs prince dyd falle,
The arrowe dyd not hym ſlaye;
But hys followers bravelye reſcued hym,
And convey'd hym ſafe away.

Bravelye theye reſcued that noble prince,
And to fayre Carlile hym bore;
And there that brave young prince dyd lyve,
Tho' wounded ſad and ſore.

Fayre

Fayre Alice the wond'rous tydings hearde,
And thrice for joye ſhee ſigh'd:
That hapleſſe fayre, when ſhee hearde the newes,
She roſe—ſhe ſmil'd—and dy'd.

The teares that her fayre maydens ſhed,
Ran free from their brighte eyes;
The ecchoing wynde that then dyd blowe,
Was burden'd with theyre ſighes.

The page hee ſaw the lovelye Alice
In a deepe deepe grave let downe,
And at her heade a green turfe ylayde,
And at her feete a ſtone!

Then with manye a teare and manye a ſighe
Hathe hee hy'd hym on hys waye;
And hee hath com to Carlile towne,
All yclad in blacke arraye.

And now hath he com to the prince's halle,
And lowelye bente hys knee:
"And howe is the ladye Alice ſo fayre,
"My page, com telle to mee."

"Oh, the ladye Alice, ſoe lovelye fayre,
"Alas! is deade and gon;
"And at her heade is a greene graſs turfe,
"And at her foote a ſtone.

"The

" The ladye Alice is deade and gon,
" And the wormes feede by her ſyde;
" And alle for the love of thee, oh prynce,
" That beauteous ladye dy'd.

" And where ſhee's layde the greene turfe growes,
" And a colde grave-ſtone is there;
" But the dew-clad turfe, nor the colde colde ſtone,
" Is not ſoe colde as her."

Oh then prince Henrye ſad dyd ſighe,
Hys hearte alle fulle of woe:
That hapleſſe prince ybeate hys breaſte,
And faſte hys teares 'gan flowe.

" And art thou gon, my ſweete Alice?
" And art thou gon?" hee cry'd:
" Ah woulde to heav'n that I with thee,
" My faythful love, had dy'd!

" And have I loſte thee, my ſweet Alice?
" And art thou deade and gon?
" And at thy deare heade a green graſs turfe,
" And at thy foote a ſtone?

" The turfe that's o'er thy grave, deare Alice,
" Sall with my teares bee wet;
" And the ſtone at thy feete ſall melte, love,
" Ere I will thee forget."

And when the newes cam to merrye Englande
Of the battle in the northe;
Oh then kynge Stephen and hys nobles
Soe merrylie marched forthe.

And theye have had juſtes and tournamentes,
And have feaſted o'er and o'er;
And merrylie merrylie have they rejoic'd,
For the victorie of Cuton Moore.

But many a ſighe adds to the wynde,
And manye a teare to the ſhow're,
And manye a bleedyng hearte hath broke,
For the battle of Cuton Moore.

And manye's the wydowe alle forlorne,
And helpleſſe orphan poore,
And many's the mayden that ſall rue
The victorye of Cuton Moore.

The ladye Alice is layde in her grave,
And a colde ſtone markes the ſite;
And manys the mayde like her doth dye,
Cauſe kynges and nobles wyll fighte.

The lady Alice is layde full lowe,
And her mayden tears doe poure,
And manye's the wretche with them ſall weepe,
For the victorye of Cuton Moore.

The holye prieſte doth weepe as he ſyngs
Hys maſſ s o'er and o'er;
And alle for the ſoules of them that were ſlayne
At the battle of Cuton Moore.

VII.

The MURDER of PRINCE ARTHUR in Rouen Caſtle.

Now firſt printed.

The ballad of prince Arthur is explained by the following extract from the hiſtory of England:

"*King John, thinking he ſhould have no quiet as long* "*as prince Arthur lived, (for king Philip and the Bretons* "*ſtill preſſed for his delivery,) reſolved to diſpatch him* "*privately.* ——— *Conſidering the importance of the* "*affair, and the great miſchief and reproach that the diſco-* "*very of it might bring upon him, the king reſolved to* "*truſt as few with the knowledge of it as he could help:* "*whereupon, coming one night in a boat to the foot of a* "*tower of the caſtle of Rouen, he preſently ordered him* "*to be brought down and put into the boat; whereupon* "*the prince, apprehending his approaching fate by his* "*uncle's ſilence, preſently abating his former fierceneſs,* "*flung himſelf at his feet, in hopes to obtain mercy;* "*but the cruel king preſently drew his ſword, and ran* him

" *him ſeveral times through his body, till he had diſpatched*
" *him; then carrying the corps ſome few leagues down the*
" *ſtream, they flung it into the river Seine.*
GUTHRIE (from Tyrrel and others).

'MONG hilles and woodelandes, manye a myle
Seine roll'd his murm'ring floode;
And, winding, waſh'd the ſtatelye tow'res,
Where Rouen's faire caſtle ſtoode.

Dreare darkneſſe, with her mournefulle ſhade,
Had ſpreade the welkin o'er,
And hid from view th' embattled walls
That deckt the wyndinge ſhore.

No more was hearde the voice of man,
Soft ſlept each wearied hinde:
No ſound——ſave hapleſs Arthur's ſighes,
That murmur'd with the winde.

From an old tow'r of drearye heighte,
Forlorne, thro' Gothic grate,
The hapleſs prince look'd o'er the floode,
And mourn'de hys wretched fate.

" Yee wyndes, that rove the foreſts free,
" Why roar ye as ye blowe?
" Ye waves, that daſh againſt theſe tow'res,
" Why murmur as ye flowe?

" You wyndes enjoye the bliſſe to rove,
" The ſweetes of freedom knowe ;
" Yee wand'ring waves, how bleſt your fate,
" Where're you wille to flowe !

" Or is't in pitye to my ſighes,
" That rounde theſe tow'res yee roare ?
" And you, faire river, daſh youre waves
" So oft againſte the ſhore ?

" How bleſte were I, yee wyndes and waves,
" If I like you coulde rove ;
" Like you coulde wynde my chearful waye,
" Thro' foreſte, hille, and grove !

" But woe is mee, here doom'de to waſte
" Mye life in hopeleſſe woe ;
" To number ſighes—that ſtille muſte heave,
" And teares—that ſtille muſte flowe !

" Fulle manye a daye hath told its houres,
" Since I have ſigh'd for peace ;
" And manye a daye muſt ſtille rolle on,
" 'Ere mye misfortunes ceaſe.

" Mye ſole employe to counte the woes
" That fille up my deſpaire ;
" A mother's teares—I cannot wipe—
" A crowne—I cannot weare.

" A lovelye

" A lovelye ſiſter in my cauſe,
" Debarr'd of libertye; ———
" A thouſande friendes, or captive made,
" Or ſlayne in fyghte for mee.

" My ſleepe to me affordes no peace;
" Fell fancye ſtille wille wake,
" And doubles every pang of woe,
" My wearied ſoul to racke.

" Oh then, with every care renew'd,
" I wake right fulle of woe;
" Wake—but to mark the daſhing wave,
" And hear the rude wyndes blowe.

" Then, then, diſtracted at my fate,
" And frantic with my feares,
" I load the tempeſte with my ſighs,
" The river with my teares.

" Fulle manye a ſun hath ſat in miſte,
" As wearied with mye ſighes;
" The ſame my miſerye, when agayne
" That pitying ſun did ryſe.

" The gentle moone, when brighte her beames
" Upon theſe tow'res ſhee throwes,
" Oft' hydes her face behinde a cloude,
" As weeping for my woes.

" But yet, were I 'mong all my race
" Alone o'erwhelm'de with cares,
" I'd be reſign'de—tho' bounde in chaines,
" And ſmile amid my teares.

" But, hapleſſe Conſtance, mother deare!
" Thy pangs too welle I heede;
" With thyne my teares for ever flowe,
" Like thine, my hearte aye bleede.

" Sweet Elenor, for beautye fam'de,
" Damſel of Brittanye;
" I woulde not live, if that thy woes
" (Deare mayde) coulde dye with mee.

" Ah, would I were a peaſante ſwayne,
" Of humble lineage borne!
" Contented would I tende my flocke,
" Nor heede the proude man's ſcorne.

" Contented by our humble cott,
" From morne to eve I'd toile;
" And thinke righte bounteous my rewarde,
" Deare mother, in thy ſmile.

" Noe tumults then, noe murd'rous warre,
" Woulde frighte thee with alarms;
" And, oh! noe cruel uncle teare
" Thy children from thy armes.

" What,

" What, tho' noe realmes ſhould court our nod,
" Nor coronets gild our brows;
" What are their golde but painted care?
" Their gems but glitt'ring woes?

" In peace wee'd ſhare the frugal meale,
" And bleſſe the earthe's increaſe;
" The riſing ſun ſhoulde haile our joye,
" And ſetting gilde our peace.

" And when in calme contente and peace
" Wee'd paſt our deſtin'd houres,
" Some gentle ſwain ſhould make our grave,
" And ſtrew the turfe with flow'res."

The hapleſſe prince thus ſtrove by plaints
To mitigate hys paynes,
Till, mad with woe, hee beate his breaſte,
And howling clank'd hys chaynes.

The hollowe tow'rs, and winding walles,
Hys ſighs reechoe'd rounde;
The diſtante hilles, in dying notes,
Return'd the playntive ſounde.

The nighte, collecting every cloude
That form'd her darkeſt traine,
Seem'de to lament the tale of woe
That broke her ſilent reign.

And nowe, tho' all arounde was darke,
And ſtormy raine did falle,
A boate came rowing down the ſtreame,
Beneathe the caſtle walle.

The night-birdes ſcream'd a cry of dreade,
The death-belle thrice did ring;
And thrice at Arthur's window bars
A raven flapp'd its wing.

Arthur remark'd th' ill-omen'd ſound,
And thrice hee trembled ſore;
And thrice hee wip'd the clammy drops
That from his browe did poure.

And ſoon hee hearde the voice of men
Low wiſp'ring at the walle;
Unhappy Arthur, ſtrucke with dreade,
To heav'n for helpe did calle.

Hee heard the gate cracke on its hinge,
That led to his abode———
"Now, heav'n, befriende mee!" Arthur cried,
"For this bodes mee no goode."

And nowe came in the tyrante John,
With ruffians all arowe;
A bloody ſworde was in hys hande,
A frowne upon hys browe.

As dreades the lambe, when ſuddenlye,
He ſees the wolfe appeare;
So hapleſſe Arthur waxed pale,
To find hys fate ſo near.

Then kneeling quick upon his knee,
And dropping many a teare,
Hee ſtrove to ſoothe the tyrant's rage,
With manye a piteous prayer.

"Ah, ſpare me, royal uncle, ſpare
"A youthe beneathe thy frowne!
"Give me but life—give me but peace—
"And keepe my curſed crowne.

"Oh let mee live 'mong peaſante ſwaines,
"Aye loſte to thoughts of ſtate;
"I'll never murmur at the change,
"Nor wiſh for to be greate.

"Oh uncle! change that cruel frowne,
"That darke determin'd browe;
"See, ſee me, tho' unus'd to kneele,
"Laye at thy feet thus lowe.

"(Alas! what wordes can I invent,
"Hys purpoſe to averte?
"Oh teach me, heav'n, with force to pleade—
"To touch his ruthleſs hearte.)

" And canſt thou kille mee, uncle deare,
" And canſt thou make me bleede ?
" And canſt thou ſlaye thy brother's childe,
" That at thy feete doth pleade ?

" Oh ſpare mee, ſpare mee, noble kinge !
" Nor thy owne honoure ſtaine ;
" So ſhall heav'n bleſſe thee for my ſake,
" And proſper long thy reigne.

" So ſhalle thy name for ages long
" Shyne bright beyonde compare ;
" And this good acte, in honour's roll,
" Be aye recorded faire."

" Noe, Arthur, noe ! thou now muſt dye,"
The ruthleſſe tyrante cry'de :
" Thy boaſted title to my crowne
" Shall no more wounde my pride."

" Ah cruel uncle ! ſtay thy hande—
" The deede too late thou'lt 'moane ;
" For well I weene its dreade effectes
" Shall ſhake thee from thy throne.

" And thinke, when deathe ſhall end thy dayes,
" That kinge of all belowe,
" Shall not this deede add to his dartes
" Ten thouſand pangs of woe ?"

" Enoughe,"

" Enoughe," the angry tyrante cryde,
" The nyghte weares faſte awaye ;
" Turne thee to God—for thou muſt dye!
" Before the dawne of daye."

Th' affrighted nighte-birdes ſcream'd and yell'd
The drearye tow're arounde ;
The river left its oozy bed,
And ſought the meadow-grounde.

Welle may yee ſcreame, yee birdes of nighte,
As rounde the tow'rs ye ſtraye ;
For they have ſlayne the hapleſs prince,
Before the dawne of daye.

Well mayſt thou, Seine, from out thy bedd
Remove thy frighted floode ;
For they have ſlaine the hapleſſe prince,
And ſhedde hys deare hearte's bloode.

Yes, they have ſlayne the hapleſſe prince,
'Ere hee had tyme to praye,
And throwne his bodye in the floode,
Before the dawne of daye.

They've buried the prince in a watry grave,
With all the ſpeede theye maye ;
And tyrante John, with the curſe of heav'n,
Hath hied him on hys waye.

PRINCE

VIII.

PRINCE EDWARDE and ADAM GORDON.

Now firſt printed.

The ſubject of this ballad is taken from the hiſtory of England, the latter part of the reign of Henry the IIId.

TO Adam Gordon's gloomye haunte
Prince Edwarde wounde hys waye:
" And coulde I buſ meete that bold ouflawe,
" In the wolde where hee doth laye!"

Prince Edwarde boldlye wounde his waye
The briars and bogs amonge:
" And coulde I bŭt finde that bolde outlawe,
" Hys lyfe ſhoulde not be longe.

" For hee hath harrowed merrye Hampſhire,
" And manye a ſpoile poſſeſte;
" A bolder outlawe than this wight
" Ne'er trod by eaſte and weſte.

" And

" And now come on, my merrye men all,
" Nor heede the drearye waye;
" For coulde I but meete that bolde outlawe,
" Fulle ſoone I would hym ſlaye.

" And when wee meete in hardye fyghte,
" Let no one come betweene;
" For Adam o'Gordon's as brave a man
" As ever foughte on greene."

Then ſpake a knighte, " It maye be longe
" Ere Gordon you ſhalle fynde;
" For hee dothe dwelle in a drearye haunte,
" Remote from human kynde.

" Among the woldes and deepe moraſſe
" Hys lodging hee hath ta'en;
" And never that wand'ring wight wente in,
" That ere came out agayne.

" So darke, ſo narrowe, and ſo dreare,
" The wyndyngs all aboute,
" That ſcarce the birdes that ſcim the aire
" Can fynde their waye throoute."

Prince Edwarde drewe hys darke browne ſworde,
And ſhooke hys ſhynyng lance:
" And rather I'd fyghte thys bolde outlawe,
" Then alle the peers of France."

Prince

Prince Edward graſp'd his buckler ſtrong,
And proudly marched forthe:
"And rather I'd conquer thys bolde outlawe,
"Then alle the knightes o'the northe."

And then beſpake a valiante knyghte:
"Now, prince, thy wordes make goode;
"For yonder I ſee that proude outlawe,
"A cominge forthe the woode."

Then quick the prince lit off hys ſteede,
And onwarde wounde hys waye:
"Now ſtande yee bye, my merry men alle,
"And yee ſhall ſee brave playe."

Brave Adam o'Gordon ſawe the prince,
As hee cam forthe the wolde;
And ſoone he knewe hym by hys ſhielde,
And hys banners all of golde.

"Arouze," he criede, "my merry men alle,
"And ſtande yee welle your grounde;
"For yonder great prince Edwarde coms,
"For valoure ſo renownde."

"Now welcom, welcom, Adam Gordon,
"I'm gladde I have thee founde;
"For manye a daye I've foughte for thee,
"Thro' alle the countrye rounde."

"Nowe

"Nowe here I ſweare," brave Adam cried,
"Had I but ſo beene tolde,
"I woulde have met thee longe 'ere nowe,
"In citie or in wolde."

Oh then began as fierce a fyghte
As 'ere was foughte in fielde;
The prince was ſtoute, the outlawe ſtrong,
Their heartes with courage ſteel'de.

Fulle manye an houre in valiante fyghte
Theſe chieftaines bolde did cloſe;
Full manye an houre the hilles and woodes
Reechoed with their blowes.

Full many a warriour ſtoode aroünde
That marvellous fighte to ſee,
While from their woundes the guſhing bloode
Ranne like the fountaine free.

Thrice they agreede, o'erſpente with toyle,
To ceaſe their ſturdye blowes;
And thrice they ſtopp'd to quench their thirſte,
And wipe their bloodye browes.

Edward aye lov'd that braverye
Which Adam prov'd in fighte,
And, with congenial virtue fir'd,
Reſolv'd to do him righte.

"Adam,

" Adam, thy valour charms my ſoule,
" I ever love the brave;
" And tho' I feare not thy dread ſworde,
" Thy honoure I woulde ſave.

" Here, Gordon, do I plighte my hande,
" My honour and renowne,
" That, if thou to my ſworde wilt yeilde,
" And my allegiance owne——

" But more,—if thou wilt be my friende,
" And faithful ſhare my hearte,
" I'll ever prove gentle unto thee——
" Wee never more wille parte.

" Thou, in the raging battle's houre,
" Shalle aye fighte by my ſide,
" And at my table and my court,
" In times of peace preſide.

" When proſperous fate ſhall gilde my throne,
" Thou ſhalt partake my joye;
" When troubles low're, to ſoothe thy prince
" Shall bee thy ſole employe.

" And I to thee the ſame will prove,
" A gentle boſom friend;
" In joy to ſhare thy happineſſe,
" In woe thy cares to end.

" Nowe,

"Nowe, Adam, take thy laſting choice,
"Thy prince awaites thy worde:
"Accepte, brave man, my ſmile or frowne—
"My friendſhip or my ſworde."—

Brave Adam, ſtruck with wonder, gaz'd—
Hee ſigh'd at every worde;
Then, falling quicke upon hys knee,
Hee gave the prince hys ſworde.

Upon the warrioure's dark browne cheeke
A teare was ſeene to ſhyne——
Hee layde hys hande upon hys hearte——
"Brave Edwarde, I am thyne."

The pytying prince the warriour rais'de,
And preſs'd hym to his hearte;
"Adam, thy prince will bee thy friende,—
"We never more will parte."

A ſhouting from their followers bye
Proclaym'd the joyful ſounde;
The hills and woodlandes, echoing loud,
Diſpers'd the tydyngs rounde.

The prince then made that brave outlawe
On hys own ſteede to ryde,
With banners rich and trappings gaye,
And he rode by hys ſyde.

And when with ſhoutes to Guilforde towne
Thys noble trayne came on,
O'erjoy'd, our royal queene came forthe,
To meete her warlyke ſon.

" Fayre ſon, fayre ſon, more deare to mee,
" Than alle that lyfe can give,
" Full many a daye the loſſe of thee
" Hath caus'd my hearte to grieve.

" And whence that ſtayne upon thy ſhielde?
" That bloode upon thy browe?
" Oh! thou haſt had ſome deſperate fyghte,
" And didſt not let mee knowe.

" Was it among the rebel hoſte
" Thy ſworde hath got this ſtayne?
" And are their banners overthrowne?
" And proude Earl Derbye ſlaine?

" Or is't were Kenilworth's proud tow'res
" O'erlook the neighbour playnes,
" That thou haſt rear'd thy conquering armes,
" And fix'd thy father's reigne.

" Oh! I've not been where Derby's earl
" The rebel cauſe upholdes;
" But I've o'ercome a braver man,
" 'Mong foreſts, bogs, and wolds.

" Nor

" Nor have I ſeene proud Kenilworth,
" With tow'rs all arowe;
" But I've o'ercome a braver man
" Than Kenilworth 'ere did knowe.

" Adam o' Gordon is that man,
" A braver ne'er was ſeene"—
Then tooke the warrioure by the hande,
And led hym to the queene.

And there the Gordon was carreſs'd,
With tiltes and revelrye;
And none in alle the tournamentes,
Was founde with him to vye.

Where'ere the royal Edwarde foughte,
Brave Gordon aye woulde wende;
And Edwarde, like a noble prince,
Was ever Gordon's friende.

IX.

CUMNOR HALL.

Now firſt printed.

Cumnor is near Abington, in Berkſhire.

The ſtory of the unhappy counteſs of Leiceſter, who was murdered there in queen Elizabeth's time, may be ſeen at large in Aſhmole's Antiquities of Berkſhire, in whoſe time the ruins of the hall were ſtill ſtanding.——It had been antiently a place of retirement for the monks of Abington.

THE dews of ſummer nighte did falle,
The moone (ſweete regente of the ſkye)
Silver'd the walles of Cumnor Halle,
And manye an oake that grewe therebye.

Nowe nought was hearde beneath the ſkies,
(The ſoundes of buſye lyfe were ſtille,)
Save an unhappie ladie's ſighes,
That iſſued from that lonelye pile.

"Leiceſter," ſhee cried "is thys thy love
"That thou ſo oft has ſworne to mee,
"To leave mee in thys lonelye grove,
"Immurr'd in ſhameful privitie?

"No

" No more thou com'ſt with lover's ſpeede,
" Thy once-beloved bryde to ſee;
" But bee ſhee alive, or bee ſhee deade,
" I feare (ſterne earle's) the ſame to thee.

" Not ſo the uſage I receiv'd,
" When happye in my father's halle;
" No faithleſſe huſbande then me griev'd,
" No chilling feares did mee appall.

" I roſe up with the chearful morne,
" No lark more blith, no flow'r more gaye;
" And, like the birde that hauntes the thorne,
" So merrylie ſung the live-long daye.

" If that my beautye is but ſmalle,
" Amonge court ladies all deſpis'd;
" Why didſt thou rend it from that halle,
" Where (ſcorneful earle) it well was priz'de?

" And when you firſt to mee made ſuite,
" How fayre I was you oft woulde ſaye!
" And, proude of conqueſt—pluck'd the fruite,
" Then lefte the bloſſom to decaye.

" Yes, nowe neglected and deſpis'd,
" The roſe is pale—the lilly's deade—
" But hee that once their charmes ſo priz'd,
" Is ſure the cauſe thoſe charms are fledde.

" _or knowe, when ſick'ning griefe doth preye
" And tender love's repay'd with ſcorne,
" The ſweeteſt beautye will decaye—
" What flow'ret can endure the ſtorme?

" At court I'm tolde is beauty's throne,
" Where everye lady's paſſing rare;
" That eaſtern flow'rs, that ſhame the ſun,
" Are not ſo glowing, not ſoe fayre.

" Then, earle, why didſt thou leave the bedds
" Where roſes and where lillys vie,
" To ſeek a primroſe, whoſe pale ſhades
" Muſt ſicken—when thoſe gaudes are bye?

" 'Mong rural beauties I was one,
" Among the fields wild flow'rs are faire;
" Some countrye ſwayne might mee have won,
" And thoughte my beautie paſſing rare.

" But, Leiceſter, (or I much am wronge)
" Or tis not beautye lures thy vowes;
" Rather ambition's gilded crowne
" Makes thee forget thy humble ſpouſe.

" Then, Leiceſter, why, again I pleade,
" (The injur'd ſurel, e may repyne,)
" Why didſt thou wed a countrye mayde,
" When ſome fayre princeſſe might be thyne?

" Why

" Why didſt thou praiſe my humble charmes,
" And, oh! then leave them to decaye?
" Why didſt thou win me to thy armes,
" Then leave me to mourne the live-long daye?

" The village maidens of the plaine
" Salute me lowly as they goe;
" Envious they marke my ſilken trayne,
" Nor thinke a counteſſe can have woe.

" The ſimple nymphs! they little knowe,
" How farre more happy's their eſtate—
" —To ſmile for joye——than ſigh for woe—
" —To be contente——than to be greate.

" Howe farre leſſe bleſte am I than them?
" Dailye to pyne and waſte with care!
" Like the poore plante, that from its ſtem
" Divided—feeles the chilling ayre.

" Nor (cruel earl!) can I enjoye
" The humble charmes of ſolitude;
" Your minions proude my peace deſtroye,
" By ſullen frownes or pratings rude.

" Laſte nyghte, as ſad I chanc'd to ſtraye,
" The village deathe-bell ſmote my eare;
" They wink'd aſyde, and ſeem'd to ſaye,
" Counteſſe, prepare—thy end is neare.

" And nowe, while happye peaſantes ſleepe,
" Here I ſet lonelye and forlorne;
" No one to ſoothe mee as I weepe,
" Save phylomel on yonder thorne.

" My ſpirits flag—my hopes decaye—
" Still that dreade deathe-bell ſmites my eare;
" And many a boding ſeems to ſaye,
" Counteſs, prepare—thy end is neare."

Thus ſore and ſad that ladie griev'd,
In Cumnor Halle ſo lone and dreare;
And manye a heartefelte ſighe ſhee heav'd,
And let falle manye a bitter teare.

And ere the dawne of daye appear'd,
In Cumnor Hall ſo lone and dreare,
Full manye a piercing ſcreame was hearde,
And manye a crye of mortal feare.

The death-belle thrice was hearde to ring,
An aërial voyce was hearde to call,
And thrice the raven flapp'd its wyng
Arounde the tow'rs of Cumnor Hall.

The maſtiffe howl'd at village doore,
The oaks were ſhatter'd on the greene;
Woe was the houre—for never more
That hapleſſe counteſſe e'er was ſeene.

And

And in that manor now no more
Is chearful feaſte and ſprightly balle;
For ever ſince that drearye houre
Have ſpirits haunted Cumnor Hall.

The village maides, with fearful glance,
Avoid the antient moſſgrowne walle;
Nor ever leade the merrye dance,
Among the groves of Cumnor Halle.

Full manye a travellor oft hath ſigh'd,
And penſive wepte the counteſs' falle,
As wand'ring onwards they've eſpied
The haunted tow'rs of Cumnor Halle.

X.

ARABELLA STUART.

Now firſt printed.

WHERE London's tow're its turrets ſhowe,
So ſtatelye by the Thame's ſyde,
Faire Arabella, chyld of woe,
For manye a daye had ſat and ſigh'd.

And as ſhee heard the waves ariſe,
And as ſhee heard the bleake wyndes roare,
As faſt did heave her heartfelte ſighes,
And ſtill ſo faſt her teares did poure.

The ſun that joy'd the blithſom daye,
The moone that chear'd the night's dull houre,
Still ſounde the faire to griefe a preye,
The victim of tyrannic pow're.

"And why," that hapleſſe ladye cried,
"From royal race am I deriv'd?
"Had I to peaſants beene ally'd,
"Happye, tho' poore, I then had liv'd.

"Ambition never won my mynde,
"For many its victim I have knowne;
"Alas! like mee, here once confin'd——
"Their houres of peace for ever flowne.

"Becauſe by bloode to kyngs ally'd——
"Ah me! how cruel the pretence!
"My name offends the ear of pryde;
"My being borne—is my offence.

"Torne from my friends, from all the joyes,
"That virtuous freedom can afford;
"But more my bleeding boſom ſighes,
"Torne from my love—my wedded lorde.

"Alas,

"Alas, deare youthe! and muſt wee parte,
"And ſhall I ſee my love no more,
"Save when, to ſoothe my wounded hearte,
"Beneath my tow'r thy wiſpers ſoare?

"When the ſtill nighte, with darkſom ſhade,
"Enrapts thefe dreary walls aroun de,
"Anxious, I liſten for thy treade,
"O'erjoy'd, I heare thy dear voice ſounde.

"But who can tell the pangs ſo keene
"That ſuch ill-fated lovers knowe,
"Where tow'res and bars ariſe betweene,
"Darke ſpies above and guardes belowe?

"In vaine for mee the ſun doth riſe!
"In vaine to mee the moone doth ſhyne!
"The ſmyling earthe ne'er chears my eyes,
"Here doom'd in miſery to pine.

"And as I heare the waves ariſe,
"And as I heare the bleake wyndes roare,
"Still ſtill as faſte will heave my ſighes,
"And ſtill ſoe faſte my teares muſt poure."

Now came her lorde with lover's ſpeede,
And at the wall thus wiſper'd hee:
"Ariſe, my love, nor thinke of dreade,
"Thy huſband's come to ſet thee free."

Th' aſtoniſh'd lady roſe with ſpeede,
And ſaw her lover ſtand belowe;—
"The bleſſing that ſoe much I neede,
"Oh, how can'ſt thou on me beſtowe?"

"Oh, I have brib'd the partial fates—
"Deſcend this ladder, love, to mee—
"On yonder ſtream a ſhip awaites,
"To waft us o'er the briny ſea."

Faire Arabella heard the tale,
And thrice for joye ſhee turn'd and ſigh'd;
Yet 'ere ſhee let fond hope prevaile,
Thus to the haſty youthe ſhee cry'd:

"Lorde Seymour, well I know thy hearte,
"Thy truthe and conſtancye to mee;
"Yet ne'er from hence would I departe,
"If ought of harme ſhould hap to thee.

"For know, ſhoulde wee in flighte be ta'en,
"Th' offended crowne would have thy lyfe—
"Staye, leſt thy zeale ſhould be our bane,—
"And breake the hearte of thy poor wyfe."

Oh then lord Seymour waxed pale,
And thrice for griefe hee ſigh'd full ſore:
"And nowe muſte all my projects faile,
"And all my hopes of bliſs bee o'er?

"Too

" Too cruel maid! to let fond feare
" Thus daſh the hope that ne'er'l retnrne!
" Oh come, my love—nor wanton tear
" The hearte that ayé for thee doth burne.

" Dear wyfe, no more our hopes withſtande,
" Deſcend—or wee ſhall meete no more"—
Then nimbly drew her lilly hande,
And downe the trembling faire hee bore.

And nowe adowne the Thame's faire ſtreame,
That ladye joyful ſail'd awaye,
While flatt'ring hope, with ſilver dreame,
Her boſom ſooth'd the live-long daye.

And now ſhee cry'd, " Adieu to woe!
" Smoothe as the gentle ſtreame I ſee,
" My future houres in peace ſhall flowe,
" Enrich'd with love and libertye.

" And tho' I ſee the waves ariſe,
" And tho' I heare the rude windes roare,
" Yet ſtill no more ſhall heave my ſighes,
" Nor down my cheekes the ſalt teares poure."

But nowe the ſtorme began to low're,
And 'frighted hope diſſolv'd to air,
(That faithleſs fantom of an houre!)
And left the ladye to deſpayre.

In

In vain was ſpreade the ſwelling ſaile,
In vaine they ſteere before the winde;
For tyranny would ſtill prevaile,
And ſtrive to chaine the free-borne minde.

The hapleſs ladye to regaine,
Arm'd ſhips ſpreade all the ocean o'er;
And grim deſpaire beſtrode the main,
To ſeize the victim of his pow'r.

And they have ta'en that hapleſſe fayre,
And to the drearye tow're have borne;
Nor heede the pangs of keene deſpaire,
With which her breaking hearte is torne.

There lowe ſhee layes abſorb'd in griefe;
And, more to edge its poignancye,
Shee trembles for a huſband's life,
More deare to her than libertye.

There doom'd her future life to weare,
No more the balm of hope to knowe,
Shee yields her to the fiend deſpaire,
That points the barbed dart of woe.

And as ſhe heares the waves ariſe,
And as ſhee heares the bleak windes roar,
As faſt doe heave her heartfelt ſighs,
And ſtill ſo faſt her ſalt teares poure.

XI.

ANNA BULLEN, an elegiac Ballad.

Now firſt printed.

HIGH ſhee ſat in regal ſtate,
Lovelye Anna Englande's queene
(Thoughtleſſe that approaching fate,
Coulde ſo ſhortelye change the ſcene).

Deckte in robes of royaltye,
Shee appear'de ſome form divine;
Glorious in that forme to ſee,
Beautye's throne and virtue's ſhrine.

Lillyes ſo tranſcendent fayre,
Roſes of the Tyrian dye,
Coulde not with her hande compare,
Coulde not with her bluſhes vie.

Rounde her knightes and nobles bow'de,
Proude to waite beſyde her throne—
Anna milde, as Henrye proude,
Smyl'd on all, and frown'de on none.

Pale-

Palefac'de miſerye, griefe and woe,
To her feete did oft repayre;
Bounteous gifts ſhe did beſtowe,
Generous queene as good as fayre.

Pitye form'de her ſofte and milde,
Apt to weepe at woe ſevere;
Mercye claim'de her for her chylde,
And for proofe produc'd the teare.

Manye a wretche, with joyfulle breathe,
Sav'de from wante, her love proclayme;
Manye a miſcreante, ſnatch'de from deathe,
Gratefulle bleſſe her bounteous name.

Superſtition long had feign'de,
Longe had rear'd her haggard heade;
When ſhe hearde that Anna reign'de,
Scar'de, ſhe trembled, curs'd, and fledde.

Calumnye, with artful leere,
Strove to tainte her mayden fame;
Pryde was pleas'd the tale to heare,
Envye gladlye woulde proclayme.

But to quelle that darke ſurmize,
Truthe her faithfulle glaſſe apply'd;
Truthe the envyous tale denyes,
Pryde was humble'd—ſcandall dyed.

But pale envye, rankling ſore,
Came diſguis'de in friendeſhip's name;
Malice in her breaſte ſhe bore,
Bente to bringe this queene to ſhame.

Hapleſſe Rochford, thee their preye
Thou with others art decreede——
But ſweete Anna, more than they,
Was the lambe deſtin'd to bleede.

Sweete innocence, and ſhalle thy charmes,
And muſt thy virtues pleade in vaine?
Torne from her ſmiling infante's armes,
Muſt our lovelye queene be ſlayne?

Yes, hapleſs Anna! thou muſt falle;
'Gainſte ſuch tyrantes what defence?
Charmes nor virtues can avail,
Nor thy infante's eloquence.

Thou that waſt a friende to all,
Haſt noe friende to pleade for thee;
Friendleſſe (tho an empreſſe) falle,
Lambe deſtyn'de for butcherye.

Harke yon diſtante hollowe groane—
Harke yon woefraughte murmurs faynte—
Loe, the helliſhe deede is done—
Farewelle, Anna, queene, and faynte!

Be the deede for ever mourn'de,
Britain, lo! thy deepeſt ſtayne!
Loveliefte queene, that thee adorn'de,
Thy hard-hearted kinge hath ſlayne.

Pale that face whoſe beautye charm'de,
Of whoſe ſmyles a kyng was proude:
Pale thoſe handes a ſceptre arm'de,—
Wrapped in a drearye ſhroude!

Mangled is that neck and breaſte,
That e'en envye fair allow'd;
Where all graces were expreſs'd——
Wrapped in a drearye ſhroud!

Charmes, whoſe luſtre brighte hath ſhone,
Nowe, alas! ſhalle ſhyne no more;
Tranſient charmes—for ever flow'ne—
Pompe and pow'r—for ever o'er.

Nowe no more ſhall thoſe brighte eyes
Weepe to heare the tale of griefe;
Nor, when pale-fac'd ſorrow cryes,
Shalle thoſe handes extende reliefe.

But, ſweete queene, thou ſtille ſhalt reigne
On a brighter throne above,
Where no fiend thy peace ſhall ſtayne,
Nor enſnare thy monarch's love.

E'en on earthe thy fame ſhall bloome
Brighter for th' oppoſing ſhade;
And thy name, in tymes to come,
Pure and virtuous be diſplay'de.

And thy grave a hallow'd ſhrine,
Tho' but turfe the ſpot adorne:
There ſhalle manye a forme divine,
Guarde thy aſhes, eve and morne.

Pietye (neglected fayre!)
Oft with griefe ſhall wander neare;
And, in pangs of ſad deſpaire,
On the greene turfe drop a teare.

There ſhall come the numerous thronge
Of the wretched thou'ſt reliev'd,
Tale to telle, as ſweete as longe,
Of the goode workes thou'ſt atchiev'de.

Ever ſhall thy foes be ſcorn'd,
And, with hearte-felte teares and ſighes,
Shall thy hapleſs fate be mourn'de——
For with thee religion dies.

Tyrante Henrye, bloodye kyng,
Darke thy future yeares ſhall rolle:
Conſcience, with her venom'd ſtyng,
Longe ſhall laſh thy guiltye ſoule.

When more pleaſure thou haſt had,
Pall'd with beautye, glutt with bloode,
Thou ſhalt mourne, tho' nowe ſo gladde,
Thou ſhalt dye, tho' nowe ſo proude.

XII.

The LADYE and the PALMER.

Now firſt printed.

" THE view of manors ſtretch'd afarre
" Will not ſoothe ſorrowe's pow'rs:"
Soe ſang a ladye, riche and fayre,
As ſhee ſat in her bow'r.
" Tho' foule befall mee for my meede,
" And foule be thoughte the worde;
" Woulde heav'n mee ſpeede, alive or deade,
" To ſee my abſente lorde!"

'Twas

'Twas 'bout the tyme of curfeu bell,
When, all in blacke arraye,
With croſſe to praye, and beads to tell,
A Palmer came that waye.
" Goe, page, and calle thy ladye fayre;"
Aloude hee did commande;
" Tell her a Palmer's awaiting heare,
" Come from the holye londe."

The Palmer ſaw that foot-page run,
(As he ranne at the ring,)
The Palmer look'd till the bow're he won,
And hearde the ladye ſing:
" Tho' foule beefall mee for my meede,
" And foule be thoughte the worde,
" Woulde heav'n mee ſpeede, alyve or deade,
" To ſee mye abſente lorde!"

" Nowe welcom, holye Palmer, and tell
" Thy tydinges unto mee."
" Oh, ladye, it is not manye a daye,
" Since I thy lorde did ſee."
" Oh when wyll hee adone with the warrs?
" Sweete Palmer, tell to mee."
" Oh ladye, hee's nowe adone with the warrs,
" In truthe I tell to thee."

" Alaſſe! what woundes hath hee got i'th' field?
" Deare Palmer, tell to mee."
" Oh, hee has had woundes, but nowe they're heal'd,
" In truthe I tell to thee."
" But is there noe token that hee hath ſente,
" Noe token of love to mee?
" Noe relique o'the roode, or pearle oriente,
" Or gaude of the eaſte countrie?"

" Oh, I've no relique, or eaſtern gaude,
" Fayre ladye, to bring to thee;
" But I come to tell, that thy hapleſſe lorde—
" Is dying in the eaſte countrie."
Oh then that ladye's groans and cries
Reechoed piteouſlye;
The teares that fell from her brilliante eyes
Ran like the fountayne free.

" Oh Palmer, ill befall to thee,
" For what thou telleſt mee!
" But nowe will I wende to the eaſt countrie,
" My dying lorde to ſee.
" And tho' foule befall mee for my meede,
" And foule bee thoughte the worde,
" Goode heav'n mee ſpeede! for, alyve or deade,
" I'll ſee my deareſt lorde.

" And

" And nowe, my foot-page, run, I praye,
" On thy ladye's laſt, laſt boone;
" Get a pylgrim's gowne of blacke or of graye,
" With ſcripp and ſandal ſhoone:
" And take theſe ſilken gaudes with thee,
" And take thys kyrtle o' green;
" For 'tis not befitting widowes, like mee,
" In ſuch garbe to be ſeene."

" And cut theſe wanton locks, I praye,
" And take my golde rynges three;
" For in pylgrims garbe I'll take my waye,
" To my lorde in the eaſte countrie.
" And nowe tho' foule befall my meede,
" And foule bee thoughte the worde,
" Goode heav'n mee ſpeede! for, alive or deade,
" I'll ſee my deareſt lorde."

Then up aroſe that Palmer man,
Amaz'd ſuch love to ſee;
For the ladye already ſome paces had ranne,
In her waye to the eaſt countrie.
" Ladye, ſtaye! for from th' holye londe
" Thy lorde's laſte wordes I bringe;
" And lo! to my care, from off hys hande,
" He pledg'd thys golden ring."

The ladye ſprang, and ſeiz'd the ring,
And a ſhow're of teares ſhee ſhedde;
"Now I knowe by thys pledge, that thou doſt bringe,
"That my deare lorde is deade.
"Yet ſtille, tho' foule befalle my meede,
"And foule bee thoughte the worde,
"Would heav'n mee ſpeede! tho' hee be deade,
"I'd ſee my dear-lov'd lorde."

"Oh weepe not, ladye, weepe not ſoe,
"Nor 'gainſt thy ſad fate ſtryve;
"For ſhouldſt thou ſee him, thou welle doſt knowe,
"Thou coulde'ſt not make hym lyve.
"But calme thy mynde, oh ladye fayre!
"But calme thy mynde, I praye;
"Nor let that curſed fiend deſpayre
"Thus 'whelm thee with diſmaye."

"Oh cruel Palmer! ſay not ſoe,
"Nor think to comforte mee;
"And tho' 'twould but increaſe my woe,
"My deade lorde I woulde ſee."
"Alaſſe! alaſſe! thou ladye fayre!——
"But if it ſoe muſte bee,
"I can by learned lore declare,
"How thou thy lorde mayſte ſee."

"Oh

" Oh ſayſt thou ſoe, thou Palmer deare?
" Nowe ſhalt thou have golde and fee:
" Then telle mee, Palmer, telle mee, where
" My deade lorde I may ſee?
Then quick that wily Palmer led
The ladye to the bow're,
And in a booke full long hee reade,
Whyle faſte her tears did poure.

" Oh I knowe well, by this blacke booke,
" That he'll appeare this nighte;
" But whyte and ghaſtlye hee wyll looke,
" And will thee much affryghte."
" Oh I care not," the ladye ſayde;
" Tho' foule be thoughte the worde,
" Woulde heav'n mee ſpeede! tho' hee bee deade,
" I'd ſee my deareſt lorde."

" On yon kirk-greene, at darke mydnighte,
" Thy deade lorde will appeare:
" Far off you'l ſee his hapleſſe ſp'rite—
" But, ladye—goe not neare.
" Soe nowe goe chaunte full manye a prayer,
" Devoute upon thy knee;
" And to the kirke-greene at nighte repayre,
" Thy deade lorde for to ſee."

Nowe roſe the moone with ſolemn pryde,
Sweete nighte's enchaunting queene,
And o'er the lonelye kirk-yard wide
Was ſhed her ſilver ſheene.
And then cam forth that ladye fayre,
And to the kirk-greene wente—
Colde blewe the blaſte—and her ſweete haire,
Was all with dewe beſprente.

And nowe the houres had gone their rounde,
And drearye was the greene,
And nought was hearde ſave the lone ſounde
Of the blaſte that blewe ſo keene.
Yet ſtill ſhee ſigh'd, "Tho' foul my meede,
"And foule bee thoughte the worde,
"Woulde heav'n mee ſpeede! tho' hee bee deade,
"I'd ſee my deare-lov'd lord."

Scarce had ſhee ſpoke; when from the eaſte
A ghoſtelye forme did glide—
Shee ſtarted wilde—ſhe ſmote her breaſte—
And on the kirk-greene dyed.
The Palmer threw aſyde the ſheete,
And frantic rav'd and cry'd;
Then curs'd his avarice indiſcreete,
And by the ladye dy'd.——

XIII.

The FAIR MANIAC.

In two Parts.

Now firſt printed.

Part Firſt.

THE nighte was darke, the blaſte blew colde,
And loude the tempeſte roar'd;
Blue lightnings flaſh'd from pole to pole,
The ſtormie torrente pour'd;
Mankinde, both hie and lowe, in bed
Were ſhelter'd ſafe and warme;
Save one diſtracted mayde, who fled
'Mong alle the thickeſt ſtorme.

And ever and anon ſhee ſped
Where moſte the tempeſte pour'd,
And where the thunders overheade
With loudeſt terror warr'd:
Thro' loneſom dell or drearye glade,
Or kirkeyarde graves among,
Shee wander'd alle wylde, and thus (poore mayde)
With madlike glee ſhe ſung:

"Beate,

" Beate, beate, yee wyndes; yee torrents, poure;
" Fighte, warring cloudes above;
" Flaſh, lightnings, flaſh; loude thunders, roare;
" But hurte not mye true love:
" For hym I ſeeke both nighte and daye,
" For hym bewilder'd rove;
" Yee lightnings, light mee on my waye,
" In ſearche of my true love.

" For hym I beare the ſummer's burne,
" And brave the wintrie wynde;
" And daye and nighte for hym I mourne,
" For hee has prov'd unkinde;
" Yee torrentes, ruſh; yee thunders, roare;
" Flaſh, flaſh, thou angrie ſkie;
" For I ſhall ſee my love no more,
" And I for hym will dye.

" The colde, colde nighte is darke and dreare,
" And I cannot finde mye love;
" Ah mee!—I've ſearch'd both farre and neare;
" Where, wanderer, canſt thou rove?
" But I'll purſue and ſtop thy ſpeede—
" And oh! for thy ſcorne to mee,
" I'll make thy hearte like mine to bleede,
" And then I'll dye with thee."

A valiant

A valiant knighte was ryding bye,
All in the ſtormie raine ;
And hee hearde the hapleſſe damſel ſighe,
And bitterlye complayne.
She frantic o'er the wyld heathe ſprung,
And frantic cry'd aloude ;
Then ſtop'd the knighte, and thus ſhee ſung,
While hee all wond'ring ſtoode :

" Oh turne, ſyr knighte, thy milkwhite ſteede,
" And heare my mourneful ſonge ;
" And then in valiante knightelye deede
" Returne and righte my wrong :
" I lov'd a knighte, and lov'd hym true,
" And conſtante love he ſwore,
" But hee's prov'd falſe, and I muſte rue——
" And I muſte ſtill deplore.

" Hee lives at yonder glitt'ring tow're,
" Hee lives nor thinkes of mee ;
" Oh knighte, I'd bleſſe thy valour's pow're,
" Coulde I the traytor ſee :
" Then turne, ſyr knighte, thy milkwhite ſteede,
" The waye it is not longe ;
" And maye th' ladie you beſte love bee thie meede,
" If thou wilt righte mie wrong !"

" Yes

"Yes, I will righte thy wrong, faire mayde,"
The gentle knighte reply'd;
"But I can ſee noe tow're diſplay'd,
"The darkſom nighte doth hyde."
"Oh yes, on yonder hille," ſhee cry'd,
"That faithleſſe knighte doth dwelle;
"'Twas thro' the lightnings gleame I ſpy'd
"The glitt'ring tow'r full welle."

"If on mye ſteede, poore mayde, thou'lt ryde,
"My ſteede ſhall carrye thee."
"Yes, knighte, I'll goe," the mayde reply'd,
"The combat for to ſee."
And nowe they rode with haſtie ſpeede,
And ſoone they reach'd the hille,
And ſoone they reach'd the tow're decreede
Their purpoſe to fullfille.

Part Second.

" Arouze! arouze! thou faithleſs knighte,
" Arouze! thou ſtonie breaſte."
" Who dares," he cry'd, " in this dreade nighte,
" Who dares diſturbe mie reſte?"
" It's thy true love, whom thou didſt ſlighte,
" That calls thee from thie bed:
" Arouze! arouze! thou faithleſſe knighte,
" Arouze to fighte or wed!"

The knighte aroſe and op'd the gate,
And ſawe his love ſtande there—
Her face, that was ſo fayre of late,
Was ſtayn'd with manye a teare:
Her lips, once redd as autumn fruite,
Were pallid nowe and coarſe;
Her voyce, once ſweet as the ſylver lute,
Was nowe as the raven's hoarſe.

A faded

A faded wreathe was upon her browe,
Her gowne alle rude and rente;
And her haire, that once ſoe brighte did flowe,
Was all with dewe beſprente.
"I am thy owne true love, deare knighte,
"And I am com to wedde,
"In my brydal garments alle bedighte,
"And mye garlande on mye heade.

"To the holie kirke, love, wee'l repayre,
"As bryde and brydegroome gaye;
"The lightnings, that arounde us glare,
"Shall cheare us on the waye:
"Of the greene, greene graſſe, ſo ſoft with dewe,
"Wee'l make our brydal bed;
"And of hemlocke fayre, and nightſhade blue,
"A pillowe for our heade.

"The thunders, that ſo loudlye roare,
"Shall bee our muſicke, love;
"And wee will ſing while the raine doth poure,
"Soe merrylie we will rove:
"And when I'm deade, with my brydal ring
"Let mee bee layde fulle lowe;
"And over the greene turfe dance and ring,
"For my hearte ſhall leave its woe!"

The

The knighte hee trembled ſad and ſore,
As hee ſawe hys true love ſtande;
Shee ſprang and kiſt hym o'er and o'er——
But hee puſh'd backe her hande.
" Oh fighte," ſhee cry'd, " my ſtranger knighte,
" Oh fighte, for thou arte ſtrong;
" Lo! hee returnes my love with ſpyte,
" Revenge a mayden's wrong."

" Go get," hee cry'd, " thy ſworde and ſhielde,
" And get thy helme and ſpeare;
" For I will make thy proude hearte yeilde,
" To revenge this damſel deare."
" Yes, I will get my ſworde and ſhielde,
" And I will get mye ſpeare;
" For there's no knighte to whom I'll yeilde,
" No knighte whom I will feare."

Then foughte thoſe knightes all in the fieldes,
They foughte for manye an houre;
They broke their ſpears, they cleav'd their ſhields,
And their bloode in ſtreames did poure;
And thrice they ſtop'd, with toil o'erſpent,
To wipe their bleeding browe;
And thrice they drank, with one conſente,
Where the purling ſtreame did flowe.

And whyle they foughte with hardy wrothe,
The mad mayde ſat and ſung :
" Fighte on, fighte on, my champions bothe,
" The woodlande hills among ;
" And hee that lives ſhall have mye trothe,
" I'll twine our heartes in one :
" Fighte on, fighte on, my champions bothe,
" 'Till the bloody victorye's won.

" I'll weave a ſhroude for hym that's ſlayne,
" And faſte my teares ſhall flowe :
" Fighte on, my knightes, to ſoothe my payne,
" For my heart is ſicke with woe ;
" I'll ſing and praye for hym that's ſlayne,
" And mourne both day and nighte ;
" For 'tis my hearte's bloode your ſhieldes doth ſtaine,
" My woes—for which ye fighte."

Full long they foughte, until, o'ercome,
The faithleſſe knighte did fall :
" Wrong'd mayde," he cry'd, " thy cauſe hath won,
" Come heare my dying call."
Then up ſhee ſprang in frantic mood,
And kiſs'd his pale, pale cheek ;
And, frantic, dranke the ſmoaking bloode
That from hys woundes did reeke.

" Oh

" Oh this flowes from that hearte," ſhee cry'd,
" That cauſed mee ſo deare;
" But now, in a ruſhing crimſon tyde,
" It payes mee teare for teare."
Then from the gaping wounded ſyde
His quiv'ring hearte ſhee tore,
And to the knighte, with frantic pryde,
The bloodye prize ſhee bore.

" Oh this the ſtonie hearte," ſhee cry'd,
" That caus'd mye teares to flowe,
" And made mee roam the lande ſoe wyde,
" In alle the pangs of woe:"
Then to the deade knighte did ſhee hie,
And layde her by hys ſyde;
She kiſs'd the hearte, and with a ſigh—
That hapleſſe mad mayde dy'd.

XIV.

The BRYDAL BED.

Now firſt printed.

IT was a mayde of low degree
Sat on her true love's grave,
And with her teares moſt piteouſlye
The greene turfe ſhee did lave;
Shee ſtrew'd the flow're, ſhee pluck'd the weede,
And ſhow'rs of teares ſhee ſhed:
"Sweet turfe," ſhee cry'd, "by fate decreede
"To bee my brydal bed!

"I've ſeit thee, flow're, for that the flow're
"Of manhoode lyeth here;
"And water'd thee with plenteous ſhow're
"Of manye a brinye teare."
And ſtill ſhee cry'd, "Oh ſtaye, my love,
"Mye true-love, ſtaye for mee;
"Staye till I've deck't my brydal bed,
"And I will followe thee.

"I pluck'd

"I pluck'd thee, weede, for that no weede
"Did in hys boſom growe;
"But ſweeteſt flow'res, from virtue's ſeede,
"Did there ſpontaneous blowe:
"But ah! their beauteous tints no more
"Their balmye fragrance ſhedde,
"And I muſt ſtrewe this meaner flow're,
"To decke my brydal bed.

Sweete turfe, thy greene more greene appeares,
"Teares make thy verdure growe;
"Then ſtille I'll water thee with my teares,
"That thus profuſelye flowe.
"Oh ſtaye for mee, departed youthe,
"My true-love, ſtaye for mee;
"Staye till I've deck't my brydal bed,
"And I will followe thee.

"This is the flow'rye wreathe hee wove,
"To decke hys bryde, dear youthe!
"And this the ring with which my love
"To mee did plighte hys troth;
"And this dear ring I was to-keepe,
"And with it to bee wed——
"But here, alas! I ſighe and weepe,
"To decke my brydal bed."

A blithſom knighte came riding bye,
And, as the brighte moone ſhone,
Hee ſaw her on the greene turfe lye,
And hearde her piteous moane;
For loude ſhee cry'd, "Oh ſtaye, my love,
"My true-love, ſtaye for mee;
"Staye till I've deck't my brydal bed,
"And I will followe thee."

"Oh ſaye," hee cry'd, "fayre mayden, ſaye,
"What cauſe doth worke thy woe,
"That on a colde grave thou doſt laye,
"And faſte thy teares o'erflowe."
"Oh! I have cauſe to weepe for woe,
"For my true-love is deade;
"And thus, while faſte my teares o'erflowe,
"I decke my brydal bed."

"Be calme, faire mayde," the knighte reply'd,
"Thou art too young to dye;
"But goe with mee, and be my bryde,
"And leave the old to ſighe"—
But ſtill ſhee cry'd, "Oh ſtay, my love,
"My true-love, ſtaye for mee;
"Staye 'till I've deckt my brydal bed,
"And I will followe thee.

" Oh leave," he cried, " this griefe ſo colde,
" And leave this dreade deſpayre,
" And thou ſhalt flaunte in robes of golde,
" A ladye riche and fayre :
" Thou ſhalt have halls and caſtles fayre;
" And when, ſweete mayde, wee wedd,
" Oh thou ſhalt have much coſtlye geare,
" To decke thy brydal bed."

" Oh holde thy peace, thou cruel knighte,
" Nor urge mee to deſpayre;
" With thee my troth I will not plighte,
" For all thy proffers fayre :
" But I will dye with my own true-love—
" My true-love, ſtaye for mee ;
" Staye till I've deck'd my brydal bed,
" And I will followe thee.

" Thy halls and caſtles I deſpiſe,
" This turfe is all I crave ;
" For all my hopes, and all my joyes,
" Lye buried in this grave :
" I want not golde, nor coſtlye geare,
" Nowe my true-love is deade ;
" But with fading flow'r and ſcalding teare
" I deck my brydal bed."

" Oh! bee my bryde, thou weeping fayre,
" Oh! bee my bryde, I praye;
" And I will build a tombe moſt rare,
" Where thy true love ſhall laye:"
But ſtille with teares ſhee cry'd, " My love,
" My true-love, ſtaye for mee;
" Staye 'till I've deck't my brydal bed,
" And I will followe thee.

" My love needs not a tombe ſo rare,
" In a green grave wee will lye;
" Our carved workes—theſe flow'rets fayre,
" Our canopye—the ſkye.
" Now goe, ſyr knyghte, nowe goe thy wayes—
" Full ſoone I ſhall bee deade—
" And then returne, in ſome few dayes,
" And deck my brydal bed.

" And ſtrewe the flow're, and pluck the thorne,
" And cleanſe the turfe, I praye;
" So may ſome hand thy turfe adorne,
" When thou in grave ſhalt laye.
" But ſtaye, oh thou whom deare I love,
" My true-love, ſtaye for mee;
" Staye till I've deck't my brydal bed,
" And I will followe thee."

" No,

" Ho, mayde, I will not goe my wayes,
" Nor leave thee here alone;
" Nor, while deſpayre upon thee preys,
" Negleƈte thy woeful moane:
" But I will ſtaye and ſhare thy woe,
" My teares with thine I'll ſhedd;
" And helpe thee plucke the flow'r, to ſtrewe
" O'er thy ſad brydal bed."

Nowe from the churche came forthe the prieſte,
Hys midnight chaunte was done,
And much the hapleſs mayde hee preſte
To ceaſe her piteous moane:
For ſtill ſhee cry'd, " Oh ſtaye, my love,
" My true-love, ſtaye for mee;
" Staye till I've deckt my brydal bed,
" And I will followe thee."

" Oh! kneele with mee," hee cry'de, " deare ayd,
" Oh! kneele in holye prayer;
" Haplye kind heav'n may ſend thee ayde,
" And ſoothe thy dreade deſpaire."
" I blame not heav'n," the mayde reply'd,
" But mourne my true-love deade;
" And on hys greene grave I will 'bide,
" For 'tis my brydal bed."

The hapleſſe mayde knelt downe, for feare
That holye prieſte ſhoulde blame;
But ſtill with every hallow'd prayere,
She ſigh'd her true-love's name,
And ſoftlye cry'd, "Oh ſtaye, my love,
"My true love, ſtaye for mee;
"Staye 'till I've deckt my brydal bed,
"And I will followe thee."

"Enough, enough, thou ſore-tried deare!"
The weeping knighte exclaim'de;
"Enough I've tried thee, matchleſs fayre,
"And bee the tryal blam'd:
"I am thy love, thy own true-love,
"And I am come to wed;
"Nor ſhall this turfe thy greene grave prove,
"Nor bee thy brydal bed.

"I am a knighte of noble name,
"And thou of lowe degree;
"Soe like a ſhepherde poore I came,
"To prove thy conſtancye."
But ſhee, with woe forlorne, ſtill cry'd,
"My true-love, ſtaye for mee;
"Staye 'till I've deck't my brydal bed,
"And I will followe thee."

Againe,

Againe, " Enough, thou ſore-tried mayde!"
The knight in teares exclaim'de;
" See at thy feete thy true-love layde,
" Of all hys guile aſſoyl'd.
" Forgive mee, mayde—my love nowe prove—
" And let us inſtante wed;
" And thou with tears of joye, my love,
" Shalt decke thy brydal bed."

" And art thou him?"—exclaim'd the mayde,
" And doſt thou live?"—ſhee cry'd:
" Too cruel love!"—ſhee faintlye ſay'd—
Then wrung his hande—and dy'd—
" Staye," cried the knighte, all woebegon,
" Now ſtaye, my love, for mee;
" Staye 'till I've deckt our brydal bed,
" And I will followe thee."

In vaine the prieſte, with holye lore,
By turnes did ſoothe and chide;
The knighte, diſtracted, wept fulle ſore,
And on the green tufte dy'd—
And underneathe (may heav'n them ſave!)
The lovers both were layde;
And thus, in truth, the green-tuft grave
Became their brydal bed.

XV.

The Lordling Peaſante.

In two Parts.

Now firſt printed.

Part the Firſt.

THE baron ſat on hys caſtle walle,
And behelde both dale and downe;
The manors that ſtretch'd ſoe farre arounde
He knewe to be all hys owne.

The warders blewe their ſounding hornes,
And their banners wav'd in aire;
Their hornes reſounded o'er the dale,
Their banners ſhone afarre.

The baron he ſigh'd as hee look'd above,
And hee ſigh'd as he look'd adowne,
Altho' the riche manors that ſtretch'd ſoe farre
Hee knew to bee all hys owne.

Up

Up then aroſe hys antient nurſe,
That had borne hym on her knee;
"And why doſte thou ſighe, thou noble youthe,
"At a ſighte ſoe fayre to ſee?"

And againe beſpake that antiente nurſe,
That had borne hym on her knee:
"And why doſte thou ſighe? it's alle thie owne
"That thou ſoe farre doſte ſee."

Oh then beſpake that noble baron,
And heavilye ſpake hee:
"But I've never a true and faythful wyfe,
"To ſhare it alle with mee.

"And if I ſhoulde marrye a courtlye dame,
"(Alas, that it ſoe ſhould bee!)
"She'd love mye caſtles and love mye landes,
"But ſhee would not care for mee."

Oh then beſpake that antiente nurſe:
"Nowe take advice of mee;
"If you'd have a true wyfe, then goe and wed
"Some mayden of lowe degree.

"And bee diſguis'd in playne attire,
"Like ſome young peaſante rove,
"And let her not knowe thie hie degree;
"Soe ſhalte thou prove her love."

Then

Then called the baron hys yong foot-page,
Full loudly called hee;
The bonnye foot page fulle ſwiftelye ran,
And knelte upon hys knee.

"Oh hark thee well, my young foot-page,
"To what I telle to thee;
"And keepe thee my ſecret faythfullie,
"And thou ſhalte have golde and fee.

"Goe bring mee here a peaſante's coate,
"With hoſe and ſhoone alſoe,
"And artefullye diſguiſe my face,
"That noe one maye mee knowe.

"And when I goe, and when I come,
"Let noe one knowe from thee;
"But keepe thee my ſecret faithfullie,
"And thou ſhalte have golde and fee."

The ſun-beames gilte the diſtante hilles,
And on the ſtreames did playe,
When, in a peaſante's homelye garbe,
That baron tooke hys waye.

The earlye pilgrim blithe he hail'd,
That o'er the hills dyd ſtraye;
And manye an earlye huſbandeman,
That hee met on hys waye.

The newe-wak'd birdes their mattins ſung,
In wildlye warbling laye,
Whyle thro' fulle manye a lonelye path
The baron tooke hys waye.

And blithe and merrylie dyd hee wende,
And blithe and merrylie hie'd,
Until he cam to a rural cott,
Where a mayden fayre dyd 'byde.

Tho' lowelye and unknowne to fame,
This mayde was paſſing fayre;
Like ſome ſweete violet, that, in vale
Sequeſter'd, ſcents the aire.

Sweete was the melodie of her voyce
The woodlande wyldes among;
Soe ſweete—that woodweles on the ſpraye
Sat liſt'ning to her ſong.

But, more than alle, her youthful hearte
Was fraughte with virtue's lore;
More fayre, more tender, and more true,
Was mayden ne'er before.

The mayden ſtode at her cottage gate,
Her nurſling lambes to feede,
And ſhee ſawe the blithſome ſtranger youthe
Come tripping o'er the meade.

The mayden ſtoode beſyde her cot,
To view the morning ſcene,
And ſhee ſawe the blithſome ſtranger youthe
Come tripping o'er the greene.

And lo! with many a fonde excuſe,
The youthe woulde there remayne;
Whyle manye a wilye tale hee tolde,
Her ſimple hearte to gayne.

And ſoone her ſighes and bluſhes tolde
She dyd the youthe approve;
For where's the mayde that can reſiſte
The vowes of faithful love.

"Loe I've a cottage—and I've a cowe—
"And manye a ſheepe beſyde—
"And I've a field of ripening corne—
"And I'll make thee my bryde!"

The liſt'ning damſel hearde hys vowes,
And thrice for joye ſhee ſigh'd;
Shee thought the young peaſante paſſing riche,
And vow'd to bee hys bryde.

And ofte her mother hearde the tale,
Nor dyd the dame repyne:
"And if thou canſt keepe her, ſtranger youthe,
"The damſel ſhall bee thyne."

Oh then "Farewell, my charming fayre,"
The lordling peaſante cry'd;
"For I muſte wende for manye a myle,
"'Ere I can take a bryde."

"Oh faye not ſoe, thou ſtranger youthe,
"Oh faye not ſoe I praye;
"For if thou doſt goe, oh I ſhall rue
"That e'er you came thys waye."

"Oh I muſte goe, thou charming mayde,'
The lordeling peaſante cry'd;
"For I muſte wende for manye a myle,
"'Ere I can take a bryde."

"Oh faye not ſoe, thou ſtranger youthe,
"Oh faye not ſoe, I praye;
"For ever, untill thou comeſt agayne,
"Muſte I weepe the livelong daye."

"Yes, I muſte goe, thou charming mayde,
"I can noe longer ſtaye;
"Tho' ever, untill I here returne,
"Muſt I 'moane the livelong daye.

"But if, before I com agayne,
"This paſſing month ſhall flyde,
"Oh then noe more awaite for mee,
"But bee another's bryde:

"For

" For deathe may meete mee on the waye,
" And from thie armes divyde;
" Or dire misfortune blaſt my joyes,
" And 'rive mee of my bryde."

Oh then faſte flow'd that mayden's teares,
Whyle tenderlye ſhee cry'd:
" Believe mee, deare youthe, tho' thou ſhouldſt dye,
" I'll bee noe other's bryde."

The mayden's face with griefe was ſad—
Her cheeke was wet with teares—
Soe the pale lilly, beſprente with rayne,
Or dewe-dropt roſe, appeares.

And nowe for manye a wearye myle
Her lover hied hys waye;
The murmuring wyndes, that then dyd blowe,
Dyd waſte hys ſighes that daye.

And when hee came to hys own domayne,
And to hys caſtle gate,
Hys foote-page faithfullie dyd wayte
To let hym in thereat.

The warders blewe their ſounding hornes,
And their banners wav'd in aire;
The hornes reſounded o'er the dale,
The banners ſhone afarre.

Part the Second.

AND nowe for manye weekes and monthes
The baron hee dyd ſtaye;
Nor dyd hee ſeeke hys deare-lov'd mayde
For manye a livelong daye.

And altho' the tender ſighe it coſte,
And heartfelte teare dyd move,
Full manye a monthe hee ſtay'd awaye,
Her conſtancye to prove.

At length hee call'd hys knightes and 'ſquires,
And neighboures of hie degree,
To travel in all the pompe of ſtate,
The lovelye mayde to ſee.

And hee hath call'd hys yong foot-page,
And thus full loude dyd ſaye:
"With coſtlye gems, and with robes of ſtate,
"Oh decke mee forthe this daye!"

And nowe with gaye and gallante trayne
That baron tooke hys waye;
The golden ſun, that ſoe brighte doth ſhyne,
Dyd gilde hys pompe that daye.

Blithſom they blewe their ſounding hornes,
And their banners wav'd in aire;
Their hornes reſounded o'er the hills,
Their banners ſhone afarre.

The mayden ſtoode at her garden pale,
In hopes her love t' eſpye;
And every peaſante that ſhee ſawe,
She heav'd a heartefelte ſighe.

"Alas, and woe is mee!" ſhe cry'd,
"Coulde I my love but ſee!
"I feare the ſtranger youthe bee is deade,
"Or thinkes noe more of mee."

Thus ſigh'd the mayde as o'er the playne
Shee look'd for her true love,
When ſudden ſhe ſawe the gallante trayne,
Towardes her cottage move.

And ſoone the baron hath croſs'd the greene,
And caughte her by the hande,
And ſoe tender hath kiſs'd her bluſhing cheeke,
As trembling ſhee dyd ſtande.

Hee

Hee ſat the mayde upon hys knee,
And gentlye ſooth'd her feares;
And often preſte her gallantelye,
To dry her cauſeleſs teares.

Then preſſing ſofte her trembling hande,
With artful ſmyles, hee cry'd:
"Fayre mayde, I've hearde thy beauty's fame,
"And thou ſhalte bee my bryde."

The mayden ſigh'd to heare hys wordes,
Nor coulde hys fondneſs move;
For little ſhee thoughte this baron gay,
Was her own deare true love.

"Yet ſtill," hee cry'd, "tho' I'm a lorde,
"And renowned is my name,
"Yet thou, beauteous mayde, if thou canſt love—
"Shalte bee my courtelye dame.

"Riche robes of ſtate ſhall decke thy forme,
"And a coronet gilde thye browe;
"And a caſtle ſhalte thou have for dow're,
"With manors hie and lowe.

"Thie 'ſquires ſhall ſounde their golden hornes,
"And their banners wave in aire;
"Their hornes reechoing manye a myle,
"Their banners ſhyning farre."

The mayden but ſigh'd at all hys bribes,
Her faithe theye coulde not move;
For little ſhee thoughte this baron gaye
Coulde bee her owne true love.

Thus tho' to gaine the mayden's hande,
This gallante baron ſtrove,
Yet ſtill hys grandeurs ſhee all deſpis'd,
For the youthe that ſhee dyd love.

And tho' her angrie mother try'd,
Her conſtante hearte to move,
As vaine were her mother's cruel threates,
As the baron's golden love.

And nowe nighte came on, and o'er the playne,
The moone's pale glimm'ring ſhone,
When the hapleſſe mayden tooke her waye,
All friendleſs and alone.

All friendeleſſe and alone ſhee ſped,
And hapleſs dyd ſhee rove,
O'er mánye a hille and many a dale,
In ſearche of her true love.

And nowe the pale, pale moone was gone,
And ſtormye cloudes dyd low're;
Her ſighings added to the wyndes,
Her teares encreas'd the ſhow're.

Yet ſtill o'er drearye heathe and hylle
This hapleſſe mayde dyd rove;
And manye a heartefelte ſighe ſhee heav'd,
As ſhee ſoughte for her true love.

And tho' fulle loude the thunders roll'd,
And wet, wet pour'd the rayne;
Yet ſtill, in ſearche of her deare-lov'd youthe,
Shee brav'd the ſtormie playne.

Rouz'd with the roaring of the ſtorme,
The baron up aroſe,
And ſoone in ſearche of hys beauteous mayde
With anxious ſpeede hee goes.

But lo! the hapleſſe mayde was gon,
Thro' deſarts wilde to rove,
Alaſſe! alſe ſoe friendleſſe and forlorne,
In ſearche of her true love.

Oh then that baron ſtorm'd and rav'd,
And hys foote-page loude call'd hee—
"Oh bring to mee quick my peaſante garbe,
"As quicke as yee can flee."——

Oh then rode forthe this yong baron
O'er manye a drearye waye,
When alaſſe! all on the ſtormye plaine
Hee ſawe the mayden laye—

—Oercome with toile and ſpente with griefe,
That hapleſſe mayde had felle—
—The baron hee wip'd hys quiv'ring browe,
Whyle hys hearte it 'gan to ſwell.

Hee got hym water from the brooke,
And ſprinkled o'er the mayde:
But manye a teare, that from hym felle,
Lente moſte its ſaving aide.

Righte glad hee mărk'd her ſtruggling breath,
And bluſhe-reviving face,
While tender hee welcom'd her to lyfe
With manye a fonde embrace.

Then ſoone hee rais'd her on hys ſteede,
With heart ſoe blithe and gaye;
And while the deare mayde ſoe ſofte hee ſooth'd,
To hys caſtle rode awaye.

"And art thou founde, my owne true love,
"And art thou come?" ſhee ſaide:
"Then bleſte bee the nighte, and bleſte the houre,
"When from our cott I fledd!"

Thus ſpake the mayde as faſte they rode
Thro' manye a lonelye waye;
And ſhee thoughte to his humble cot
Her love would her conveye.

But

But ſoone they reach'd the caſtle wall,
And came to the caſtle gate,
When loe! her deare youthe, without delaye,
Rode boldelye in thereat.

The warders blewe their ſounding hornes,
And their banners wav'd in aire;
Their hornes reſounded o'er the dale,
Their banners ſhone afarre.

Thrice turn'd the mayden wan and pale,
And with feare her hearte was mov'd,
When ſhee ſawe the lordelye baron was
The ſtranger youthe ſhee lov'd.

But blithe, hee cry'd, "Cheare up, my fayre,
"And forgive my pryde, I praye;
"And lo! for thy faithe ſoe noblie prov'd,
"Bee this thye brydal daye.

"Cheare up, cheare up, deare conſtante mayde,
"And ſhare in our mirthe and glee;
"For untill the woeful houre of deathe,
"I'll ever prove true to thee.

"Altho' thou waſte but a lowelye mayde,
"Thou'rt nowe my counteſs gaye;
"Then come, cheare up, my angel ſoe true,
"For 'tis our brydal daye."

The warders blewe their ſounding hornes,
And their banners wav'd in aire;
Their hornes reſounded o'er the dale,
Their banners ſhone afarre.

XVI.

JULIA, a Ballad.

Now firſt printed.

TO the graves, where ſleepe the deade,
Hapleſs Julia took her waye;
Sighs to heave, and teares to ſhed,
O'er the ſpot where Damon laye.
Manye a blooming flow'r ſhe bore,
O'er the greene graſs turfe to throwe;
And, while faſt her teares did poure,
Thus ſhee ſang to ſoothe her woe:

" Softe and ſafe tho' lowly grave,
" Faſt o'er thee my teares ſhall flowe;
" Only hope the hapleſs have,
" Only refuge left for woe.
" Conſtant love and grief ſincere
" Shall thy hallow'd turfe pervade;
" And many a heartefelte ſigh and teare,
" Hapleſs youth, ſhall ſoothe thy ſhade.

" Lighted by the moone's pale ſhine,
" See me, to thy mem'rye true,
" Lowlye bending at thy ſhrine,
" Manye a votive flow're to ſtrewe.
" But how little do theſe flow'rs
" Prove my love and conſtancye!
" Yet a few ſad fleeting houres,
" And, deare youthe, I'll followe thee.

" Roſe replete with ſcent and hue,
" Sweeteſt flow'r that nature blowes,
" Damon flouriſh'd once like you;
" Nowe o'er him the greene graſs grows.
" Roſe, go deck his hallow'd grave,
" Lilly, o'er the greene turfe twine;
" Honour meete that turfe ſhoulde have,
" Beauty's bed, and virtue's ſhrine.

" Primroſe

" Primroſe pale, and violet blue,
" Jeſs'min ſweete, and eglantine,
" Nightly here thy ſweetes I ſtrewe,
" Proude to decke my true-love's ſhrine.
" Like you, my Damon bloom'd a daye,
" He did die and ſo muſte you—
" But ſuch charms can you diſplay,
" Halfe ſo virtuous, half ſo true?

" No, ſweet flow'rets, no ſuch charmes,
" No ſuch virtues can you boaſte;
" Yet hee's torn from my fond arms,
" Yet my faithful love is croſt.
" But a radiant morne ſhall riſe,
" (Loit'ring momentes, faſter flowe,)
" When with him I'll tread the ſkies,
" Smile at deathe, and laugh at woe."

Thus ſhee ſung, and ſtrew'd the flow'r,
Beate her breaſte, and wepte, and ſigh'd;
And, when toll'd the midnight houre,
On the greene turfe grave ſhee dy'd.
Manye a nightingale forlorne,
Sung her knell, whyle breezes ſigh'd;
Haughty grandeur heard with ſcorne,
How ſo poore a mayden died.

XVII. The

XVII.

The RED-CROSSE KNIGHTE.

In Three Parts.

Now firſt printed.

Part the Firſt.

" BLOWE, warder, blowe thy ſoundinge horne,
" And thy banner wave on hye;
" For the chryſtians have foughte in th' holye lande,
" And have won the victorye."
Loude, loude the warder blewe hys horne,
And hys banner wav'd on hye:
" Let the maſs bee ſung, and the bells bee rung;
" And the feaſte eate merrilye."

Then

Then brighte the caſtyl banners ſhone
On every tow're on hye,
And alle the minſtrels ſang aloude,
For the chriſtians victorye:
And loude the warder blewe hys horne,
On every turret hye;
"Let the maſſe be ſung, and the bells be rung,
"And the feaſte eate merrylye."

The warder look'd from the tow're on hye,
As farr as hee coulde ſee:
"I ſee a bolde knighte, and, by hys red croſſe,
"Hee comes from the eaſte countrie."
Then loude that warder blewe hys horne,
And call'd till hee was hoarſe,
"There comes a bolde knighte, and on hys ſhielde brighte
"He beareth a flaming croſſe."

Then downe the lorde of the caſtyl cam,
The red-croſſe knighte to meete;
And when the red-croſſe knighte he 'ſpied,
Right loving hee did hym greete:
"Thou'rt welcome here, ſyr red-croſſe knighte,
"For thy fame's well knowne to mee;
"And the maſſe ſall be ſung, and the bells ſall be rung,
"And wee'l feaſte right merrylie."

"Oh

" Oh I am com from the holye lande,
" Where Chriſte did live and dye ;
" Beholde the device I beare on my ſhielde,
" The red-croſſe knighte am I :
" And wee have foughte in the holye lande,
" And wee've won the victorye;
" For with valiant myghte dyd the chriſtians fyght,
" And made the proude pagans flye."

" Thou'rt welcom here, deare red-croſs knighte,
" Come laye thy armoure bye;
" And for the good tydings thou doſt bring,
" Wee'l feaſte us merrilye :
" For alle in my caſtyl ſall rejoyce,
" That wee've won the victorye;
" And the maſſe ſall be ſung, and the bells ſall be rung,
" And the feaſte eate merrilye."

" Oh I cannot ſtaye," cried the red-croſſe knighte,
" But muſt goe to my owne countrie,
" Where manors and caſtyls wyll bee my rewarde,
" And all for my braverye."
" Oh ſaye not ſoe, thou red-croſs knighte,
" But if you'l 'byde with mee,
" With manors ſo wyde, and caſtles beſyde,
" I'll honoure thy braverye."

" I cannot

" I cannot ſtaye," cry'd the red-croſs knighte,
" Nor can I 'byde with thee;
" But I muſte haſte to my king and hys knightes,
" Who're waitinge to feaſte with mee."
" Oh mynde them not, deare red-croſſe knighte,
" But ſtaye and feaſte wyth mee;
" And the maſſe ſall be ſung, and the bells be rung,
" And wee'l banquet merrylie."

" I cannot ſtaye," cry'd the red-croſs knighte,
" Nor can I feaſte wyth thee:
" But I muſt haſte to a pleaſante bow're,
" Where a lady's waiting for mee."
" Oh ſay not ſoe, dear red-croſs knighte,
" Nor heede that fond ladye;
" For ſhee can't compare wyth my daughter ſoe fayre,
" And ſhee ſhall attende on thee."

" Nowe muſt I goe," cry'd the red-croſſe knighte,
" For that ladye I'm to wedd;
" And the feaſte gueſtes and bryde maydes alle are met,
" And prepared the brydal bedd."
" Nowe naye, nowe naye, thou red-croſſe knighte,
" My daughter ſall wedd with thee;
" And the maſſe ſall bee ſung, and the bells be rung,
" And wee'l feaſte right merrylie."

And now the ſilver lute's ſweete ſounde
Reecho'd thro' the halle;
And in that lorde's faire daughter came,
With her ladyes cladd in pall.
That ladye was deckt in coſtlye robes,
And ſhone as bright as daye;
And wyth courteſye ſweete the knighte ſhee dyd greete,
And preſste hym for to ſtaye.

" Right welcom, brave ſyr red-croſs knighte,
" Righte welcom unto mee,
" And here I hope long tyme thou'lt ſtaye,
" And beare us companye.
" And for thy exploits in the holye lande,
" That hath gain'd us the victorye,
" The maſſe ſall bee ſung, and the bells bee rung,
" And wee'l feaſte ryght merrilye."

" Tho' ever thou preſs mee, ladye fayre,
" I cannot ſtay wyth thee."
That ladye frown'd to heare that knighte
So ſlighte her courteſye.
" It grieves mee muche, thou ladye fayre,
" That here I cannot ſtaye;
" For a beauteous ladye is waiting for mee,
" Whom I've not ſeene manye a daye."

" Nowe

" Nowe fye on thee, uncourteous knighte,
" Thou ſhouldſt not ſaye mee naye:
" As for the ladye, that's waiting for thee,
" Go ſee her another daye.
" Soe ſaye no more, but ſtaye, brave knighte,
" And bear us companye;
" And the maſſe ſall be ſung, and the bells ſall bee rung,
" And wee'l alle feaſte merrilye."

Part the Second.

AND as the ladye preſt the knighte,
With her ladyes cladd in pall,
Oh then beſpake a pilgrim boye,
As hee ſtoode in the halle:
" Nowe Chriſte thee ſave, fyr red-croſſe knighte,
" I'm come from the northe countrie,
" Where a ladye is layd alle on her deathe bedd,
" And evermore calles for thee."

Alaſſe!

"Alaſſe! alaſſe! thou pilgrim boye,
"Sad newes thou telleſt mee:
"Nowe muſte I ryde full haſtilye
"To comforte that deare ladye."
"Oh heede hym not," the ladyes cry'd,
"But ſende a page to ſee;
"While the maſſe is ſung, and the bells are rung,
"And wee feaſte merrilye."

Againe beſpake the pilgrim boye:
"Yee neede not ſende to ſee,
"For knowe, ſyr knighte, that ladye's deade,
"And dy'd for love of thee."
Oh then the red-croſſe knighte was pale,
And not a worde coulde ſaye;
But his hearte did ſwelle, and his teares downefelle,
And hee almoſte ſwoon'd awaye.

"Nowe fye on thee, thou weaklye knighte,
"To weepe for a ladye deade:
"Where I a noble knighte like thee,
"I'd ſoone finde another to wedde.
"Soe come, cheare up, and comforte thy hearte,
"And bee good companye;
"And the maſſe ſhall be ſung, and the bells be rung,
"And wee'l feaſte thee merrilye."

In vaine that wily ladye ſtrove
The ſorrowing knighte to chere;
Eache worde he anſwer'd with a grone,
Each ſoothinge with a teare:
"And nowe farewelle, thou noble lorde,
"And farewelle, ladye fayre;
"In pleaſure and joye your houres employe,
"Nor thinke of my deſpayre.

"And where is her grave," cry'd the red-croſſe knighte,
"The grave where ſhee doth laye?"
"Oh I knowe welle," cry'd the pilgrim boye,
"And I'll ſhowe thee the waye."
The knighte was ſadde—the pilgrim ſigh'd—
While the warder loude did crye,
"Let the maſſe bee ſung, and the bells bee rung,
"And the feaſte eate merrilye."

Meanwhile aroſe the lorde's daughter,
And to her ladyes did calle:
"Oh what ſhall wee ſaye to ſtaye the knighte?
"For hee muſte not leave the halle."
(For much that ladye was in love
With the gallante red-croſſe knighte,
And, 'ere manye a daye, with this knighte ſo gaye
Had hop'd her troth to plighte.)

Oh

Oh then beſpake theſe ladyes gaye,
As they ſtoode cladd in palle:
" Oh wee'l deviſe howe to make this knighte
" Staye in our caſtle halle."
" Nowe that's well ſayde, my ladyes deare;
" And if hee'l ſtaye with mee,
" Then the maſſe ſhall bee ſung, and the bells be rung,
" And wee'l feaſte righte merrilye."

Then ſoftlye ſpake thoſe ladyes fayre,
(Lowe wiſp'ring at the walle,)
" Oh wee've devis'd how to keepe the knighte
" In thy fayre caſtle halle.
" Nowe, ladye, commande the warder blith
" To come from yon tow're hye,
" With tydings to ſaye, to enveigle awaye
" Yon wily pilgrim boye."

" Goe runne, goe runne, my foot-page deare,
" To the warder take thy waye;
" And one of my ladyes ſhall goe with thee,
" To telle thee what to ſaye.
" And nowe, if wee can but compel the knighte
" To ſtaye in the caſtle with mee,
" Then the maſſe ſhall bee ſung, and the bells ſhall bee rung,
" And wee'l alle feaſte merrilye."

The warder came and blewe hys horne,
And thus aloude did crye,
"Oh is there a pilgrim in the halle,
"Come from the north countrie?
"For there's a foot-page waites without,
"To ſpeake with hym alone."
Thus the warder did calle till oute of the halle
The pilgrim boye is gone.

Meanwhile beſpake the ladyes gaye,
As they ſtoode cladd in pall,
"Righte gladd, brave knighte, wee welcome thee
"Unto our caſtle halle."
But the knighte hee heeded not their talke,
Altho' they cry'd with glee,
"Let the maſſe bee ſung, and the bells bee rung,
"And feaſte thee merrilye."

"But where's the pilgrim boye," hee cry'd,
"To ſhewe mee my ladye's grave?"
That hee ſhould bee ſoughte for thr'out the playce,
The knighte full oft did crave.
Then loude reply'd the ladyes gaye,
"Nowe foule that knave befalle;
"For lucre hee hath beguiled thee,
"And nowe hath fledde the halle.

"And

" And nowe, ſyr knighte, doe not give heede
" To what hee ſayde to thee ;
" But ſende a page to the north countrie,
" That ladye fayre to ſee :
" And while hee's gone to comforte her,
" Oh thou ſhalt ſhare our glee,
" While the maſſe is ſung, and the bells are rung,
" And the feaſte eate merrilye."

But while thoſe ladyes, blith and gaye,
Attun'd their lutes to joye,
The knighte was ſadde, and ſearch'd arounde
To finde the pilgrim boye :
Hee ſearch'd the caſtle alle aboute,
Thro' every turne and wynde ;
But alle in vaine hys toyle and payne
The pilgrim boye to finde.

In vaine the lorde's fayre daughter ſente
Her meſſengers to calle ;
The knighte hee woulde not heede their wordes,
Nor enter the caſtle halle.
In vaine the wanton ladyes ſung,
And the clamorous warder cry,
" Let the maſſe be ſung, and the bells bee rung,
" And the feaſte eate merrilye."

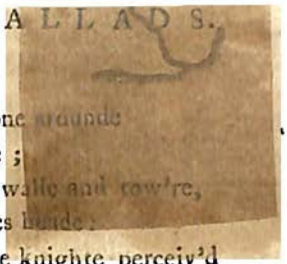
Oh then beſpake thoſe ladyes gaye,
As they ſtoode cladd in pall:
"Oh weepe not, weepe not, deare ladye,
"Tho' hee'l not enter the halle;
"But ſende to the warder from the tow're
"To bring the pilgrim boye,
"Whom wee'l perſuade to lend hys ayde
"This proude knighte to decoye.

"Wee'l make that boye, on payne of deathe,
"The red-croſſe knighte deceive;
"Soe that no more on hys accounte
"That fayre younge knighte ſhall grieve:
"And then wee'l keepe the red-croſſe knighte,
"To beare us companye;
"And the maſſe ſhall be ſung, and the bells ſhall bee rung,
"And wee will feaſte merrylye."

Part the Third.

AND nowe 'twas nighte, all darke and dreare,
And colde, colde blewe the winde;
While the red-croſſe knighte ſought all aboute
The pilgrim boye to finde.
And ſtill hee wepte, and ſtill hee ſigh'd,
As hee mourn'de his ladye deare:
"And where's the feaſte, and where's the gueſte,
"Thy brydal daye to cheare?"

Againe he ſigh'd and wepte forlorne
For his ladye that was deade:
"Ladye, howe ſad thy wedding tyde!
"Howe colde thy brydal bedde!"
Thus the red-croſſe knighte roam'd ſore and ſadde,
While all ſrounde did crye,
"Let the minſtrils ſing, and the bells yring,
"And the feaſte be eate merrylye."



And nowe the gentle moone arounde
Her ſilver luſtre ſhedde;
Brighten'd eache antiente walle and tow're,
And diſtante mountaines heade;
By whoſe ſweete lighte the knighte perceiv'd
(A ſighte which gave hym joye)
From a dungeon dreade the warder leade
The faithfulle pilgrim boye.

In vaine the warder ſtrove to hide
The pilgrim boye from hym;
The knighte hee ranne and claſp'd the youthe,
In ſpite of the warder grim.
The warder, tho' wroth, his banner wav'd,
And ſtille aloude did crye,
"Let the minſtrils ſing, and the bells yring,
"And the feaſte be eate merrylye."

"I'm gladde I've founde thee, pilgrim boye,
"And thou ſhalt goe with mee;
"And thou ſhalt leade to my ladye's grave,
"And greate thy rewarde ſhall bee."
Th' affrighted pilgrim wrung his handes,
And ſhed fulle manye a teare:
"Her grave," he cry'd (and mournful ſigh'd),
"I dread's not farre from heare."

The knighte hee led the pilgrim boye
Into the caſtle halle,
Where ſat the lorde and hys daughter fayre,
And her ladyes cladde in pall.
" I goe," he cry'd, " with the pilgrim boye,
" Soe thinke noe more of mee;
" But let your minſtrils ſing, and your bells all ring,
" And feaſte yee merrylye."

Up then aroſe the lorde's daughter,
And call'd to the pilgrim boye;
" Oh come to mee, for I've that to ſaye,
" Will give to thee much joye."
Full loth the pilgrim was to goe,
Full loth from the knighte to parte—
And lo! out of ſpite, with a dagger brighte,
Shee hath ſtabb'd hym to the hearte.

" Why art thou pale, thou pilgrim boye?"
The knighte all wond'ring cry'd:
" Why doſte thou faynte, thou pilgrim boye,
" When I am by thy ſide?"
" Oh I am ſtabb'd, deare red-croſſe knighte—
" Yet grieve not thou for mee;
" But let the minſtrils ſing, and the bells yring,
" And feaſte thee merrylye."

The knighte he ranne and claſp'd the youthe,
And ope'd hys pilgrim veſte;
And lo! it was hys lady fayre—
Hys ladye deare hee preſte.
Her lovelye breaſte, like ermine white,
Was panting with the frighte;
Her deare heartes bloode, in crimſon floode,
Ran pouring in hys ſighte.

"Grieve not for mee, my faithfulle knighte,"
The ladye faynte did crye;
"I'm welle contente, my faithfulle knighte,
"Since in thy armes I dye:
"Then comforte thee, my conſtante love,
"Nor thinke noe more of mee—
"But let the minſtrils ſing, and the bells yring,
"And feaſte thee merrylye.

"Like pilgrim boye I've follow'd thee,
"In truth fulle chearefullye;
"Reſolv'd, if thou ſhouldſt come to ill,
"Deare knighte to dye with thee;
"And much I fear'd ſome wily fayre
"Would keepe thee from my ſighte,
"And, by her brighte charmes, lure from my armes
"My deare lov'd red-croſſe knighte."

"Oh

"Oh heaven forfende," the knighte reply'd,
"That thou ſhouldſte dye for mee!
"But if ſo hapleſs low'rs thy fate,—
"Thy knighte will dye with thee."
"Oh ſaye not ſoe; for welle my knighte
"Hath prov'd hys love to mee;
"But let the minſtrils ſing, and the bells yring,
"And feaſt thee merrylye."

The knighte hee preſte her to hys hearte,
And bitterlye hee ſigh'd:
The lovelye ladye ſtrove to chear——
'Till in hys armes ſhee dy'd.
The knighte hee laide her corpſe adowne,
And hys deadlye ſworde drewe forth;
Then look'd hee arounde, and grimlye frown'de,
All woe-begone with wroth.

Oh then beſpake the ladyes fayre,
As they ſtoode cladde in pall:
"Oh thys will bee our buryal place,
"That was our caſtle halle!
"Noe more to our ſilver lutes ſweete ſounde
"Sall wee daunce with revelrye;
"Nor the maſſe bee ſung, nor the bells bee rung,
"Nor the feaſte be eate merrylye."

Then up aroſe the lord's daughter,
And never a worde ſpake ſhee;
But quick upon the knightes drawne ſworde
Shee flung her frantickly e.
The knight to hys own deare ladye turn'de,
And layde hym by her ſyde;
With teares embrac'd her bleeding corpſe,
Sigh'd her deare name—and dy'd.

Oh then beſpake th' affrighted lorde,
And full of woe ſpake hee:
" Foul 'fall the hour this red-croſſe knyghte
" Did come to viſit mee!
" For nowe noe more will my daughter faire
" Rejoice my gueſtes and mee;
" Nor the maſſe bee ſung, nor the bells bee rung,
" Nor the feaſt helde merrylye."

And then hee ſpake to the ladyes fayre,
As they ſtoode cladd in pall:
" Lo! thys thy ladye's buryal place—
" That was her caſtle halle!
" Oh then bee warn'd from her ſad fate,
" And hate the wanton love;
" But in hym confyde who for thee dy'd,
" And nowe ſits thron'd above.

" Warder,

"Warder, noe more reſounde thy horne,
" Nor thy banner wave on hye:
" Nor the maſſe bee ſung, nor the bells bee rung,
" Nor the feaſte eate merrilye."
Noe more the warder blowes hys horne,
Nor hys banner waves on hye;
Nor the maſſe is ſung, nor the bells are rung,
Nor the feaſte eat merrilye.

XVIII.

The WANDERING MAYDE.

In two Parts.

Now firſt printed.

Part the Firſt.

IT was by a baron's caſtle gaye
A wand'ring mayde dyd rove;
For manye a myle had ſhee tooke her waye,
In ſearche of her true love:
For manye a myle, both daye and nighte,
Deſpayring dyd ſhee rove;
Nor bleſte the lighte that chear'd her ſyghte,
For ſhee had loſte her love.

Shee ſat her downe by the moate ſoe wyde,
And her teares began to flowe;
She ſat her downe, and ſad ſhee ſigh'd,
Oercome with toile and woe:
"But altho' I ſhed full manye a teare,
"And altho' I ſet and ſighe,
"Yet ever I'll love thee, youth ſoe deare,
"And for thee will I dye."

And nowe oer the hie drawebridge came neare
A minſtrel blithe and gaye;
"And why," hee cry'd, "ſweete mayden, here
"Doſte thou deſpayring laye?
"For the welkin rounde is blacke with rayne,
"And the water's alle ſoe colde,
"E'en hardye cattle, that graze the playne,
"Beget them to a holde."

"Alas!" ſhee cry'd, "I've loſt my love,
"And I've ſoughte hym farre and neare:
"Sweete minſtrel, haſt thou ſeene hym rove,
"The youthe whom I love ſoe deare?"
"Faire mayde, thy love howe ſhoulde I knowe
"From other youths I ſee?"
"Oh by hys lockes ſoe fayre that flowe,
"And hys mien ſo blighte of blee.

"Hys

"Hys face is fraughte with beautye's ſmyle,
"The roſe and lillyes there;
"Hys voice like muſick can beguile
"The wrinkled browe of care:
"Alas! it was that face that ſmil'd,
"That broughte my hearte to woe!
"That muſicke voyce that mee beguil'd,
"And made my teares to flowe.

"Neare theſe hie tow'rs, ſoe fayre to view,
"I'm tolde the youthe hath beene;
"Then telle mee, minſtrel, tell mee true,
"Haſt thou my true love ſeene?"
"Noe, mayde, thy love I have not ſeene,
"By day nor yet by nighte;
"Alas! how harde that hearte, I weene,
"That coulde ſuch beautye ſlighte!

"But, lovelye mayde, doe not thus rove,
"And breake thy hearte with woe;
"But goe with mee and bee my love,
"And I'll not ſlighte thee ſoe."
Then tooke this minſtrel hys harpe of golde,
And ſweetlye 'gan to playe;
But the faithful mayde to hym was colde,
For alle that hee colde ſaye.

"Noe,

"Noe, minſtrel, tho' full ſad I rue
"That hee from mee is gone,
"Yet ſtill to hym I'll aye bee true,
"And true to hym al ne;
"And o'er the lone countrie, daye and nighte,
"Deſpayring will I rove,
"Nor bleſſe the lighte that cheares mye ſighte,
"'Till I have founde my love."

And nowe cam forthe a ſoldier gaye,
And hys broade ſworde hee hath ta'en;
And, had not the minſtrel fled awaye,
Full ſoone hee had hym ſlayne:
"Oh mayde, heede not that minſtrel's guile,
"But mee take for thy love;
"And then to the wars, for golde and ſpoyle,
"Right merrylie wee will rove."

"Noe, warrioure, noe; tho' ſad I rove,
"And my love from mee is gon,
"Yet ſtill I'll ſeeke that faithleſs love,
"And love but hym alone:
"And ever I'll wander day and nighte,
"While colde, colde blowes the winde,
"Nor bleſs the light that chears mye ſighte,
"'Till I my true love fynde."

The ſoldier was ſcant ygone, when loe!
A forreſter cam that waye,
And merrylie rode hee hie and lowe,
All yclad in greene ſoe gaye:
Shee ſtop'd the gallante on the greene,
"And telle," ſhee cry'd, "I praye,
"'Mong yonder foreſtes haſt thou ſeene
"My wand'ring true love ſtraye?"

"And howe ſhalle I knowe the youthe you ſeeke
"From other youths I ſee?"
"Oh welle maye you knowe hym ere hee doth ſpeake,
"Hys mien's ſo brighte of blee."
"Sweete mayden, tho' 'monge the foreſtes greene
"With earlye horne I rove,
"Believe mee, deare mayde, I have not ſeene
"The faithleſſe youthe you love.

"Nowe, charming mayde, doe not thus rove,
"Nor wander thus forlorne;
"But goe with mee, and ever I'll love,
"And ſhelter thee from ſcorne:
"And wee will hunte with earlye horne,
"And ſing the livelong daye;
"And the cheareful eve, and the ſmiling morne,
"Shall ever fynde us gaye.

"And

"And thou, attir'd in robes of greene,
"A huntreſs blithe and gaye,
"Shalt gaye bee call'd, wher'ere thou'rt ſeene,
"The ſporting queene of Maye.
"Come, turne thee, mayde, and bee my love,
"And to my paſſion yeilde;
"And ever delighted will wee rove,
"The princes of the fielde."

"Noe, I wyll not bee rob'd in greene,
"Thy flatterye alle I ſcorne;
"Nor will I bee of Maye the queene,
"To hunte with earlye horne;
"But I will rove, both day and nighte,
"Thro' ſtormye hail and winde;
"Nor bleſs the light that chears my ſighte,
"'Till I my true love finde."

Part the Second.

THE forreſter blithe nowe rode awaye,
And blew hys ſounding horne,
While by the moate the mayden laye,
All deſolate and forlorne:
Yet ſtill ſhee cry'd, "Tho' I ſhed the teare,
"And heave full manye a ſighe,
"Yet ever I'll love thee, youthe ſoe deare,
"And for thee I will dye."

All this behearde the baron gaye,
In the lone tow're where hee ſat,
And with manye a ſighe hee tooke hys waye,
And came to the caſtle gate.
And there hee ſawe the mayden laye,
By the moate ſide alle forlorne;
And alle for the love of a youthe ſo gaye,
Who had treated her with ſcorne.

Her

Her cheeke, once red as ſummer roſe,
Nowe pale as wintry ſkies;
And wan her cherry lips dyd cloſe,
That her love dyd once ſo prize;
And colde, colde was that lilly hand,
That hee ſoe ofte had preſte—
Full manye a ſigh (as hee there did ſtande)
The baron's woe confeſte.

The mayden tolde her piteous tale,
With manye a ſighe and teare,
How ſhee for her love, thro' heate and colde,
Had wander'd farre and neare.
"Alas! deare mayde," the baron ſigh'd,
"Thy tale is ſad and ſore;
"But, charming mayde," full loude hee cry'd,
"Thy ſorrows now bee o'er.

"Yes, mayden, thou no more ſhalt rove,
"No more unhappie ſtraye;
"But thou, dear mayde, ſhalt bee my love,
"My counteſs riche and gaye."
The hapleſs mayden wond'ring hearde
The baron talke of love;
Yet ſtill, altho' that baron ſhee fear'd,
Right faithfulle dyd ſhee prove.

" Come turne to mee, and bee my love,
" And bee my ladye gaye;
" And thou no more for ſcorne ſhalt rove,
" Soe ſad, the livelong daye:
" But thou in robes of golde, my faire,
" More brighte than daye ſhall ſhyne—
" Come, leave colde woe, and leave deſpayre,
" And to my ſuite inclyne.

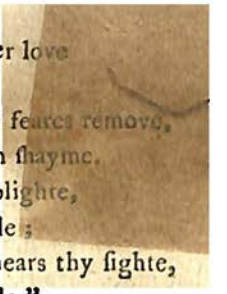
" Fayre maydens ſhall attend on thee,
" All fam'd for beautye rare;
" Yet, ever ſweet mayden, ſhalt thou bee
" The faireſt of all the fayre.
" Brighte golde and gems from th' eaſterne mine,
" Thy grandeure ſhall proclayme;
" But thye brighte lockes ſhall the golde outſhyne,
" Thie eyes the jewels ſhayme."

" Alas!" ſhee cry'd, " deſpiſe a mayde
" Deſtin'd with ſcorne to lyve;
" What, tho' thy grandeur's thou'ſt diſplay'd,
"—My heart's not myne to give:
" But I muſt rove, both daye and nighte,
" While colde, colde blowes the winde;
" Nor bleſs the lighte that cheares my ſighte,
" 'Till my owne true love I fynde."

Then up aroſe the hapleſſe mayde,
And woulde fayne have fled away;
But the wonderring baron ſofte her ſtay'd,
And thus with joye dyd ſaye:
"Nowe heav'n thee bleſſe, thou faithful dame,
"For thy deare conſtante love!
"Myne bee the faulte, and myne the blame,
"That made thee thus to rove.

"I am thy true (but cruel) love,
"Altho' a baron borne;
"And 'twas thy faithe, deare mayde, to prove,
"I let thee rove forlorne.
"I from yon tow're have hearde thy moane,
"And it pierc'd mee to the hearte:
"Nowe take mee, deare mayden; I am thy owne,
"And never more wille wee parte.

"Yon caſtle, with its wyde domayne,
"Shall bee thy dow're, my love;
"And there like a princeſs ſhalte thou reigne,
"Nor more in miſerye rove:
"But wee will live and love ſoe true,
"And with ſuche conſtancye,
"That, if ſterne death thee firſte ſhall ſlaye,
"Deare mayde, I'll dye with thee."



The mayden bluſh'd to fynd her love
A baron of hie fame;
While foade hee cry'd, "Thy feares remove,
"Thy faithe my pryde doth ſhayme.
"Agayne to thee my troth I plighte,
"And let thy joyes abounde;
"And bleſs the lighte that chears thy ſighte,
"For thy true love is founde."

XIX.

The TRIUMPH of DEATHE.

In two Parts.

Now firſt printed.

Part the Firſt.

"THE fleeting momente teemes with deathe!"
Faire Emma ſad dyd crye;
"E'en now perhaps on yon drear heathe
"My Edgar lowe doth lye!
"E'en nowe maye hee drawe hys laſte, laſte breathe,
"And unregarded dye!"

"Oh

" Oh ſtaye thye feares, dejected mayde,"
The hermit ſofte reply'd;
" For ſtill hys ofte-victorious blayde
" Maye checke th' invader's pryde.
" Nowe com, let us kneele to heav'n for ayde,
" Who's myghte can foe ſoone deeyde."

And nowe from farre th' embattled fielde
With warres dreade clangour rang;
Whyle, in a moſſye cell conceal'de,
The woodelande wildes among,
That mayden fayre with the hermit kneel'd,
And manye an oriſon ſung.

Nowe nearer ſtille the battle rung,
And faſter flow'd theyr teares;
And nowe, the woodelande wyldes among,
A warrioure ſterne appeares——
The mayden to the hermit clung,
Oerwhelmed with her feares.

And nowe into the lowlye cell
The warrioure toke hys waye,
With bloodye ſworde and viſage fell,
That witneſs'd huge diſmaye;
And ever hee colde hys tydings tell,
Sad Emma ſwoon'd awaye.

" The

"The fleeting momente teemes with deathe!"
The trembling hermit cryes:
"For ſad I ſee o'er yon blacke heathe
"A ſcatter'd armye flyes;
"And many a warrioure gaſpes for breathe,
And manye a captive ſighs."

"Yea, the ſwifte momente teemes with deathe!"
The breatheleſs warrioure cryes;
"For manye a myle oer yon dreare heathe
"Our ſcatter'd armye flyes;
"And manye a warrioure gaſpes for breath,
"And manye a captive ſighes."

"The fleeting momente teemes with deathe!"
The wretched Emma cryes:
"Accurs'd bee yon bloode-drenched heathe,
"For there my Edgar lyes!
"Saye, warrioure, does my love yet breathe?
"Hath deathe yet clos'd hys eyes?"

"Yea, the ſadde momente teemes with deathe!
"For manye a warriour dyes,
"And, 'mong the reſt, on yon blacke heathe
"Thy hapleſſe Edgar lyes;
"And ſtill, as the warrioure gaſpes for breathe,
"Fayre Emma's name hee ſighes."

Then up aroſe that deſperate fayre,
And thrice ſhee look'd arounde;
And liſten'd to the burden'd aire,
That teem'd with manye a ſounde
Of hoſtyle rage, and dire deſpayre,
That, frantic, bit the grounde.

"Hermit," ſhee cry'd, "to mee ſoe goode,
"Nowe grante my boone I praye;
"Oh lende to mee thy ſcripp and hoode,
"And gowne of ruſſet graye;
"And lende unto mee thye holye roode,
"And leade mee on my waye.

"Soe will I goe to yon dreare heathe,
"Where many a warrioure ſighes;
"Where, gaſping in hys laſte, laſte breath,
"My hapleſs Edgar lyes:
"I'll cheare hym as hee layes in deathe,
"I'll ſoothe hym as hee dyes!"

The hermit ſat in penſive moode,
Then, chear'd with hope, dyd ſaye,
"Oh I've another ſcripp and hoode,
"And another gowne of graye;
"And I, with another holye roode,
"Will wend with thee mye waye.

" For when thie Edgar to my care
" Entruſted thee, poore mayde,
" On holye rode hee made mee ſweare,
" To lende thee alle my aide;
" Soe with thee I'le goe withouten feare,
" Thro' ſeas of bloode to wade."

Part the Second.

FULLE darke and dreare the heathe dyd ſeeme,
And lonelye was the waye;
Nor dyd th'affrighted moones pale beame
Emit her ſylver raye:
Full faſte the fayre maydens teares dyd ſtreame—
The hermit loude dyd praye.

Nowe nearer ſtille the battles ſounde
Came roſhing on the eare;
With bloode all drenched was the grounde;
And the nighte was darke and dreare:
The mayden affrighted look'd arounde—
The hermit ſhooke with feare.

Shee hearde a groane, and, as ſhee turn'd,
A warriour layde fulle lowe;
Shee graſp'd hys hande, as ſadd hee mourn'd,
And wip'd hys clammye browe—
Her graſpe the dying hande return'd,
As conſcious of its woe.

"The fleeting momente teemes with deathe!"
The woefraughte hermit cry'd;
"Glutted with hapleſs mortals breath,
"The griſlye kyng doth ſtryde"—
"I fynd not my Edgar on the heathe,"
The weeping Emma ſigh'd.

The thund'ring winds of heaven ſtrove
The deſerte heathe along;
Whyle ſhee, her faithful love to prove,
With reſolution ſtrong,
For her Edgar ſoughte, her deare true-love,
The dying and deade among.

"The fleeting momente teemes with deathe!"
Agayne the hermit cryes;
"For noughte is hearde along the heathe
"But dying warriours sighes"—
"Coulde I but heare my Edgar breathe!"
Fayre Emma sad replyes.

Bleake was the blaste, and chill the aire,
And aweful was the scene;
Yet still this faithful hapless paire,
Oerwhelm'd with anguishe keene,
Rov'd o'er the bloodye heathe foe dreare,
Untill the morning gleame,

Nowe slowelye to the list'ning eare
The soundes of woe dyd fade,
Whyle, thro' the carnage farre and neare,
Righte careful they dyd wade;
But they founde not their Edgar deare,
'Mong living or 'mong deade.

To manye a warrior in hys woe
They lente their holye aide,
And ghostlye comforte dyd bestowe,
Tho' wearye and dismayde;
But their Edgar's forme they coulde not knowe,
'Mong living or 'mong deade.

"The

" The fleeting momente teemes with deathe!
" Eache blaſt's a funeral knell,"
Sad Emma cry'd ;—then on the heathe
Oercome with toile, ſhee fell :
The hapleſs mayden had not breath
To reache the hermit's cell.

" The fleeting momente teemes with deathe!"
Th'affrighted hermit cry'd :
" Alas! ſhee's fell on this dreade heathe,
" Sweete flow'r of beautye's pryde .
" Oh griſlye tyrante, ſpare, ſpare her breath,
" Or ſlaye mee by her ſyde!"

A dying warriour heard hym crye,
And rais'd hys languid heade,
And ſawe the hapleſs mayden lye,
Oercome with toile and dreade,
And the faithful hermit ſtanding bye,
With terror all diſmay'd.

" The fleeting momente teemes with deathe!"
Sad Edgar cry'd diſmay'd ;
" Beholde! on thys blood-drenched heathe
" My lovelye Emma layde,
" With bloode of warriours beneathe,
" Darke tempeſtes overheade."

" Yea,

"Yea, the ſwift momente teemes with deathe!"
The hermit loude dyd crye;
"For lo! on this dark drearye heathe
"Thy faithful bryde dothe lye:
"She came to ſooth thee whyle thou dydſt breathe,
"And then with thee to dye."

"The fleeting momente teemes with death!"
The dying warriour cry'd:
"Come ſpeake to mee whyle ſtill I've breath,
"My too, too faithful bryde!"
Shee wrang hys hand——and on that heathe
Thoſe hapleſs lovers dy'd.

"The fleeting momente teemes with deathe!"
The fainting hermit cry'd:
"The griſlye tyrante o'er the heathe,
"With merc'leſs ſteps doth ſtryde."
His ſpirits ſunk——ſhorte grewe hys breath—
With woe the hermit dy'd.

XX.

The BITTER FRUITES of JEALOUSIE:

A Ballade.

"GOE, ſhutte the doore, my Edwarde deere,
"Shutte cloſe the doore, I praye;
"Lette nae keene ſearche my treadinge trace,
"Ne liſtene what I ſaie;

"Lette nane my ſubtle entraunce knowe,
"My troubled motion ſpie,
"Ne ſmalleſt ſunne-beame penetrate
"The tell-tale of mine eye."

So Alleyne ſpake, as guilt-beſtain'd
Some nooke he did explore,
When inſtincte ledde his pathleſſe foote
To Edwarde's friendlie doore.

'Tween horrid dreede, and conſcious ſhame,
Fu' mightie was the ſtrife,
While from his now-enfeebled hands
Downe dropp'd a reekinge knife.

Wha

What means that ſteele? What means that glow,
Wherewith thy viſage burnes?
Now ghaſtlie pale, alack, ſucceeds,
And now the redde returnes.

"Saye, will yee plighte your promiſe deere,
"And wille yee plighte your faye,
"That what I now entruſte to yee
"Your tongue ſhall ne'er betraye?

Yea, I wille plight my promiſe deere,
And I will plight my faye,
That what yee ſhall entruſte to mee
My tongue ſhall ne'er betraye.

"Ah! was ſhee not the faireſt faire,
"More deere than life to mee?
"Yet ne'er ſhall I againe beholde
"My Lucie ſweete to ſee."

Yea, ſhe was faireſt of the faire,
Deere as thy life to thee—
And haſt thou ſcath'd with deadlie ſtroke
Thy Lucie ſweete to ſee?

"Wae worthe the daye!—That verie wreathe,
"Which with a lovinge vowe
"This morne I gave her, I behelde,
"Ere noone, on Edwin's brow.

" When as ſhee tooke it ſweete ſhee ſmil'd,
" Yet could ſhee from it parte?
" Sae proude, methought, hee taunted mee,
" Fu' deepe it irk'd my hearte.

" And irk'd be ſtille this cruel hearte!—
" Oh! had yee ſeene the wounde,
" And had yee ſeene the ſtreaminge blude,
" How faſte it ſtain'd the grounde!

" And had yee ſeene her ſickninge eye,
" How ſore it ſoughte reliefe!
" And had yee ſeene her bodie ſinke,
" You woulde have dyed for griefe!

" And irk'd be ſtille this cruel hearte,
" When as ſhee there did lye,
" That coulde not with my Lucie deere
" A moment ſtaye, and dye!"

Alleyne, my friend, yee grieve my ſoule,
Your flighte, I weene, was juſt,
Sine ſhee is gone, that faireſt faire,
And ſunken into duſte.

But who alonge yon cypreſſe-pathe
Is ledde ſae heavilie?
Ah! mee! my Alleyne deere, it is—
How ſadde ſhee eyeth thee!

And, ah! how ſadde yon virgins looke,
Who leade her to my boure?
Appear they not as drizlinge dewes,
Freſhninge ſome faded floure?

With ſuch a looke as mothers aſt
Rebuke a darlinge childe,
Sae eyed ſhee her Alleyne deere,
Sae ruthe, ſae ſweete, ſae milde!

"I marvelle not," ſhee faintlie cried,
"Yee ſeeme a manne of ſtone!—
"The welle of life is nae yet drie,
"My daies are nae yet done.

"Sette, ſette your troubled minde at eaſe,
"My hearte yee didde nae touche;
"Yee ſtrooke too ſhorte to reache my life,
"Whereat I gladdene muche.

"Could yee, ſuch vowes as I have vow'd,
"Deeme I coulde faithleſſe bee?—
"The bloſſome to the breathe of ſpringe
"Was ſcant ſae true as mee.

"That wreathe, which yee this morne did ſee
"Sae trimme on Edwyn's browe,
"Edwyn's aiñ ſpitefu' hande had wroughte,
"And Edwin weares it nowe.

" When love yee breathe, yee fickle menne
" Been ſmoothe as ſummer-wave;
" But when with jealouſie yee ſwelle,
" As winter-ſtorme yee rave.

" Raſhe manne! ah! how by jealouſie
" Have yee your fortunes croſte!
" As true a maide as ever lov'd
" Yee have for ever loſte.

" To hie to this your friend's abode,
" Here breathe my prayres for yee,
" For life, for healthe, for eaſe of minde,
" Was a' was left for mee."

Can yee not pardon the high faulte
Which love didde gar mee doe?
" Yes, I canne pardon a' the faulte,
" And ſtille to love be true."

And ſhalle the bridal knotte be tyed,
And ſhalle wee happie bee?
" The bridal-knotte canne ne'er be tyed,
" Ne canne I ſtaye with thee;

" For I to Chriſte a vowe have made,
" And kepte that vowe ſhalle bee,
" That manne naie mair ſhalle vexe my hearte,
" Nae mair ſhalle trouble mee.

" That

" That ſtraite I wille myſel betake
" Unto a nunnerie,
" In faſte and prayre to ende my dayes
" And kepte that vowe ſhalle bee.

" Go yee, and ſeeke a fairer bride,
" And live in pleaſaunce gaye,
" While to the houſe of godlineſſe
" I take myſel awaye."

Naye, doe nae wende yee quite awaye,
Liſte, liſte, my piercinge ca' !
Returne ! and for youre broken vowe,
On mee the paine be a!

" *She's gane.*"—He heav'd a deepe-drawne ſighe,
As braſt his hearte in twaine,
Sine to the ground faſt-falled he,
And never roſe againe.

XXI.

The DEATH of ALLEN: a Ballad.

THE bells they rang all in the morn,
And Allen he roſe full ſoon,
Sad tydings were heard for Allen to hear,
That Mary would wed ere noon.

Then Allen he call'd on Thomas's name,
And Thomas came at his call:
"Make ready a coffin and winding ſhroud,
"For Mary ſhall ſee my fall.

"When laſt we parted with brimful eye,
"Right-loving ſhe made a vow;
"But Richard has twice as many ſheep,
"And Mary forgets me now.

"Then bear me to the green-graſs-bank,
"Where we did kiſs and play,
"And tell her, the rain, that made it ſo green,
"Has waſh'd my kiſſes away."

The bridegroom led the bride ſo fair,
The prieſt he came anon;
But Thomas he brought his dear friend's corſe,
Or ere the wedding was done.

He laid him on the green-graſs-bank,
Where they did kiſs and play,
And told her, the rain, that made it ſo green,
Had waſh'd his kiſſes away.

When ſhe beheld poor Allen's dead corſe,
Her maiden bluſh was loſt,
She faded, as tho' on April morn
A primroſe nipt by a froſt.

Then all beneath one fatal ſtone
Together they buried were.
Falſe maidens, who break your plighted vow,
Take heed ye come not there!

XXII.

The DISTRESS of MARIAN: a Ballad.

ONE April ev'ning, when the ſun
Had journey'd down the ſky,
Sad Marian, with looks of woe,
Walk'd forth full heavily.

Tears trickled down her faded cheek,
Soft ſighs her boſom heav'd;
Soft ſighs reveal'd her inward woe;
Alas! ſhe'd been deceiv'd.

"Oh! what a wretch am I become,
"A luckleſs laſs, (ſaid ſhe,)
"The cowſlip, and the violet blue,
"Have now no charms for me.

"The golden ſun that daily ſhines,
"And glitt'ring decks the ſky,
"Brings no relief to my diſtreſs,
"Or pleaſure to my eye.

"This

" This little river, when I dreſs'd,
" Has ſerv'd me for a glaſs;
" But now it only ſhews how love,
" Has ruin'd this poor face.

" What charms could happy Lucy boaſt,
" To fix thy wav'ring mind?
" What charms in Lucy more than me,
" Ungrateful, couldſt thou find?

" Haſt thou forgot the tender vows
" Which at my feet were made?
" Yet I'll not ſpend my dying hour
" Thy falſehood to upbraid.

" But what remaining breath I have
" Shall intercede with heav'n;
" That all thoſe broken vows to me,
" At laſt may be forgiv'n.

" Yet one poor boon, before I die,
" I would of thee require;
" And do not thou refuſe to grant
" A wretch's laſt deſire!

" When you with Lucy ſhall affix
" The happy marriage-day,
" Oh! do nöt o'er my green-graſs-grave
" Inhuman take thy way."

CADWAL:

XXIII.

CADWAL: a legendary Tale.

In two Parts.

Part the Firſt.

DARK Decem er was the month,
The air was dank and chill,
When Cadwal's weary foot had reach'd
The ſummit of the hill.

Beneath whoſe ample verge he wont
To labour at the plough,
And, to relieve his father's age,
Bedew his infant brow.

When eighteen years had o'er him paſs'd,
He left his ruſtic home,
(Sore-ſmote with grief) in diſtant grounds
And ſtranger-fields to roam.

Twelve

Twelve winters had his exile ſeen,
When lo! his boſom burns
Again to claſp his father's knees,
And homeward he returns.

And now deſcending to the vale,
With ſlow and trembling feet,
At this new ſight, his native ſoil,
The pulſes flutt'ring beat.

And now, with penetrating eye,
He pierces the cloſe dell,
Where in his thatch-beſhelter'd cot
His ſire did whilom dwell.

Yet in his ſad and troubled look
Such terror might ye ſee,
As when we almoſt wiſh to ſhun
The thing we wiſh ſhould be.

He pryed here, he pryed there,
No cottage could he ſpy,
Nor ſmalleſt trace of human tread
Appeared to his eye.

No monarch of the feather'd brood
Was heard aloud to crow,
Nor laboured ox the vocal air
Awaken with his low.

In ſtrange amazement and ſuſpence
Awhile benumb'd he ſtood,
Then fell, deſpairing on the earth,
And wept, and wail'd aloud.

His bitter cries an hermit drew
Forth from his lonely cell,
Whoſe pliant ſenſe was quick to feel
Affliction's poignant yell.

Compaſſion held him mute at firſt,
While as he ponder'd him
With fixed eye, where nature's floods
Up-ſwelled to the brim;

Then thus—"My ſon, your plaints I heard,
"They ſmote me to the heart;
"To me, without reſerve or fear,
"The weighty cauſe impart.

"Deep vers'd in ſorrow's heavy taſk
"Full many a weary hour,
"Right well I know what aggravates,
"And what abates its pow'r.

"Cloſe-pent within reſtraining bounds,
"The river foams and roars,
"Tumultuous boils with mighty heaves,
"And wounds its kindred ſhores;

"The

" The load remov'd that choak'd its courſe,
" The violence ſubſides,
" The tumult leſſens by degrees,
" And ſmooth the current glides.

" Give, then, the ſtruggling griefs to flow,
" Which thy clogg'd heart oppreſs;
" Each word will take a part away,
" And make the burthen leſs."

" Old Cadwal here diſtraught I ſeek,
" Here Cadwal dwelt of yore,
" Here, here, his quiet cottage roſe,
" But now is here no more."

" Old Cadwal ſeek'ſt thou? Hapleſs man!
" New torments muſt thou have—
" Beneath this venerable elm,
" Behold the ruſtic's grave!"

" Oh! wretch accurs'd! I was the cauſe,
" I 'reſt him of his breath,
" I robb'd theſe fields of Cadwal's worth,
" I brought him to his death.

" Was he not to his various kin,
" (Unworthy I alone!)
" Was he not guardian, comforter,
" Friend, father, all in one?

" What

" What honeſt hind, that near him toil'd,
" But of his ſtore partook?
" Was he not to the needy ſwain
" As to the mead the brook?

" Did he not deal to all around
" His ſmile as well as care?
" Not ev'n the ſparrow of the hedge
" But in his love had ſhare.

" And wretch accurs'd! I was the cauſe,
" I 'reft him of his breath,
" I robb'd theſe fields of Cadwal's worth,
" I brought him to his death."

" Too rigidly, perchance, my ſon,
" Thyſelf thou doſt accuſe,
" And heapeſt on thy burthen'd heart
" Unneceſſary woes.

" Ah! how ſevere the puniſhment,
" When we ourſelves arraign!
" And hatred oft and malice' ſelf
" Inflict a milder pain.

" Leſs harſhly cenſure thy offence,
" (Some youthful warmth, I ween!)
" And give it to mine ears in terms
" Soft, candid, and ſerene.

" Here

" Here on this bank repoſe awhile,
" And bid theſe tumults ceaſe;
" With thine I'll mix my ſocial tears,
" And ſooth returning peace."

" Ah, father! this thine holy love
" Embitters what I feel;
" Unwittingly thou add'ſt a ſting
" To ſorrows thou would'ſt heal.

" Here on this bank, what precious hours
" I've known in days of youth,
" Liſt'ning the precepts that he gave
" Of wiſdom and of truth!

" Here in the ſweetly-tranquil eve,
" (Day's rugged labour done,)
" He'd tell how good and glorious men
" Life's arduous race had run;

" What tides of blood had waſh'd theſe lands,
" Which we in peace had till'd,
" And how the faithful ruſtic once
" Great Alfred here conceal'd.

" But, oh! my grief-bewilder'd mind
" From reaſon wanders far,
" And with vague fancies idly mocks
" Thy kind, thy pious care."

" Heed not, my ſon—uſe any means
" That may aſſuage thy pain;
" It is the privilege of woe
" At random to complain.

" And who of patient ſympathy
" The lib'ral largeſs ſcant,
" With-hold a bounty dear, I ween
" As wealth can ſhow'r on want."

Part the Second.

" OLD Cadwal here diſtraught I ſeek—
" Ah, me! this wayward heart!
" That dar'd oppoſe a father's pow'r,
" That dar'd his counſel thwart!

" But Emma's charms had won my love,
" And made it all her own;
" I ſought not copious flocks and meads,
" I ſought content alone;

" And,

" And, oh! ſo ſweetly ſhe conform'd
" To all I wiſh'd or ſaid,
" You would have ſworn our hearts, as twins,
" Were for each other made.

" And was it, holy father, ſay,
" Was it a crime to love;
" Or to my early plighted vows
" Unchang'd and ſteady prove?

" Matilda's lofty friends in ſtore
" Of fleeces did abound,
" And ample ſheaves enrich'd their fields,
" And orchards roſe around;

" And theſe poſſeſſions ev'ry hour
" Were pour'd into mine ear;
" To count them o'er, my father made
" His morn and ev'ning care.

" Sure, if he any failing had,
" 'Twas too fond love for me;
" Hence ſprung the wiſh, that of her flocks
" I might the maſter be:

" And as he will'd, and as he bade,
" Oh! that I could have done!
" But Emma's charms had won my love,
" And made it all her own.

" Say, father, ought I, at the church
" Have join'd Matilda's hand,
" When love and truth, that ſhould attend,
" Were not at my command?

" Her ſpacious granaries—to me
" They no allurement were;
" My Emma's low-roof'd dairy-hut
" To me was dearer far.

" Why after large poſſeſſions ſeek?
" My father did not want;
" Of copious tributes from the field
" His barns were nothing ſcant:

" But 'twas his will—and oh! that I
" Could have that will obey'd,
" Without the guilt of broken vows,
" Or Emma's peace betray'd!

" Now that my frowardneſs of heart
" Hath brought him to his end,
" For this, before yon hallow'd ſpot
" In duteous wiſe I'll bend;

" For this, will daily wet the ſod
" With my repentant eye,
" Nor ever from this ſolitude
" To fairer refuge hie."

" Son,"

" Son," quoth the ſire—and caſt a look
As chill'd the youth all o'er—
(While minutes paſs'd ere vital warmth
His ſenſes did reſtore—)

" Son," quoth the ſage, " thy doubts ſuſpend,
" Their riſing tumult check—
" It is thy father claſps thee cloſe,
" And weeps upon thy neck.

" Long have I held thee in diſcourſe
" With pent-up agony;
" Now let my guſhing tears have way,
" They're bleſſings ſhow'r'd on thee.

" Charm'd with thy duteous excellence,
" Thy ſtrength of filial love,
" My full forgiveneſs let theſe ſtreams
" And warm embraces prove!

" And, oh! might'ſt thou forgive the cauſe
" That drove thee from thy home,
" Sore-ſmote with grief, in diſtant grounds
" And ſtranger-fields to roam."

" Might I forgive!—Oh father, ſuch
" Unſeemly terms reſtrain;
" Might I forgive!—It is enough,
" I ſee thee once again.

" But ſaid'ſt thou not, beneath yon elm'—
" My deareſt ſon, I did;
" There have I mark'd the cheſen ſpot,
" There made my lateſt bed.

" Of thee bereft, what booted it
" To feed the furrow'd plain;
" Or what, from autumn's fruitful lap
" To heap the ripen'd grain?

" Whom had I then to chear my ſteps
" In ſummer's ſultry rays?
" For whom ſhould then the ſocial hearth
" In winter-ev'ning blaze?

" My houſe, my barns, I left at large
" To moulder and decay;
" Yon humble tenement I rais'd,
" My age's only ſtay.

" Enough for me, who meant forlorn
" To paſs life's lagging eve;
" My taſk to meditate and pray,
" My puniſhment to grieve.

" For oh! my ſon, too late I felt
" This truth within my heart,
" That to compel the filial mind
" Is not a parent's part.

" And

" And hence this penitential garb,
" And hence these silver hairs,
" Whose hoary length the sad recluse
" Or pensive hermit wears."

" Dear, honour'd father, droop no more;
" This on my bended knee
" I crave,—I claim,—resign thy griefs;
" Oh! cast them all on me;

" With unremitting love and care
" Thy sorrows I'll assuage,
" And with obsequious duty tend
" The remnant of thy age."

" Arise, my son, and to my cell
" Together let us wend;
" Let us beneath one roof embrace,
" Ere yet my days shall end.

" And shall the thought of Emma's love
" No more suffuse thine eye,
" Nor chide thy father for her loss?"—
—" She's buried in that sigh."

" What wond'rous bliss to virtuous minds
" Will heav'n not deign to lend?
" Within my homely hut, my son,
" There all thy sorrows end.

" There, there, once more ſtill ſweetly fair
" Thy Emma ſhalt thou ſee;
" Within my homely hut ſhe dwells,
" My age's comfort ſhe!

" Her father dead, I fill'd his place,
" The guardian of her youth;
" I now reſtore her to thy love,
" Thy conſtancy and truth."

Young Cadwal waited not for more,
But to his Emma flew,
Where lock'd awhile in cloſe embrace
Each to the other grew.

From incoherent words and ſighs
Such wond'rous tranſports brake,
Far more than honey'd eloquence
With all her tongues could ſpeak.

And now with ſtrong enquiring look
They ſearch each other's eye,
And aſk if what they ſee be true,
And doubt the real joy.

And now the father's quicken'd ſteps
They greet with bended grace,
And with up-lifted eyes adore,
And bleſs his rev'rend face.

" Now,

" Now, by this hallow'd eve I vow *,
" Soon as the maſs be done,
" The next enſuing holy-day
" The prieſt ſhall make ye one.

" And ye ſhall live (ſo heav'n permit!)
" To caſt one gleam of light
" Athwart your father's gath'ring eve,
" Or ere he ſink in night;

" Or ere beneath yon aged elm
" He's number'd with the dead,
" The choſen ſpot where his own hands
" Have made his lateſt bed.

" But while ſome hours of life are lent,
" By gratitude and pray'r,
" And mem'ry of my errors paſt,
" Thoſe errors I'll repair:

" And oft as I recount them o'er,
" Thy ſteady faith I'll praiſe,
" And for my deareſt boy once more
" The ſocial hearth ſhall blaze.

* Probably Chriſtmas-Eve, as December is mentioned in the opening of the tale.

" Age

" Age ev'n as youth, thou ſeeſt, my ſon,
" Is liable to fall,
" And ſelf-reproof and penitence
" Alike beſeem us all."

XXIV.

The CRUEL BLACK:

A lamentable ballad of the tragical end of a gallant lord and virtuous lady; together with the untimely death of their two children: wickedly performed by a heatheniſh and blood-thirſty black-a-moor, their ſervant; the like of which cruelty and murther was never heard of before.

IN Rome a nobleman did wed
A virgin of great fame;
A fairer creature never did
Dame nature ever frame:
By whom he had two children fair,
Whoſe beauty did excel;
They were their parents only joy,
They lov'd them both ſo well.

The lord he lov'd to hunt the buck,
The tyger, and the boar;
And ſtill for ſwiftneſs always took
With him a black-a moor;
Which black-a-moor within the wood
His lord he did offend,
For which he did him then correct,
In hopes he would amend.

The day it grew unto an end,
Then homewards he did haſte,
Where with his lady he did reſt,
Until the night was paſt.
Then in the morning he did riſe,
And did his ſervants call,
A hunting he provides to go,
Straight they were ready all.

To cauſe the toyl the lady did
Intreat him not to go:
"Alas, good lady," then quoth hee,
"Why art thou grieved ſo?
"Content thyſelf, I will return
"With ſpeed to thee again."
"Good father," quoth the little babes,
"With us here ſtill remain."

"Farewel,

" Farewel, dear children, I will go
" A fine thing for to buy;"
But they, therewith nothing content,
Aloud began to cry.
The mother takes them by the hand,
Saying, " Come, go with me
" Unto the higheſt tower, where
" Your father you ſhall ſee."

The black-a-moor, perceiving now,
Who then did ſtay behind,
His lord to be a hunting gone,
Began to call to mind:
" My maſter he did me correct,
" My fault not being great;
" Now of his wife I'll be reveng'd,
" She ſhall not me intreat."

The place was moated round about,
The bridge he up did draw;
The gates he bolted very faſt,
Of none he ſtood in awe.
He up into the tower went,
The lady being there,
Who when ſhe ſaw his countenance grim,
She ſtraight began to fear.

But now my trembling heart it quakes
To think what I muſt write;
My ſenſes all begin to fail,
My ſoul it doth affright:
Yet muſt I make an end of this,
Which here I have begun,
Which will make ſad the hardeſt heart,
Before that I have done.

This wretch unto the lady went,
And her with ſpeed did will,
His luſt forthwith to ſatisfy,
His mind for to fulfil.
The lady ſhe amazed was,
To hear the villain ſpeak;
"Alas," quoth ſhe, "what ſhall I do?
"With grief my heart will break."

With that he took her in his arms,
She ſtraight for help did cry:
"Content yourſelf, lady," he ſaid,
"Your huſband is not nigh:
"The bridge is drawn, the gates are ſhut,
"Therefore come lye with me,
"Or elſe I do proteſt and vow,
"Thy butcher I will be."

The cryſtal tears ran down her face,
Her children cry'd amain,
And ſought to help their mother dear,
But all it was in vain;
For that egregious filthy rogue
Her hands behind her bound,
And then perforce with all his might,
He threw her on the ground.

With that ſhe ſhriek'd, her children cry'd,
And ſuch a noiſe did make,
That towns-folks, hearing her laments,
Did ſeek their parts to take:
But all in vain, no way was found
To help the lady's need,
Who cry'd to them moſt piteouſly,
"O help! O help with ſpeed!"

Some run into the foreſt wide,
Her lord home for to call;
And they that ſtood ſtill did lament
This gallant lady's fall.
With ſpeed her lord came poſting home,
He could not enter in;
His lady's cries did pierce his heart,
To call he did begin:

"O hold

" O hold thy hand, thou ſavage moor,
" To hurt her do forbear,
" Or elſe be ſure, if I do live,
" Wild horſes ſhall thee tear."
With that the rogue ran to the wall,
He having had his will,
And brought one child under his arm,
His deareſt blood to ſpill.

The child, ſeeing his father there,
To him for help did call:
" Oh father! help my mother dear,
" We ſhall be killed all."
Then fell the lord upon his knee,
And did the moor intreat,
To ſave the life of this poor child,
Whoſe fear was then ſo great.

But this vile wretch the little child
By both the heels did take,
And daſh'd his brains againſt the wall,
Whilſt parents hearts did ake:
That being done ſtraightway he ran
The other child to fetch,
And pluck'd it from the mother's breaſt,
Moſt like a cruel wretch.

Within one hand a knife he brought,
The child within the other;
And holding it over the wall,
Saying, "Thus ſhall die thy mother,"
With that he cut the throat of it;
Then to the father he did call,
To look how he the head did cut,
And down the head did fall.

This done, he threw it down the wall
Into the moat ſo deep;
Which made the father wring his hands,
And grievouſly to weep.
Then to the lady went this rogue,
Who was near dead with fear,
Yet this vile wretch moſt cruelly
Did drag her by the hair;

And drew her to the very wall,
Which when her lord did ſee,
Then preſently he cried out,
And fell upon his knee:
Quoth he, "If thou wilt ſave her life,
"Whom I do love ſo dear,
"I will forgive thee all is paſt,
"Though they concern me near.

"O ſave

" O ſave her life, I thee beſeech ;
" O ſave her, I thee pray,
" And I will grant thee what thou wilt
" Demand of me this day."
" Well," quoth the moor, " I do regard
" The moan that thou doſt make :
" If thou wilt grant me what I aſk,
" I'll ſave her for thy ſake."

" O ſave her life, and then demand
" Of me what thing thou wilt."
" Cut off thy noſe, and not one drop
" Of her blood ſhall be ſpilt."
With that the lord preſently took
A knife within his hand,
And then his noſe he quite cut off,
In place where he did ſtand.

" Now I have bought my lady's life,"
He to the moor did call :
" Then take her," quoth this wicked rogue,
And down he let her fall.
Which when her gallant lord did ſee,
His ſenſes all did fail ;
Yet many ſought to ſave his life,
But nothing could prevail.

When as the moor did ſee him dead,
Then did he laugh amain
At them who for their gallant lord
And lady did complain:
Quoth he, "I know you'll torture me,
"If that you can me get,
"But all your threats I do not fear,
"Nor yet regard one whit.

"Wild horſes ſhall my body tear,
"I know it to be true,
"But I'll prevent you of that pain:"
And down himſelf he threw.
Too good a death for ſuch a wretch,
A villain void of fear!
And thus doth end as ſad a tale,
As ever man did hear.

XXV.

The TRAGEDY of PHILLIS, complaining of the diſloyall loue of Amyntas.

AMYNTAS on a ſummer's day,
To ſhun Apollo's beames,
Was driving of his flockes away,
To taſt ſome cooling ſtreames;
And through a forreſt as he went
Unto a riuer ſide,
A voyce which from a groue was ſent
Inuited him to bide.

The voyce well ſeem'd for to bewray
Some male-contented minde:
For oft times did he heare it ſay,
Ten thouſand times vnkind:
The remnant of that raging mone
Did all eſcape his eare,
For euery word brought forth a grone,
And euery grone a teare.

And neerer when he did repaire,
Both face and voyce he knew,
He ſaw that Phillis was come there
Her plaints for to renew:
Thus leauing her vnto her plaints,
And ſorrow-ſlaking grones,
He heard her deadly diſcontents
Thus all breake forth at once.

Amintas, is my loue to thee
Of ſuch a light account,
That thou diſdain'ſt to looke on me,
Or loue as thou wert wont?
Were thoſe the oaths that thou didſt make,
The vowes thou did'ſt conceiue,
When I, for thy contentment's ſake,
Mine hearts delight did leaue?

How

How oft didſt thou proteſt to me,
The heauens ſhould turne to nought,
The ſunne ſhould firſt obſcured be,
Ere thou wouldſt change thy thought?
Then, heau'n, diſſolue without delay;
Sunne, ſhew thy face no more,
Amyntas loue is loſt for ay,
And woe is me therefore.

Well might I, if I had been wiſe,
Foreſeene what now I finde!
But too much loue did fill mine eyes,
And made my iudgement blinde:
But ah, alas! th'effect doth proue
Thy drifts were but deceit,
For true and vndiſſembled loue
Will neuer turne to hate.

All thy behauiours were (God knowes)
Too ſmooth and too diſcreet:
Like ſugar which impoyſoned growes,
Suſpect becauſe its ſweet:
Thine oaths and vowes did promiſe more
Then well thou couldſt performe,
Much like a calme that comes before
An unexpected ſtorme.

God knowes, it would not grieue me much
For to be kill'd for thee :
But oh ! too neere it doth me touch,
That thou ſhouldſt murder mee ;
God knowes, I care not for the paine
Can come for loſſe of breath ;
Tis thy vnkindneſſe, cruel ſwaine,
That grieues me to the death.

Amyntas, tell me, if thou may,
If any fault of mine
Hath giuen thee cauſe thus to betray
Mine hearts delight and thine ?
No, no, alas ! it could not be,
My loue to thee was ſuch,
Unleſſe that if I vrged thee,
In louing thee too much.

But ah, alas ! what doe I gaine,
By theſe my fond complaints ?
My dolour doubles thy diſdaine;
My griefe thy ioy augments :
Although it yield no greater good,
It oft doth eaſe my mind,
For to reproach th' ingratitude
Of him who is unkind.

With that her hand, cold, wan, and pale,
Upon her breſt ſhe layes,
And ſeeing that her breath did faile,
She ſighes, and then ſhe ſayes,
" Amintas!" and with that, poor mayd,
She ſigh'd againe full ſore,
That after that ſhe neuer ſayd,
Nor ſigh'd nor breath'd no more.

XXVI.

BLEW-CAP FOR ME;

OR

A Scottiſh laſſe her reſolute chuſing,
Shee'l have bonny Blew-cap, all other refuſing.

In two Parts.

Part the Firſt.

COME hither the merri'ſt of all the Nine,
Come ſit thee down by me and let vs be iolly,
And in a full cup of Apollo's wine
Wee'll drowne our old enemy mad melancholy:
Which when wee haue done,
Wee'll betweene vs deuiſe
A dainty new ditty
With art to compriſe;
And of this new ditty
The matter ſhall be;
Gif ever I have a man,
Blew-cap for me.

There

There liues a blithe laſſe in Faukeland towne,
And ſhee had ſome ſuitors, I wot not how many;
But her reſolution ſhe had ſet downe,
That ſhee'd haue a Blew-cap, gif ere ſhe had any.
An Engliſh man,
When our good king was there,
Came often unto her,
And loued her deare:
But ſtill ſhe replide, "Sir,
"I pray let me be;
"Gif ever I haue a man,
"Blew-cap for me."

A Welch man that had a long ſword by her ſide,
Red pritches, red tublet, red coat, and red peard,
Was make a great ſhew with a great deal of pride,
And tell her ſtrange tale that the like was nere heard:
Was reckon her pedigree,
Long before Prute,
No body was by her
That can her confute:
But ſtill ſhe replide, "Sir,
"I pray let me be;
"Gif ever I have a man,
"Blew-cap for me."

A French.

A French-man, that largely was booted and ſpurd,
Long lock't with a ribbon, long points and breeches,
Hee's ready to kiſſe her at euery word,
And for further exerciſe his fingers itches:
" You be pritty wench,
" Mitris, par ma foy;
" Begar me doe loue you,
" Then be not you coy:
But ſtill ſhe replide, " Sir,
" I pray let me be;
" Gif ever I have a man,
" Blew-cap for me."

An Iriſh man, with a long ſkeane in his huſe,
Did think to obtain her it was no great matter,
Up ſtayres to her chamber ſo lightly he goes,
That ſhe ne're heard him untill he came at her:
Quoth he, " I doe loue you,
" By fate and by trote,
" And if you will haue me,
" Experience ſhall ſhote:"
But ſtill ſhee replide, " Sir,
" I pray let me be;
" Gif ever I have a man,
" Blew-cap for me."

Part the Second.

A DAINTY ſpruce Spaniard, with haire black as
jett,
Long cloak with round cape, a long rapier and ponyard,
He told her, if that ſhe could Scotland forget,
Hee'd ſhew her the wines as they grow in the vineyard.
"If thou wilt abandon
"This country ſo cold,
"I'le ſhew thee faire Spaine,
"And much Indian gold,
But ſtill ſhe replide, "Sir,
"I pray let me be;
"Gif ever I have a man,
"Blue-cap for me."

A haughty

A haughty high German of Hamborough towne,
A proper tall gallant with mighty muſtachoes:
He weepes if the laſſe upon him doe but frowne,
Yet hee's a great fencer that comes to ore-match vs.
But yet all his fine fencing
Could not get the laſſe;
She deny'd him ſo oft,
That he wearyed was:
For ſtill ſhe replide, "Sir,
"I pray let me be;
"Gif ever I have a man,
"Blew-cap for me."

A Netherland mariner there came by chance,
Whoſe cheekes did reſemble two roaſting pomwaters;
To this cany laſſe he his ſute did aduance,
And as taught by nature he cunningly flatters:
"Jack will make thee," ſaid he,
"Sole lady o'th' ſea;
"Both Spaniards and Engliſhmen
"Shall thee obey:"
But ſtill ſhe replide, "Sir,
"I pray let me be;
"Gif ever I have a man,
"Blew-cap for mee."

Theſe ſundry ſutors of ſeuerall lands,
Did daily ſolicite this laſſe for her fauour,
And eucry one of them alike vnderſtands,
That to win the prize they in vain did endeauour:
For ſhe had reſolued
(As I before ſaid)
To haue bonny Blew-cap,
Or elſe dee a maid.
Unto au her ſuppliants
Still replyde ſhe,
"Gif ever I have a man,
"Blew-cap for mee."

At laſt came a Scottiſh man (with a blew cap),
And he was the party for whom ſhe had tarry'd,
To get this blithe bonny laſſe 'twas his gude hap,
They gang'd to the kirk and were preſently marry'd;
I ken not weel whether
It were lord or leard,
They caude him ſome ſike
A like name as I heard,
To chuſe him from all
She did gladly agree,
And ſtill ſhe cry'd Blew-cap,
Th' art welcome to mee.

XXVII.

SELDOME COMES THE BETTER:

OR,

An admonition to all ſorts of people, as huſbands, wiues, maſters, and ſeruants, &c. to auoid mutability, and to fix their minds on what they poſſeſſe.

In two Parts.

Part the Firſt.

YOU men that are well wiued,
And yet doe rail on fate,
As though you were depriued
Thereby of happy ſtate;
Learne well to be contented
With a good wife, if you get her,
For often when the old wife's dead,
Seldome comes the better.

I once had a wife,
O would to God ſhe had liued!
For while the Lord lent me her life,
Indifferent well I thriued:
Yet cauſe that ſhe would chide at me,
I wiſht that death would ſet her;
But ſince I haue got a worſe than ſhee,
For ſeldome comes the better.

She would tell me for my good,
That I muſt leaue my vice,
But I not rightly underſtood
Her counſell of high price:
Full glad was I when ſhe was dead,
So much at nought I ſet her;
But ſince I haue got a worſe in her ſtead,
For ſeldome comes the better.

I now haue one that's not content
With any thing I doe;
The others tongue did me torment,
This ſcolds and beates me too.
I thought when I was rid of one,
That Fortune was my debtor;
But now I ſee, when one wife's gone,
That ſeldome comes the better.

That wife would only me reprooue
For waſting of my ſtore;
But this, as well as I, doth loue
The good als-pot, and more:
She'll ſit at the alehouſe all the day,
And if the houſe will let her,
She'll run on the ſcore, and I muſt pay;
Thus ſeldome comes the better.

The other was a huſwife good,
When ſhe a penny ſpent,
It went from her like drops of bloud,
Toth' alehouſe ſhe ne're went,
Unleſſe it were to fetch home me,
For which at nought I ſet her;
But this wife is quite contrary,
For ſeldome comes a better.

And if I doe rebuke her, as
A huſband ought and will,
She'll call me rogue and raſcall baſe,
Her tongue will ne're lye ſtill;
Nay, much adoe I haue to ſhun
Her blowes, if much I fret her:
The other quickly would have done;
Thus ſeldome comes the better.

The Second Part.

WHEN I conſider well of this,
It ſore doth vexe my minde;
O then I thinke what tis to miſſe
A wife that's true and kinde.
There's many men like me that haue
Good wiues, yet wiſh for neater,
And faine would ſend the old toth' graue,
In hope they ſhall haue better.

But that doth ſeldome come to paſſe,
Though many hope it will:
Therefore let him that has a good laſſe,
Deſire to keepe her ſtill:
Nay, though ſhe hath ſome ſmall defect,
To chide when he doth fret her,
Yet let him not her loue neglect,
For ſeldome comes the better.

Some thinke that were their old wiues dead,
Such are their fickle mindes,
They ſhould get richer in their ſteade,
But few or none that findes
Their expectation anſwered.
Suppoſe the portion's greater,
Yet he may ſay as I have ſed,
That ſeldome comes the better.

That's many lads and laſſes young,
That in good ſeruice light,
And yet they thinke that they haue wrong
To ſerue their time out quite:
They loue to ſhift from place to place,
Toth' little from the greater,
Till at laſt they ſay, in wofull caſe,
Faith, ſeldome comes the better.

Change of paſture makes fat calues,
This is a prouerb vs'd,
Which fore another like it ſalues,
And helpes the firſt abus'd.
A roling ſtone ne're gathers moſſe:
So hee that is a flitter
From houſe to houſe, ſhall find with loſſe,
That ſeldome comes the better.

Likewiſe

Likewiſe ſome men and women both,
When they haue ſeruants true,
To keepe them ouer-long th' are loth,
But ſtill they wiſh for new:
And hauing put the old away,
They take ſome farre vnfitter,
Which being tride, at laſt they ſay,
Faith, ſeldome comes the better.

And he that hath a perfect friend,
Let him retaine his loue,
Leſt loſing th' old, the new ith' end
A feigned friend doe proue:
And ſo it happens many times,
As ſome can tell that yet are
Aliue, and doe lament their crimes,
With ſeldome comes the better.

Therefore let all, both men and wiues,
Seruants and maſters all,
Thinke on this prouerbe all their liues,
The vſe on't is not ſmall:
If you are well, yourſelues ſo keepe,
And ſtriue not to be greater;
Be ſure to looke before you leape,
For ſeldome comes the better.

XXVIII.

The LOVER's LAMENTABLE TRAGEDY.

TENDER hearts of London city,
Now be mov'd with grief and pity,
Since by love I am undone:
Now I languiſh in my anguiſh,
Too, too ſoon my heart was won.

By him I am ſtrangely ſlighted,
In whom I ſo long delighted,
He unkindly ſhews diſdain;
And my grief is paſt relief:
Alas! my heart will break with pain.

Damon, you my paſſion knew well,
How then could you be ſo cruel,
Firſt my heart to ſet on fire,
Then to leave me, and deceive me,
When I've granted your deſire.

Come

Come and ſee me as I'm lying,
Bleeding for your ſake and dying;
Yet my ghoſt ſhall trouble you;
When I depart with broken heart,
Then all your comfort bid adieu.

Thou ſhalt never be contented,
But by night and day tormented,
Since thou wert ſo falſe to me:
Celia, dying, thus lay crying,
I will be a plague to thee.

Down her cheeks the tears did trickle,
Blaming Damon, too, too fickle,
Till her tender heart was broke;
Diſcontented, thus ſhe fainted,
Yielding to death's fatal ſtroke.

When this news was to him carried,
All his joys were ſpoil'd and marred,
And his heart was fill'd with pain;
Still expreſſing, what a bleſſing
He had loſt by his diſdain.

XXIX.

FAIR SUSAN of SOMERSETSHIRE:

OR,

The wronged Lady's Lamentation and untimely Death.

SIR William, a knight of ſix thouſand a year,
He courted fair Suſan of Somerſetſhire,
The beautifull'ſt creature that ever was ſeen,
A lady by birth, though her fortune was mean:
What paſſed between them I'll tell you in brief,
Who hear it may ſigh with a heart full of grief.

To

To her he pretended the greateſt of love,
And held her in hand for three months and above,
Inviting her often to feaſt at his hall;
At length he to wanton embraces would fall,
Which when ſhe perceiv'd, ſhe ſighing would ſay,
" Don't ruin an innocent lady I pray."

" O talk not of ruin, thou joy of my heart,
" So only as we live, love, we never will part,
" So ſure as I give thee this amorous kiſs;
" Then let me arrive to the rapture of bliſs:
" If ever I'm falſe or diſloyal to thee,
" May God's divine vengeance then fall upon me!"

The innocent lady, then ſtruck with ſurprize,
Beſought him with ſorrowful tears in her eyes,
That he would not tempt her to any ſuch thing,
The which without queſtion her ruin would bring;
Yet ſtill with new arguments her he aſſail'd,
Tho' long ſhe reſiſted, at length he prevail'd.

He having obtained his earneſt requeſt,
She proved with child; then with ſorrows oppreſt,
He left her whom once he did ſeem to adore,
And all his raſh vows he regarded no more.
No creature ſo falſe and deceitful as he,
That ſwears to be true, and yet perjur'd will be.

The innocent lady, with ſorrows oppreſt,
With tears in her eyes, and with ſobs from her breaſt,
She cry'd; "There's no ſorrow, no ſorrow like mine;
"Oh why had ſir-William ſo baſe a deſign!
"Before I conſented, O that I had dy'd!
"I'm ruin'd, I'm ruin'd, I'm ruin'd," ſhe cry'd.

"Againſt you, ſir William, I needs muſt exclaim,
"You courted for love, and have cloath'd me with ſhame,
"A ſorrow which I am unable to bear;
"My honour is gone, I will die in deſpair
"And haunt you by night with my wand'ring ghoſt,
"That you may not have any reaſon to boaſt.

"You ſhall have no pleaſure, but conſtantly find
"The cries of your conſcience, the trouble of mind,
"Both ſleeping and waking, where-ever you go,
"For ſeeking my ruin and ſad overthrow,
"And breaking the vows that you ſolemnly made
"Before you my innocent virtues betray'd."

Retir'd from friends, her cloſe chamber ſhe kept,
Where for her misfortune ſhe bitterly wept,
And finding her folly ſhe no ways could hide,
With grief ſhe miſcarry'd, in ſorrow ſhe dy'd;
Whoſe wand'ring ghoſt then did often affright
Her falſe-hearted lover, and treacherous knight.

Some-

Sometimes to his chamber at midnight ſhe came,
The room being fill'd with a fiery flame;
Her trembling ghoſt near the curtains would ſtand,
With either a dagger or ſword in her hand,
As if ſhe would ſtab her falſe knight where he lay,
And then with a ſhriek ſhe would vaniſh away.

But once above all a ſtrange groaning he heard,
And ſtraight with a child in her arms ſhe appear'd,
Which then on his bed ſhe lay cloſe on his ſide;
It frighted him ſo, that he ſicken'd and dy'd
Within a week after the ſame he beheld:
To all that he told it, with wonder were fill'd.

Now as in a frightful condition he lay,
To all his dear friends he was pleaſed to ſay:
" I wronged a lady, I needs muſt confeſs,
" And brought her to ſorrow, to ſhame, and diſtreſs,
" And now ſince the glaſs of my life is near run,
" I'm going to anſwer for what I have done.

" I was falſe to my love, and my oath I have broke,
" And death he ſtands ready with one fatal ſtroke
" To ſend me away, but I cannot tell where;
" I have done amiſs and muſt die in deſpair.
" Let me be a warning to all that ſhall hear
" Of my death, for being ſo falſe to my dear."

XXX.

TIME's ALTERATION.

WHEN this old cap was new,
'Tis ſince two hundred year,
No malice then we knew,
But all things plenty were;
All friendſhip now decays,
(Believe me, this is true)
Which was not in thoſe days,
When this old cap was new,

The

The nobles of our land
Were much delighted then,
To have at their command
A crew of luſty men,
Which by their coats were known
Of tawny, red, or blue,
With creſts on their ſleeves ſhown,
When this old cap was new.

Now pride hath baniſh'd all,
Unto our land's reproach,
When he whoſe means is ſmall,
Maintains both horſe and coach:
Inſtead of an hundred men,
The coach allows but two;
This was not thought on then,
When this old cap was new.

Good hoſpitality
Was cheriſh'd then of many:
Now poor men ſtarve and die,
And are not help'd by any;
For charity waxeth cold,
And love is found in few:
This was not in time of old,
When this old cap was new.

Where

Where ever you travell'd then,
You might meet on the way
Brave knights and gentlemen,
Clad in their country gray,
That courteous would appear,
And kindly welcome you:
No puritans then were,
When this old cap was new.

Our ladies in thoſe days
In civil habit went;
Broad-cloth was then worth praiſe,
And gave the beſt content:
French faſhions then were ſcorn'd,
Fond fangles then none knew;
Then modeſty women adorn'd,
When this old cap was new.

A man might then behold,
At Chriſtmas, in each hall,
Good fires to curb the cold,
And meat for great and ſmall:
The neighbours were friendly bidden,
And all had welcome true,
The poor from the gates were not chidden,
When this old cap was new.

Black Jacks to every man
Were fill'd with wine and beer;
No pewter pot nor can
In thoſe days did appear:
Good cheer in a nobleman's houſe
Was counted a ſeemly ſhew;
We wanted no brawn nor louſe,
When this old cap was new.

We took no ſuch delight
In cups of ſilver fine;
None under the degree of a knight
In plate drunk beer or wine:
Now each mechanical man
Hath a cupboard of plate for a ſhew;
Which was a rare thing then,
When this old cap was new.

Then bribery was unborn,
No ſimony men did uſe;
Chriſtians did uſury ſcorn,
Deviſ'd among the Jews.
The lawyers to be fee'd
At that time hardly knew;
For man with man agreed,
When this old cap was new.

No captain then carous'd,
Nor ſpent poor ſoldier's pay;
They were not ſo abus'd,
As they are at this day:
Of ſeven days they make eight,
To keep from them their due;
Poor ſoldiers had their right,
When this old cap was new.

Which made them forward ſtill
To go, although not preſt;
And going with good will,
Their fortunes were the beſt.
Our Engliſh then in fight
Did foreign foes ſubdue,
And forc'd them all to flight,
When this old cap was new.

God ſave our gracious king,
And ſend him long to live;
Lord, miſchief on them bring,
That will not their alms give,
But ſeek to rob the poor
Of that which is their due:
This was not in time of yore,
When this old cap was new.

XXXI.

The MERCHANT's SON and BEGGAR-WENCH of HULL.

YOUNG gallants all, I pray draw near,
And you this pleaſant jeſt ſhall hear,
How a poor beggar-wench of Hull
A merchant's ſon of York did gull.

One morning on a certain day,
He cloath'd himſelf in rich array,
And took with him, as it is told,
The ſum of ſixty pounds in gold.

So mounting on a prancing ſteed,
He towards Hull did ride with ſpeed,
Where, in his way, he chanc'd to ſee
A beggar-wench of baſe degree.

She aſked him for ſome relief,
And ſaid, with ſeeming tears of grief,
That ſhe had neither houſe nor home,
But for her living was forc'd to roam.

He ſeemed to lament her caſe,
And ſaid, "Thou haſt a pretty face,
"And if thou'lt lodge with me," he cry
"With gold thou ſhalt be ſatisfy'd."

Her ſilence ſeem'd to give conſent,
So to a little houſe they went:
The landlord laugh'd to ſee him kiſs
The beggar-wench and ragged miſs.

He needs would have a ſupper dreſt,
And call'd for liquor of the beſt,
And there they took off bumpers free,
The jovial beggar-wench and he.

A doſe ſhe gave him as 'tis thought,
Which by the landlady was bought;
For all the night he lay in bed,
Secure as if he had been dead.

Then did ſhe put on all his cloaths,
His coat, his breeches, and his hoſe,
His hat and periwig likewiſe,
And ſeiz'd upon the golden prize.

Her

Her greaſy petticoat and gown,
In which ſhe rambled up and down,
She left the merchant's ſon in lieu,
Her bag of bread and bacon too.

Down ſtairs like any ſpark ſhe goes,
Ten guineas to the hoſt ſhe throws,
At which he ſmil'd, ſhe went her way,
And never was heard of from that day.

When he had took his long repoſe,
He look'd about and miſs'd his cloaths,
And ſaw her rags left in the room,
How he did ſtorm, and fret and fume!

Yet wanting cloaths and friends in town,
Her ragged petticoat and gown,
He did put on, and mounting ſtrait,
Bemoaned his unhappy fate.

You would have laugh'd to ſee the dreſs
Which he was in; yet, ne'ertheleſs,
He homewards rid, and often ſwore
He'd never kiſs a beggar more.

XXXII.

AURA and ALEXIS.

FAR diſtant from the buſy train
A beauteous pair reſide;
The faireſt nymph on all the plain,
And he the Shepherd's pride.

On Aura blooming health beſtows
Charms unimprov'd by art;
Her cheek like modeſt roſes glows,
To captivate the heart.

The lilies, in her boſom plac'd,
Forget their native bed;
And ſnow-drops, by that boſom grac'd,
A new-born ſweetneſs ſhed.

Alexis, oft in ſoft-tun'd lays,
His Aura's beauties ſings;
The neighb'ring foreſt with her praiſe
In anſw'ring echoes rings.

At noon, beſide the gurgling ſtream,
She hears his artleſs tale;
Or liſtens to his love-ſick theme,
In ſome ſequeſter'd vale.

Thus bleſt, and bleſſing each, they dwelt,
With virtuous paſſion burn'd;
And, with an heart-felt rapture, felt
That virtuous flame return'd.

But, ah! how fleeting are our joys,
How ſubject to decay!
Corroded by unſeen alloys,
They tranſient paſs away.

Near Aura's cot a manſion ſtood,
And rear'd its lofty head
Amidſt the cloud-aſpiring wood,
Which far its branches ſpread.

Alonzo, of a noble race,
Poſſeſs'd this ſtately pile;
A youth adorn'd with every grace
That might the heart beguile.

As paſſing by one day by chance,
Where lovely Aura ſtray'd,
He view'd her various charms aſkance,
And all her form ſurvey'd.

He view'd her lips, of rubies made,
Her gloſſy nut-brown hair,
Whoſe ringlets caſt a pleaſing ſhade,
And made her neck more fair.

The frighted maid, in dread ſurpriſe,
With fault'ring footſteps flew,
And turning back her ſparkling eyes,
"From whence," ſhe cry'd, "are you?"

The youth with extacy addreſs'd
The unexperienc'd maid:
"Return, return, thou heav'n-born guest,
"Nor be of aught afraid.

"Let no vain doubts thy thoughts moleſt,
"Thou more than mortal fair;
"Be lull'd thy mind to tranquil reſt,
"And baniſh'd every care.

"Behold thy ſuppliant lover faint
"Entreats thee not to fly;
"Oh, deign to hear his tender plaint,
"Or bid him inſtant die.

"But Nature never form'd that frame
"On purpoſe to deſtroy;
"Then let me from thy pity claim
"A diſtant hope of joy."

In am'rous ſtrains he told, with ſighs,
The flame his boſom felt,
And pearly tears bedew'd his eyes,
The lovely maid to melt.

With elegance his language flow'd,
In pleaſing accents dreſs'd,
And while her face with bluſhes glow'd,
Her willing hand he preſs'd.

Her half averted cheek he kiſs'd,
And vow'd his love ſincere;
Nor could her feeling heart reſiſt
The tribute of a tear.

Awhile her wav'ring mind's reſolv'd;
Awhile ſhe doubts again;
Now thinks how well Alexis lov'd,
Then deems his loving vain.

At length ſhe bids a laſt farewel
To ſwains and rural life,
Forſakes her peaceful, humble cell,
And is Alonzo's wife.

In ſcenes of joy her time ſhe ſpends,
With mirth her hours glide,
And chearful gaiety attends
This more than happy bride.

Her days 'midſt ſoft delights ſhe paſt,
In pleaſure's myſtic round,
Each night more happy than the laſt,
With freſh enjoyments crown'd.

But ſoon the fickle youth was cloy'd
With even Aura's charms;
He ſaw, admir'd, and enjoy'd,
Then fated—left her arms.

Say, who can paint the various pains
Which Aura's boſom rent,
Or who recount her pitcous ſtrains,
And not her fate lament?

'Twas now ſhe found her native cot
Could more content beſtow,
Than thoſe in an exalted lot,
Amidſt their greatneſs, know.

'Twas now ſhe thought on thoſe bleſt days,
Devoid of guilt or fear,
When ſhe her faithful ſhepherd's lays
With rapture us'd to hear.

"Alas! forſaken as thou art,"
The hapleſs mourner cry'd,
"Juſtly thy boſom feels the ſmart
"Of coquetry and pride.

"Ah,

" Ah, why did flatt'ry's ſyren voice
" So long enchant my ear?
" Or why was glitt'ring ſtate my choice,
" Beſet with thorns of care?

" Say, injur'd youth—Alexis ſay—
" Have not the gods above
" Eſpous'd thy cauſe with rigid ſway,
" And puniſh'd faithleſs love?

" But ceaſe, my heart, upbraiding's vain,
" Nor fill with tears my eye,
" No more with fruitleſs words complain,
" But teach me how to die.

" And if departed ſouls attend
" The actions of mankind,
" Ah, may I be the guardian friend
" Of him I leave behind!

" Oh, may I ever whiſper peace
" To dear Alexis' mind,
" And may he ſoon his joys increaſe
" With one more juſt and kind!"

XXXIII.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

By Mr. Penrose.

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So sigh'd Horatio, *on a tomb reclin'd,*
Beneath a mould'ring chapel's ivy'd wall:
His ruin'd hope o'ergloom'd his fickly mind,
And bade the head to droop—the tear to fall.

Horatio, to whose lot was not deny'd
Keen sensibility, with all her woes:
By many a painful test his heart was try'd;
His was the thorn, while others won the rose.

Yet why should thorns his honest breast invade,
Since all the charities were fondled there?
Why should thy seat, benevolence, be made
The haunt of hapless grief, and pining care?

Fill'

Fill'd with an ample ſoul, that would adorn
Fair independence, he began his day:
Full many a promiſe ſmil'd upon his morn;
Morn chang'd to eve,—each promiſe dy'd away.

He wiſh'd,—nor can you call his wiſhes bold;
He hop'd,—for ſure his friends were not a few—
He hop'd,—for many a flattering tale was told,
And the ſafe harbour pointed to his view.

The ſoft deluſion play'd before his ſight
Juſt to miſlead;—for ſoon, alas! he found
His dawn of joy o'ercaſt with ſudden night,
His air-built viſion totter'd to the ground.

The JUSTICE.

By Mr. Penrose.

RECITATIVE.

COMPOS'D, the juſtice ſat in eaſy ſtate;
A croud aſſembling thunder'd at the gate:
The porter, to his poſt accuſtom'd long,
Firſt aſk'd the cauſe, then introduc'd the throng:
'Midſt theſe, a fire, enrag'd, two culprits brought,
Her ſwelling waiſt proclaim'd the damſel's fault;
The young ſeducer look'd abaſh'd and pale,
While thus the father urg'd his angry tale:

SONG.

See that wretch, baſe ends purſuing,
Low has brought my child to ſhame—
See in her my honour's ruin,
Death of honour, death of fame!

Well

Well to match her ripening beauty.
Oft I've form'd the fondeſt ſchemes;
But this fall, this breach of duty,
Turns my hopes to idle dreams.—

Curſe the traitor's late repenting—
Vengeance, vengeance I demand—
War recruits is ever wanting—
Let him die on foreign land.

RECITATIVE.

He paus'd—for rage his fault'ring voice oppreſt—
The magiſtrate the trembling youth addreſt,
Diſpell'd his terrors with a riſing ſmile—
And thus the youth began in artleſs ſtile:

SONG.

If the laws I have offended,
Here for pardon let me ſue;
'Twas a crime I ne'er intended,
Love's the only crime I knew.

Love I plead, (be this prevailing,)
Love in early youth begun;—
We had never known this failing,
Had yon tyrant made us one.

On our knees we oft have pray'd him,
Oft have own'd our guilty flame;
Wretched therefore if we've made him,
On himself must reſt the blame.

RECITATIVE.

He ſpoke, and on his parents turn'd his
Who deep enchanſon'd made this ſhort reply:

AIR.

Gracious ſir, this faithful youth
Well has ſpoke the voice of truth:
Kind diſpenſer of the laws,
Shew compaſſion to our cauſe—
Hear me on my bended knee—
Spare his life, and pity me.'

RECITATIVE.

The judge not long in uſeleſs ſilence ſate,
But inſtant roſe, and thus announc'd their fate:

AIR.

Relentleſs parent, ſince to me
Is now referr'd the laſt decree,
Mark and obſerve my juſt command!—
I doom him not to foreign land,
But to a ſentence mild and kind—
Be both at Hymen's altar join'd;
And may their paſſion ne'er decay,
Till ebbing life ſhall ſink away!

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

The liſt'ning croud the fair award approv'd;
The youth they favour'd, and the maid they lov'd.
While thanks and praiſes did their tongues employ,
They thus in chorus teſtified their joy:

CHORUS.

Happy pair, who thus have found
Friendſhip when you fear'd a foe!
While the year revolves around,
May your bliſs revolving flow!

Parents, to your children's pleaſure
Be your cloſe attention paid;
Nor for titles, pomp, or treaſure,
Cut the knot that love has made.

And to thee, thou judge of peace,
Our beſt gratitude is due;
May each couple love like theſe—
May each juſtice act like you!

XXXV.

COLIN and LUCY.

By Mr. Robert Lloyd.

" HARK, hark, 'tis a voice from the tomb!
Come, Lucy, it cries come away;
" The grave of thy Colin has room
" To reſt thee beſide his cold clay.
" I come, my dear ſhepherd, I come,
" Ye friends and companions adieu!
" I haſte to my Colin's dark home,
" To die on his boſom ſo true."

All

All mournful the midnight bell rung,
When Lucy, ſad Lucy aroſe;
And forth to the green turf ſhe ſprung,
Where Colin's pale aſhes repoſe.
All wet with the night's chilling dew,
Her boſom embrac'd the cold ground,
While ſtormy winds over her blew,
And night-ravens croak'd all around.

"How long, my lov'd Colin," ſhe cry'd,
"How long muſt thy Lucy complain?
"How long ſhall the grave my love hide?
"How long ere it join us again?
"For thee thy fond ſhepherdeſs liv'd,
"With thee o'er the world would ſhe fly;
"For thee has ſhe ſorrow'd and griev'd,
"For thee wou'd ſhe lie down and die.

"Alas! what avails it how dear
"Thy Lucy was once to her ſwain!
"Her face like the lily ſo fair,
"And eyes that gave light to the plain.
"The ſhepherd that lov'd her is gone;
"That face and thoſe eyes charm no more;
"And Lucy, forgot, and alone,
"To death ſhall her Colin deplore."

While

While thus ſhe lay ſunk in deſpair,
And mourn'd to the echoes around
Inflam'd all at once grew the air,
And thunder ſhook dreadful the ground.
"I hear the kind call, and obey,
"Oh, Colin, receive me!" ſhe cried;
Then breathing a groan o'er his clay,
She hung on his tomb-ſtone, and died.

XXXVI.

HENRY and SOPHY.

HENRY and fortune now are friends,
His many ſorrows all are paſt;
Fortune, to make him full amends,
Gives to his wiſhing arms at laſt

The

The long-lov'd Sophy, faireſt maid
That ever caus'd or felt love's ſmart;
In her moſt richly were diſplay'd
The loveliest form and trueſt heart.

Long had their friends, with ſouls ſevere,
Oppos'd the lovers happy fate;
But chang'd, they ſmiling now appear,
And with them at the altar wait.

Deep in the maiden's roſeate bloom
Grief's canker-worm had waſteful fed;
To ſnatch his Sophy from her tomb,
Invited, love-lorn Henry ſped.

The holy prieſt pronounc'd aloud
The Gordian wonder-working ſpell;
While Love and Hymen both avow'd,
"Shrin'd in their breaſts, they'd ever dwell."

"And art thou mine," the bridegroom cry'd,
"With all thy wond'rous truth and charms?"
She ſmil'd—ſhe would have ſpoke—ſhe ſigh'd—
And ſtraight expir'd within his arms.—

Too weak to bear joy's ruſhing flow,
Her tender frame reſigns her breath;
This moment in love's arms—and now
Enfolded in the arms of death.

In vain, in vain you fly for aid,
Life ſhall no more that form re[illegible];
The marriage-bed, ill-fated maid,
For thee ordain'd, is a cold tomb.

While floods of tears, and piteous moan,
A genuine ſorrow teſtify,
Silent, poor Henry's ſeen alone,
No tear bedews poor Henry's eye.

Homeward his Sophy's corpſe he tends,
Frantic his Sophy he enfolds:
That friendly night his ſorrow ends,
One grave the new-wed lovers holds.

We graſp at joys within our reach;
We graſp, and catch a wat'ry bow;
Leſſons like theſe ſhould mankind teach,
True joy exiſts not here below.

XXXVII.

AYLESBURY RACES.

By Sir John Moore.

Sir John Moore, who was a young gentleman of accomplished manners, died July 16, 1780, *aged* 24.

O GEORGE, I've been, I'll tell you where,
But firſt prepare yourſelf for raptures;
To paint this charming heavenly fair,
And paint her well, would aſk whole chapters.

Fine creatures I've view'd many a one,
With lovely ſhapes, and angel faces,
But I have ſeen them all out-done
By this ſweet maid, at Ayleſbury races.

Lords, commoners, alike ſhe rules,
Takes all who view her by ſurpriſe,
Makes e'en the wiſeſt look like fools,
Nay more, makes fox-hunters look wiſe.

Her ſhape—'tis elegance and eaſe,
  Unſpoil'd by art, or modern dreſs,
But gently tapering by degrees,
  And finely, "beautifully leſs."

Her foot—it was ſo wonderous ſmall,
  So thin, ſo round, ſo ſlim, ſo neat,
The buckle fairly hid it all,
  And ſeem'd to ſink it with the weight.

And juſt above the ſpangled ſhoe,
  Where many an eye did often glance,
Sweetly retiring from the view,
  And ſeen by ſtealth, and ſeen by chance;

Two ſlender ancles peeping out,
  Stood like love's heralds, to declare
That all within the petticoat
  Was firm, and full, "and round, and fair."

And then ſhe dances—better far
  Than heart can think, or tongue can tell;
Not Heinel, Banti, or Guimar,
  E'er mov'd ſo graceful, and ſo well.

So eaſy glide her beauteous limbs,
  True as the echo to the ſound,
She ſeems, as through the dance ſhe ſkims,
  To tread on air, and ſcorn the ground.

And there is lightning in her eye,
One glance alone might well inſpire
The clay-cold breaſt of apathy,
Or bid the frozen heart catch fire.

And zephyr on her lovely lips
Has ſpread his choiceſt, ſweeteſt roſes,
And there his heavenly nectar ſips,
And there in breathing ſweets repoſes.

And there's ſuch muſic when ſhe ſpeaks,
You may believe me when I tell ye,
I'd rather hear her, than the ſqueaks
Or far-fam'd ſqualls of Gabrielli.

And ſparkling wit, and ſteady ſenſe,
In that fair form with beauty vie,
But ting'd with virgin diffidence,
And the ſoft bluſh of modeſty.

Had I the treaſures of the world,
All the ſun views, or the ſeas borrow,
(Elſe may I to the devil be hurl'd)
I'd lay them at her feet to-morrow.

But as we bards reap only bays,
Nor much of that, though nought grows on it,
I'll beat my brains to ſound her praiſe,
And hammer them into a ſonnet.

And if ſhe deign one charming ſmile,
The bleſt reward of all my labours,
I'll never grudge my pains, or toil,
But pity the dull 'ſquires my neighbours.

XXXVIII.

The DEBTOR.

By Sir John Moore.

CHILDREN of affluence, hear a poor man's pray'r!
O haſte, and free me from this dungeon's gloom;
Let not the hand of comfortleſs deſpair
Sink my grey hairs with ſorrow to the tomb!

Unus'd compaſſion's tribute to demand,
With clamorous din wake charity's dull ear,
Wring the ſlow aid from pity's loitering hand,
Weave the feign'd tale, or drop the ready tear.

Far different thoughts employ'd my early hours,
To views of bliſs, to ſcenes of affluence born;
The hand of pleaſure ſtrewed my path with flow'rs,
And every bleſſing hail'd my youthful morn.

But

But ah, how quick the change! the morning gleam,
That cheer'd my fancy with her magic ray,
Fled like the gairiſh pageant of a dream,
And ſorrow clos'd the evening of my day.

Such is the lot of human bliſs below;
Fond hope awhile the trembling flow'ret rears;
Till unforeſeen deſcends the blight of woe,
And withers in an hour the pride of years.

In evil hour, to ſpecious wiles a prey,
I truſted;—(who from faults is always free?)
And the ſhort progreſs of one fatal day
Was all the ſpace 'twixt wealth and poverty.

Where could I ſeek for comfort or for aid?
To whom the ruins of my ſtate commend?
Left to myſelf, abandon'd and betray'd,
Too late I found the wretched have no friend!

E'en he, amid the reſt, the favour'd youth,
Whoſe vows had met the tendereſt warm return,
Forgot his oaths of conſtancy and truth,
And left my child in ſolitude to mourn.

Pity in vain ſtretch'd forth her feeble hand
To guard the ſacred wreaths by Hymen wove;
While pale-eyed avarice, from his ſordid ſtand,
Scowled o'er the ruins of neglected love.

Though deeply hurt, yet, ſwayed by decent pride,
She huſh'd her ſorrows with becoming art,
And faintly ſtrove with ſickly ſmiles to hide
The canker-worm that prey'd upon her heart.

Nor blam'd his cruelty—nor with'd to hate
Whom once ſhe lov'd—but pitied, and forgave:
Then unrepining yielded to her fate,
And ſunk in ſilent anguiſh to the grave.

Children of affluence, hear a poor man's prayer!
O haſte, and free me from this dungeon's gloom;
Let not the hand of comfortleſs deſpair
Sink my grey hairs with ſorrow to the tomb.

XXXIX.

The EXPOSTULATION, to Delia.

By Lord G.

FOR ever, O! mercileſs fair,
Will that cruel indifference endure?
Can thoſe eyes look me into deſpair,
And that heart be unwilling to cure.

If I love, will you doom me to die,
Or, if I adore you, upbraid?
Can that breaſt the leaſt pity deny
To the wretch which your beauty has made?

How oft what I felt to diſguiſe
Has my reaſon imperiouſly ſtrove,
Till my ſoul almoſt fell from my eyes,
In the tears of the tendereſt love!

Till render'd unable to flow,
By the torture's exceſs which I bore,
That nature ſunk under the woe,
Or only recover'd to more.

Then, Delia, determine my fate,
Nor let me to madneſs be drove;
But, O! do not tell me you hate,
If you even reſolve not to love.

XL.

The REPLY.

By Lady Mary S.

O! Ceaſe to mourn, unhappy youth,
Or think this boſom hard:
My tears, alas! muſt own your truth,
And wiſh it could reward.

Th' ex-

Th' exceſs of unabating woe
This tortur'd breaſt endures,
Too well, alas! muſt make me know
The pain that dwells in yours.

Condemn'd like you to weep in vain,
I ſeek the darkeſt grove,
And fondly bear the ſharpeſt pain
Of never-hoping love.

My waſted day, in endleſs ſighs,
No ſound of comfort hears,
And morn but breaks on Delia's eyes
To wake her into tears.

If ſleep ſhould lend her friendly aid,
In fancy I complain,
And hear ſome ſad, ſome wretched maid,
Or ſee ſome perjur'd ſwain.

Then ceaſe thy ſuit, fond youth, O ceaſe,
Or blame the fates alone;
For how can I reſtore your peace,
Who quite have loſt my own?

XLI.

THOMAS and SALLY.

By Dr. John Hoadly,

Youngeſt Son of Dr. Hoadly, Biſhop of Wincheſter. He died March 16, 1776, *and with him the name of Hoadly became extinct.*

See Biographia Dramatica, 2d vol. 8vo edit. 1783.

FAIR Sally lov'd a bonny ſeaman,
With tears ſhe ſent him out to roam,
Young Thomas lov'd no other woman,
But left his heart with her at home;
She view'd the ſea from off the hill,
And, as ſhe turn'd her ſpinning-wheel,
Sung of her bonny ſailor.

The

The wind grew loud, and ſhe grew paler
To ſee the weathercock turn round,
When, lo! ſhe ſpied her bonny ſailor
Come ſinging o'er the fallow ground;
With nimble haſte he leap'd the ſtile,
Fair Sally met him with a ſmile,
And hugg'd her bonny ſailor.

Faſt round the waiſt he took his Sally,
But firſt around his mouth wip'd he:
Like home bred ſpark he could not dally,
But preſs'd and kiſs'd her with a glee;
"Through winds and waves and daſhing rain,
Said he, thy Tom's return'd again
To bring a heart for Sally."

'Welcome! cry'd ſhe, my conſtant Thomas,
Though out of ſight, ne'er out of mind;
Though ſeas our hearts have parted from us,
Yet ſtill my thoughts were left behind:
So much my thoughts took Tommy's part,
That time nor abſence from my heart
Could drive my conſtant Thomas.'

"This knife, the gift of lovely Sally,
Which ſtill I've kept for her dear ſake,
A thouſand times in amorous folly
Her name has carv'd upon the deck:
Again this happy pledge returns,
To ſhew how truly Thomas burns,
How truly burns for Sally."

'This thimble, thou didſt give to Sally,
Whene'er I ſee I think on you;
Then why ſhould Tom ſtand ſhilly-ſhally,
When yonder ſteeple's in view?'
Tom, never to occaſion blind,
Now took her in the coming mind,
And went to church with Sally.

XLII.

The TRIUMPH of CERES;

OR THE

HARVEST-HOME.

WHAT chearful ſounds ſalute our ears,
And echo o'er the lawn!
Behold! the loaded car appears,
In joyful triumph drawn;
The nymphs and ſwains, a jovial band,
Still ſhouting as they come,
With ruſtic inſtruments in hand,
Proclaim the harveſt-home.

The

The golden ſheaves, pil'd up on high,
* Within the barn are ſtor'd;
The careful hind, with ſecret joy
Exulting, views his hoard.
His labours paſt, he counts his gains;
And, freed from anxious care,
His caſks are broach'd; the ſun-burnt ſwains
His rural plenty ſhare.

In dance and ſong the night is ſpent;
All ply the ſpicy bowl:
And jeſts and harmleſs merriment
Expand the artleſs ſoul.
Young Colin whiſpers Roſalind,
Who ſtill reap'd by his ſide;
And plights his troth, if ſhe prove kind,
To take her for his bride.

For joys like theſe, through circling years,
Their toilſome taſk they tend:
The hind ſucceſſive labours bears,
In proſpect of the end;
In ſpring, or winter, ſows his ſeed,
Manures or tills the ſoil;
In ſummer various cares ſucceed;
But harveſt crowns his toil.

XLIII.

A PERSIAN SONG of HAFIZ.

By Sir William Jones.

SWEET maid, if thou would'ſt charm my ſight,
And bid theſe arms thy neck infold;
That roſy cheek, that lily hand,
Would give thy poet more delight
Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarcand.

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
And bid thy penſive heart be glad,
Whate'er the frowning zealots ſay:
Tell them, their Eden cannot ſhow
A ſtream ſo clear as Rocnabad,
A bower ſo ſweet as Moſellay.

O! when

O! when theſe fair perfidious maids,
Whoſe eyes our ſecret haunts infeſt,
Their dear deſtructive charms diſplay;
Each glance my tender breaſt invades,
And robs my wounded ſoul of reſt,
As Tartars ſeize their deſtin'd prey.

In vain with love our boſoms glow:
Call all our tears, can all our ſighs,
New luſtre to thoſe charms impart?
Can cheeks, where living roſes blow,
Where nature ſpreads her richeſt dyes,
Require the borrow'd gloſs of art?

Speak not of fate:—ah! change the theme,
And talk of odours, talk of wine,
Talk of the flowers that round us bloom:
'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream;
To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
Nor hope to pierce the ſacred gloom.

Beauty has ſuch reſiſtleſs power,
That even the chaſte Egyptian dame
Sigh'd for the blooming Hebrew boy;
For her how fatal was the hour,
When to the banks of Nilus came
A youth ſo lovely and ſo coy!

But ah! ſweet maid, my counſel hear
(Youth ſhould attend when thoſe adviſe
Whom long experience renders ſage):
While muſic charms the raviſh'd ear;
While ſparkling cups delight our eyes,
Be gay; and ſcorn the frowns of age.

What cruel anſwer have I heard!
And yet, by heaven, I love thee ſtill:
Can aught be cruel from thy lip?
Yet ſay, how fell that bitter word
From lips which ſtreams of ſweetneſs fill,
Which nought but drops of honey ſip?

Go boldly forth, my ſimple lay,
Whoſe accents flow with artleſs eaſe,
Like orient pearls at random ſtrung;
Thy notes are ſweet, the damſels ſay;
But O! far ſweeter, if they pleaſe
The nymph for whom theſe notes are ſung.

XLIV.

SURREY TRIUMPHANT;

Or, The Kentiſhmen's Defeat. A new Ballad; being a Parody on Chevy Chace*.

By J. Duncombe, M. A. 1773.

" ——— Viciſti, et victum tendere *rammos*
" *Cantiaci* vidêre ——" VIRG. ÆN. xii. variat.

" And ſwift flew the cricket-ball over the lawn." ANON.

GOD proſper long our harveſt-work,
Our rakes *and* hay-carts *all!*
An ill-tim'd cricket-match *there did*
At Biſhopſbourn *befall.*

* " The greateſt modern critics," ſays Mr. Addiſon, (Spectator, No. 70,) " have laid it down as a rule, that an heroic poem ſhould " be founded upon ſome important precept of morality, adapted to " the conſtitution of the country in which the poet writes;" and then proceeds to ſhew that the plans of the Iliad, the Æneid, and Chevy Chace, are " all formed in this view." In humble imitation of thoſe great maſters, the author of the following parody begs leave to obſerve, that he has a farther view than merely tracing the outline of a moſt beautiful original, and indulging an innocent pleaſantry, which has ſtrict truth for its foundation; it being his intention to convey, at the ſame time, a moral precept of no ſmall importance to his country neighbours, which the reader may collect from ſeveral of the ſtanzas.—All the words printed in Italics are taken from Chevy Chace.

To bat and bowl *with* might *and* main,
Two nobles *took* their *way*;
The hay *may rue, that is* unhous'd,
The batting *of that day.*

The active *Earl of* Tankerville
An even bet *did make,*
That in Bourn-paddock he would cauſe
Kent's *chiefeſt* hands to quake;

To ſee the Surrey cricketers
Out-bat them and out-bowl.
To Dorſet's duke *the tidings came,*
All *in* the park of Knowle:

Who ſent his Lordſhip *preſent word,*
He would prevent his ſport.
The Surrey *earl, not fearing this,*
Did to Eaſt-Kent *reſort;*

With ten more maſters of the bat,
All choſen men of might;
Who knew full well, in time of need,
To aim or block *aright.*

[From Marſh and Weald, their hay-forks left,
To Bourn the ruſtics hied,
From Romney, Cranbrook, Tenterden,
And Darent's verdant ſide;

Gentle

Gentle and ſimple, 'ſquires and clerks,
With many a lady fair;
Fam'd Thanet *, Fowell's bounteous bride,
And graceful Sondes *, were there.]

The Surrey ſportſmen choſe the ground,
The ball did *ſwiftly* fly;
On Monday they began to play,
Before the graſs was dry;

And long ere ſupper-time *they* did
Near fourſcore notches gain;
Then having ſlept, they, in their turn,
Stopp'd, caught, and bowl'd amain.

The fieldmen, ſtation'd on the lawn,
Well able to endure,
Their loins with ſnow-white ſattin veſts
That day had *guarded ſure*.

Full faſt the Kentiſh wickets fell;
While Higham houſe and mill,
And Barham's upland down, *with* ſhouts
Did make an echo ſhrill,

Sir Horace † from *the* dinner *went*,
To view the tender ground;
Quoth he, "This laſt untoward ſhower
"Our ſtumps has almoſt drown'd;

* Two amiable peereſſes, now no more!
† Mann, knight.

" *If that I thought 'twould not* be dry,
" *No longer would I* play."
With that, a ſhrewd *young gentleman*
Thus to the knight *did ſay:*

" *Lo! yonder doth* the ſun appear,
" And ſoon will ſhine forth *bright,*
" The level lawn, and ſlippery ground,
" *All* drying *in our ſight;*

" Not bating ev'n the *river* banks
" *Faſt by* yon *pleaſant* mead."
" *Then ceaſe* diſputing," Lumpey *ſaid,*
" *And take your* bats *with ſpeed:*

" *And now with me, my countrymen,*
" Let all your ſkill be ſhewn;
" *For never was there* bowler *yet*
" *In* Kent *or* Surrey known,

" *That ever did* a bale diſlodge,
" *Since* firſt I play'd a match,
" *But I durſt* wager, hand *for* hand,
" *With him to* bowl or catch."

Young Dorſet, *like a baron bold,*
His jetty hair undreſt,
Ran *foremoſt of the company,*
Clad in *a milk-white* veſt:

" *Slow*

"*Shew me,*" *he ſaid,* one ſpot that's dry,
"Where we can ſafely run;
"Or elſe, with *my conſent,* we'll wait
"To-morrow's riſing ſun."

The man that firſt did anſwer make
Was noble Tankerville;
Who ſaid, "To play, I do *declare,*
"There only wants the will:

"Move but the ſtumps, a ſpot I'll find
"As dry as Farley's * board."
"Our records," quoth the knight, "for this
"No precedent afford.

"*Ere thus I will out-braved be,*
"All hazards I'll defy:
"*I know thee well, an earl thou art,*
"And *ſo* not yet *am I.*

"*But truſt me,* Charles, *it pity were,*
"*And great offence, to kill*
"With colds or ſprains *theſe harmleſs men,*
"*For they have done no ill.*

"*Let us* a ſingle wicket play,
"*And ſet our men aſide.*"
"Run out *he he,*" reply'd the earl,
"*By whom this is deny'd.*"

* The maſter of the ordinary.

Then ſtept a gallant 'ſquire forth,
Bartholomew *was his name,*
Who ſaid, "I would not have it told
"On Clandon-down *for ſhame,*

"*That* Tankerville *e'er* play'd alone,
"*And I ſtood looking on:*
"*You are* a knight, ſir, you an earl,
"*And I a* vicar's ſon:

"*Ill do the beſt, that do I may,*
"*While I have power to ſtand;*
"*While I have power to wield my* bat,
"*I'll* play *with heart and hand.*"

The Surrey bowlers *bent their* backs,
Their aims *were good and true,*
And every ball that 'ſcap'd the bat,
A wicket overthrew.

To drive the ball beyond the booths,
Duke Dorſet *had the bent;*
Woods, *mov'd* at length *with mickle pride,*
The ſtumps *to ſhivers ſent.*

They ran *full faſt on every ſide,*
No ſlackneſs there was found;
And many a ball that mounted high,
Ne'er lighted *on the ground.*

In

In truth, *it was a grief to ſee,*
And likewiſe for to hear,
The cries of odds that offer'd were,
And ſlighted every where.

At laſt, Sir Horace took the field,
A batter *of great might;*
Mov'd like a lion, he awhile
Put Surrey in a fright:

He ſwung, *till both* his arms *did ach,*
His bat *of* ſeaſon'd wood,
Till down his azure ſleeves the *ſweat*
Ran *trickling like* a flood.

"Hedge now thy bets," *ſaid* Tankerville,
"*I'll* then *report of thee,*
"That *thou art the moſt* prudent *knight*
"*That ever I did ſee.*"

Then to the *earl* the knight reply'd,
"*Thy* counſel *I do ſcorn;*
"*I* with no Surrey-man *will* hedge,
That ever yet was born."

With that, there came a ball *moſt keen*
Out of a Surrey hand,
He *ſtruck* it full, it mounted high,
But, ah! ne'er reach'd the land.

Sir

Sir Horace *ſpoke no words but theſe,*
" Play *on, my merry men all;*
" *For why, my* inning's *at an end;*
" The earl has caught *my* ball."

Then by the hand his lordſhip *took*
This hero of the match,
And ſaid, " Sir Horace, *for thy* bets
" *Would I had* miſs'd *my* catch!

" In ſooth, *my very heart doth bleed*
" *With ſorrow for thy ſake;*
" *For ſure a more* good-temper'd *knight*
" A match *did never* make."

A 'ſquire of weſtern Kent *there was,*
Who ſaw his friend out-caught,
And *ſtraight did vow revenge on* him
Who this *miſchance* had wrought:

A templar *he, who,* in his turn,
Soon as the earl did ſtrike,
Ran ſwiftly from his ſtopping-place,
And gave him like for like.

Full ſharp and rapid was the ball,
Yet *without dread or fear,*
He caught it at arm's length, and ſtraight
Return'd it in the air;

With ſuch a vehement force and might,
It ſtruck his callous hand,
The ſound re-echo'd round the ring,
Through every booth and ſtand.

So thus were *both theſe* heroes caught,
Whoſe ſpirit *none could doubt.*
A Surrey 'ſquire, *who ſaw*, with grief,
The Earl ſo quickly out,

Soon as the templar, with his bat,
Made of a truſty tree,
Gave ſuch a ſtroke, as, had it 'ſcap'd,
Had ſurely gain'd him three;

Againſt this well-intended ball
His hand *ſo rightly* held,
That, ere the foe could ground his bat,
His ardour Lewis quell'd.

This game *did laſt from* Monday morn
Till Wedneſday afternoon,
For when bell Harry * *rung* to prayers,
The batting *ſcarce was done.*

With good Sir Horace, *there was* beat
Huſſey *of* Aſhford town,
Davis, for ſtops and catches fam'd,
A worthy canon's ſon;

* At Canterbury cathedral.

And

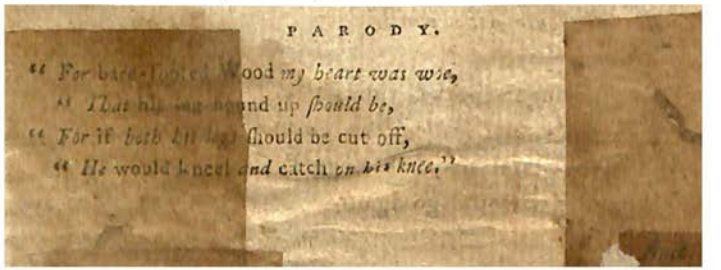
And with the Mays *both* Tom and Dick,
Two hands *of good account*,
Simmons was beat, and Miller too,
Whose bowling *did surmount*.

For Wood of Seale *needs must I wail*,
As one in doleful dumps,
For if he e'er should play again,
It must be *on his stumps* *.

* One of this poor man's legs was bound up, and 'tis feared must undergo an amputation. As the stanza here parodied has been injudiciously substituted in the later copies of Chevy-Chace, printed in 1524, the sense at the same time being so burlesqued that the Spectator dared not quote it, the original stanza, in which that absurdity is avoided, is here added from the "Old Ballad of Otterburn," printed in the reign of Henry VI. together with a parody, that the reader may take his choice:

ORIGINAL.

"For Witherington my heart was woe,
"That ever he slain should be;
"For when both his legs were hewn in two,
"Yet he kneel'd, and fought on his knee."



PARODY.

"For bare-footed Wood *my heart was woe*,
"*That* his leg bound up *should be*,
"*For* if *both his legs* should be cut off,
"*He* would kneel *and* catch *on his knee*."

And with the earl the conq'ring bat
Bartholomew did wield,
And ſlender Lewis, *who*, though ſick,
Would never leave *the field.*

White, Yalding, Woods, and Stevens too,
Lumpey better known,
Palmer for batting *well eſteem'd,*
Childs, Francis, and 'ſquire Stone.

Of byes and overthrows *but three*
The Kentiſh heroes gain'd,
And Surrey victor, on the ſcore,
Twice ſeventy-*five* remain'd.

Of near three *hundred* notches made
By Surrey, eight were byes;
The reſt were balls, which, boldly ſtruck,
Re-echo'd to the ſkies.

Their huſbands' woful caſe that night
Did many wives *bewail,*
Their labour, time, and money loſt,
But all would not prevail.

Their ſun-burnt cheeks, though *bath'd* in ſweat,
They kiſs'd, and waſh'd them clean,
And to that fatal paddock begg'd
They ne'er would go again.

To Sevenoak town *this news was brought,*
Where Dorſet has his ſeat,
That, on the Nalebourn's banks, his grace
Had met with a defeat.

" *O heavy news!*" the rector *ſaid,*
" The Vine *can witneſs be,*
" We *have not any* cricketer
" *Of ſuch account as he.*"

Like tidings, in a ſhorter *ſpace,*
To Barham's rector *came,*
That in Bourn-paddock knightly Mars
Had fairly loſt the game.

" *Now* reſt his bat," the doctor *ſaid,*
" *Sith 'twill no better be,*
" *I truſt* we *have in* Biſhopſbourn,
" *Five* hands *as good as he.*

" *Yet* Surrey-men *ſhall never ſay,*
" *But* Kent return *will* make,
" *And* catch or bowl them out at length,
" *For* her lieutenants's ſake."

This vow full well did Kent *perform,*
After, on Sevenoak Vine;
With ſix not in, the game was won,
Though White got fifty-nine:

For Miller, Wood, and Dorſet then
Diſplay'd their wonted ſkill:
Thus ended the fam'd match *of* Bourn,
Won *by earl* Tankerville.

God ſave the king, and bleſs the land
With plenty and increaſe;
And grant henceforth, that idle games
In harveſt-time *may ceaſe!*

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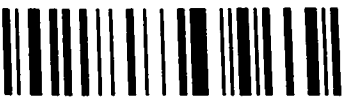
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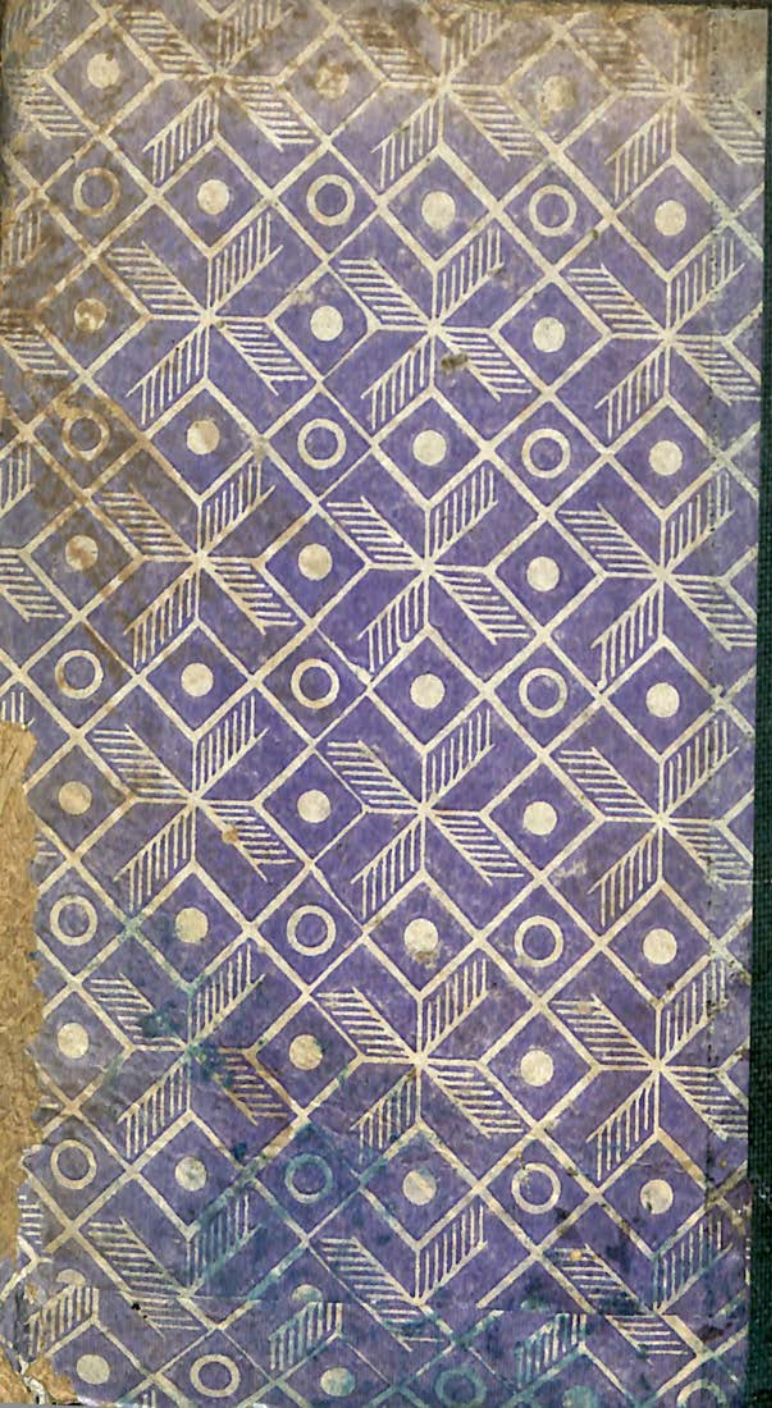
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